Collier's

July 19, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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The U.S. MALE
Is He First-Class?

By Dr. Judson and Mary LANDIS

10 BIGGEST OLYMPIC THRILLS

Most Important Room in America

BEAU CATCHERS
(See Page 24)

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32

You win two ways with a Studebaker

New "swept-back" style!
Top gas economy!

OWN THE car that's paying a double dividend to many alert automobile buyers.

Win two ways with your new-car money. Get out-ahead style and stand-out gasoline savings. Get a jet-streamed 1952 Studebaker.

Studebaker cars finished first and second in actual gas mileage among standard class entries in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

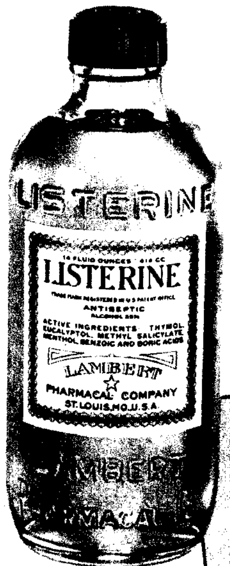
Shown here is the exciting new Starliner "hard-top". Like all 1952 Studebakers, it offers glare-reducing tinted glass at extra cost.

'52 Studebaker

Illustrated: State Commander V-8 Starliner—also available as a Champion. White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—Overdrive or Automatic Drive—optional at extra cost.

© 1952, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH



Four times better than Chlorophyll
Four times better than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, no chlorophyll kills like this

There is nothing mysterious about Listerine's method of stopping bad breath! There's no magic to it! Research has shown that even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, bacteria on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria instantly . . . as a result, Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end.

STOPS BAD BREATH FOUR TIMES BETTER

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports on the effectiveness of Listerine Antiseptic compared to three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes: *Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors . . . two, four, and even six hours after use!*

STOPS BAD BREATH UP TO THREE— FOUR TIMES LONGER

What's more, Listerine stopped bad breath for far longer periods than any of the other products tested. *Listerine stopped bad breath up to six hours and more . . . three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!*

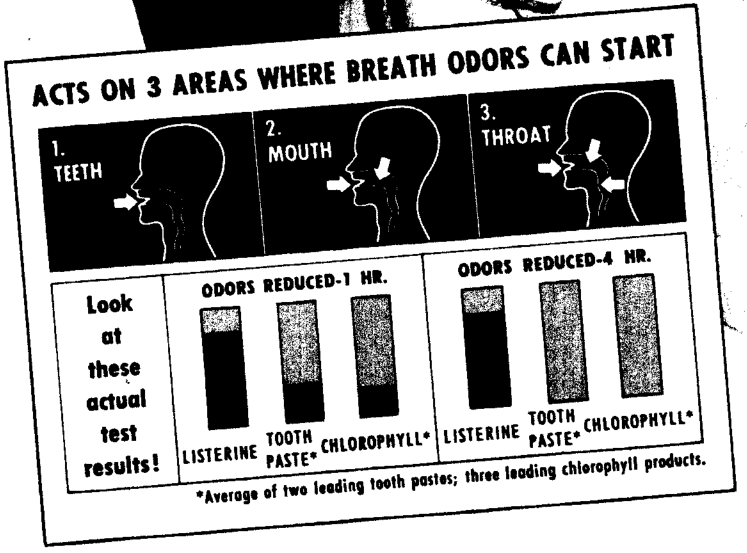
STOPS ODOR BACTERIA FAR BETTER

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of bacteria on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces. This makes it effective against *both mouth and breath odors.* It kills millions of disease-producing germs as well as odor-producing bacteria. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ACTS ON MANY SURFACES

Eminent authorities say that, although bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria. Listerine protects you on three areas where bad breath originates; not only teeth and mouth surfaces, but far back on the throat as well. Why use lesser measures when Listerine Antiseptic offers actual clinical proof that it kills bacteria in these areas and thus stops both mouth and breath odors.

ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



*Average of two leading tooth pastes; three leading chlorophyll products.

Use the *extra-careful* Precaution against Bad Breath . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

BRIEF CASE containing space ship plans and Sight Savers. Cannot complete plans without clean glasses—cannot complete ship without plans—never make Venus this way—please return. Capt. Vertigo.

NOTE

Y reports men ve a great pas- rs.

DEE DE ys I do not have smallp are specks on your g flowers and S orgiven. Lo

sses ark n't ll.

Save your sight . .
Buy
SIGHT SAVERS
the Silicone eye glass tissues that keep your glasses twice as clean, twice as easy.
Only 10c
at all drug counters

PER

MARY— that wearing glasses denotes intelligence—Can prove same using Sight Savers. Love, Bil

JOHN—It's all over—si Sight Savers I can see gleam."—Ethel.

keep

SEE BETTER
look better
too when y
glasses a
SIGHT S
SAVERS
clean a

Will person who wa out cashing winni race report to S mission for co have cleaned Savers before

Person who l doorstep last their glasses Baby belongs t

If umpire w "out" in yester report to Man receive ample ers to avoid sin

Stop playing bli Sight Savers and Sight Savers clea

Please call for Park Hotel. Lost my Sight

you wear

They will sharpen up those heavenly bodies.—Prof. Potts.

Leopards cannot change their spots—but people who wear glasses can eliminate dirty, spotted lenses with Sight Savers. Dow Corning Corp.

33—NOTICE TO VOTERS

CLEAN GLASSES before voting. Make sure you vote. Sight Savers may give you a clearer view of political issues. — A. Voter.

SIGHT SAVERS ARE A
DOW CORNING SILICONE PRODUCT

SIGHT
SAVERS
DOW CORNING SILICONE TREATED TISSUES
KEEP YOUR GLASSES CLEANER

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July 19, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 130, No. 3. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years, $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

While the sequin bathing suit worn by model Charlotte Payne is not guaranteed for performance under water, it is ideal apparel for a girl who's out to tie a beau. For other summertime gag items serving the same pleasant purpose, turn to page 24.

Week's Mail

Golden Garbage

EDITOR: The article The City with Golden Garbage (May 31st) did much toward pointing out the feasibility of composting as a means of garbage disposal, as well as the need for the resulting humus in soil. However, the article makes no mention of more recent composting methods.

The Sanitary Engineering Research Project of the University of California, in investigating the factors that influence composting, has been regularly producing a pleasant-smelling and satisfactory humus from composts of organic refuse, such as garbage, for almost a year. We have found the conversion of garbage to humus takes less than 10 days. No odors other than ammonia are produced, and the temperatures developed are sufficient for the destruction of pathogenic bacteria and flies.

Since no inoculum or other additives are required for this method of composting, it may be used by anyone who wishes to produce humus from organic refuse or garbage.

BRADLEY J. CARD, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . I was so impressed with your Golden Garbage article that I bought up all the copies in North Evanston and distributed them last night at the council meeting to the other aldermen. Articles like these that you have been running help municipalities to be more efficient and keep down taxes.

EDDY S. BRANDT, Evanston, Ill.

. . . Congratulations to Collier's for getting the scoop on the Oakland project and for publishing the heartening article, The City with Golden Garbage. This study of food may become the answer to famine in Europe and to depletion of natural resources in our own country.

VIRGINIA BROUGHTON, Pasadena, Cal.

. . . In regard to composting garbage, it is only a young, prosperous country that can afford to throw away its garbage and sewage and industrial wastes. It is much nicer to put garbage and sewage on our gardens and fields in place of the present custom of dumping them in our drinking water. In another 50 years, plain necessity will force us to save all of these nitrates, phosphates and potash salts that we are now sending down to the ocean. This will pretty well clean up the pollution of our rivers.

The Oakland people are to be congratulated on the big step they have taken in the right direction.

R. V. SAWYER, Akron, Ohio

. . . You are to be complimented for your article on Golden Garbage. You have called to the attention of the American public the practical side of conservation and the progress that is being made in that direction.

The last two paragraphs of the article imply that human fertilizer has not yet been made safe for use as fertilizer on growing crops in this country. This is a wrong impression to give to your readers. Most of the cities of the United States have some kind of a sewage-disposal plant, and most of them make a sewage sludge which is good fertilizer material.

Twenty-five years ago H. Clay Kellogg

Dim your lights! *Sixty per cent of all traffic fatalities occur after dusk . . . defective and glaring lights contribute to this toll!*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

THE cost of insuring a careful driver is low. The cost of insuring a reckless driver is high. When the two are averaged together into a "standard rate," the careful driver is actually helping to pay for the reckless driving of others.

But not if you are insured with State Farm Mutual. For State Farm aims to insure *only* careful drivers. This means that the reckless drivers in your area—not eligible for State Farm membership—do not have to be considered in setting State Farm rates.

If your own careful driving entitles you to State Farm's low-cost, "careful driver" insurance, it will pay you to see your State Farm agent. Look up "State Farm" in your classified phone book.

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1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.

2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of lower insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

3. *Fast, fair claim settlement.* More than 6,500 State Farm agents and claim representatives stand ready, day or night, to come to your aid in case of accident. State Farm cuts red tape—pays an average of one claim every 12 seconds, every working day.

4. *Established leadership.* State Farm now writes more full-coverage automobile insurance than any other company, with more than 2,000,000 members in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are coming in on an average of 2,000 every working day!

Modern life and fire protection, too!

The same sound management and advanced operating practices that keep State Farm auto insurance rates low also offer you excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. See your agent.

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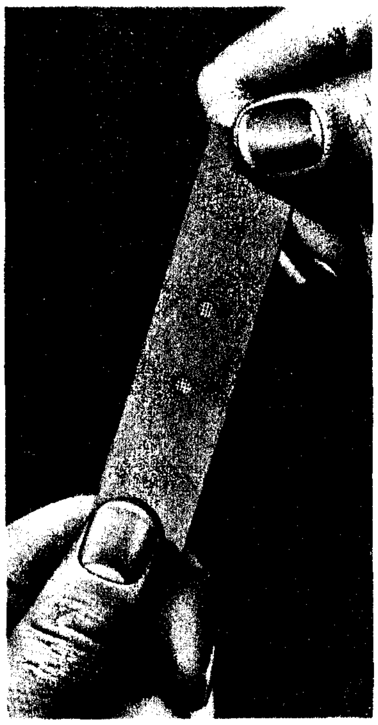
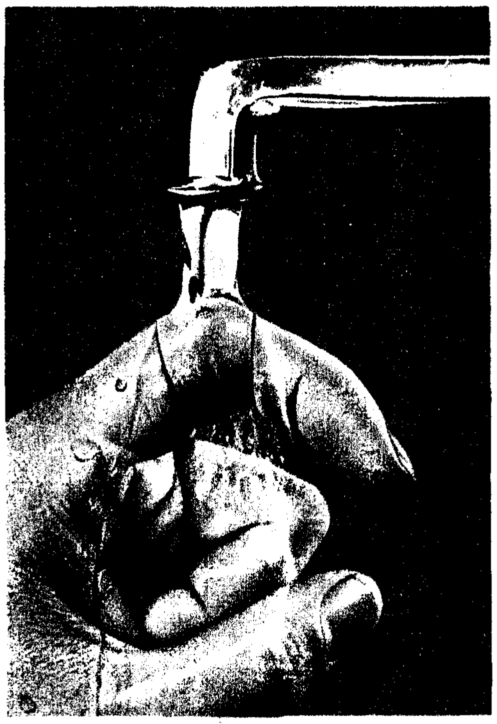


Flesh-colored!



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Three shapes for all needs.
They're flesh-colored.
Won't loosen in water.
They stay on, wash clean.
Fit, look, and stretch like
a second skin. 100% sterile.

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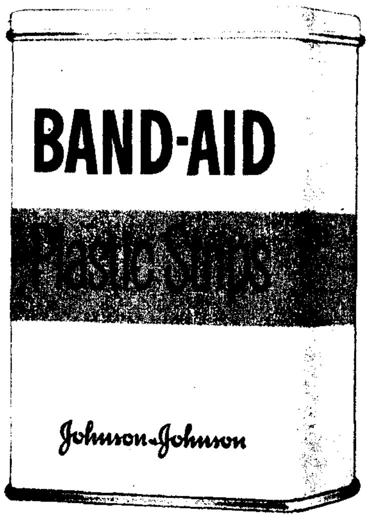

Strips only

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STRIP • PATCH • SPOT
Johnson & Johnson

Assortment of Strips, Patches, Spots

Johnson & Johnson

started a business specializing in handling sewage sludge as fertilizer. The business and the use of sewage sludge as fertilizer have gradually grown until they are both recognized and accepted by the farmers and the fertilizer industry in California. Nitrohumus is the trade name under which the Kellogg Supply Company sells the sewage sludge. In 1951, there were 53,835 tons of sewage sludge sold as fertilizer, in addition to many tons that were mixed with other ingredients and sold as mixed fertilizers.

ROWLAND E. MYERS, Kellogg Supply Co.,
Wilmington, Cal.

. . . What was author A. W. Martinez thinking about when he quoted Pfeiffer as saying that American farmers spend nearly $7,000,000,000 a year for mineral fertilizers? He adds, "That doesn't make sense." Of course it doesn't make sense. It's cockeyed.

According to official reports American farmers last year consumed about 18,500,000 tons of commercial fertilizers which cost approximately $500,000,000 to $600,000,000, *not* $7,000,000,000! For each dollar invested in these fertilizers the American farmer got a return averaging $5 to $7 in crop value. The record shows that he would have used more fertilizer if he could have obtained it.

V. SAUCHELLI, Baltimore, Md.

Our error. The figure should have been $700,000,000.

Collier's in Korea

EDITOR: While on the line in support of 180th Infantry, RCT, I snapped this shot of one of our boys reading your fine magazine.

I would like to take the opportunity to tell you that we, the American boys in Korea, really enjoy Collier's in our off moments. It is quite soothing and relaxing to be able to read a good editorial in this hell hole called Korea.

The snapshot is of Corporal Noel G. Bright, Battery A, 171st F.A. Bn.

PFC. LEO E. KNUTSON,
APO 86, San Francisco, Cal.

House by the Highway

EDITOR: In reading the letters in Week's Mail (May 31st), I was very surprised at the opinion of John Mannion, of Montclair, N.J., who stated that if your house was fronted by a busy highway and you and your neighbors became innocent victims of numerous automobile accidents as a result, you would have the right to "strongly protest and demand safety from these killers."

Isn't that just a little farfetched? No one was forced to rent, buy or build "a house fronted by a busy highway," and if someone did so, he must suffer the consequences of his own act. It is surely no one else's responsibility. It is as utterly ridiculous to demand that "all airports be closed" to protect those people who refuse to accept the risks they have brought on themselves, as it is to close all highways because of similar risks.

MRS. JAMES L. HEALY, Champaign, Ill.

Plump Heroines

EDITOR: A few months ago, in righteous indignation, I wrote a letter, sending carbon copies to several of our well-known publications, regarding the drop in the quality and reader-interest of light fiction.

My protest was that there was too much of the "young-married-22-year-old set" represented; that the young wives were never anything but ravishingly beautiful, under a hundred pounds, slender, willowy and always, always, with "a light sprinkling of freckles" across the nose. (Incidentally when I was young we used buttermilk to get rid of the darn' freckles across the nose.)

Well, anyway—the plots were extremely hackneyed; and I asked for more mature fiction, something that would not eternally bore the unmarried middle-agers.

Will you therefore kindly pass the good word to Paul Ernst who wrote Corn-Fed for Collier's (May 31st), and who is daring enough—revolutionary enough—to have his heroine large-framed and weighing, horror of horrors, 167 pounds! Will wonders never cease? This man Ernst is a revolutionary. Better watch him.

H. MCCORMACK, Cleveland, Ohio

The Question of Bigness

EDITOR: I want to commend personally you and your staff for your pushing Mr. Lilienthal's articles on Big Business for a Big Country, beginning with Our Anti-Trust Laws Are Crippling America (May 31st). With stimulating, interest-creating, nonpolitical articles such as this one, I feel that your magazine is doing an ethically worth-while mission in assisting Mr. Lilienthal to express his views nationally.

2D LT. GUY V. WISSMAN, USAF,
Denver, Colo.

. . . The article in your May 31st edition of your magazine on our antitrust laws is indeed very thought-provoking. I would like to ask a few questions and make some comments that I hope Mr. Lilienthal will cover in his succeeding articles.

First, I would like to point out that in the U.S. Steel case of 1920 the Supreme Court held that bigness per se was no offense.

Second, I would ask Mr. Lilienthal in what way does bigness create diversity?

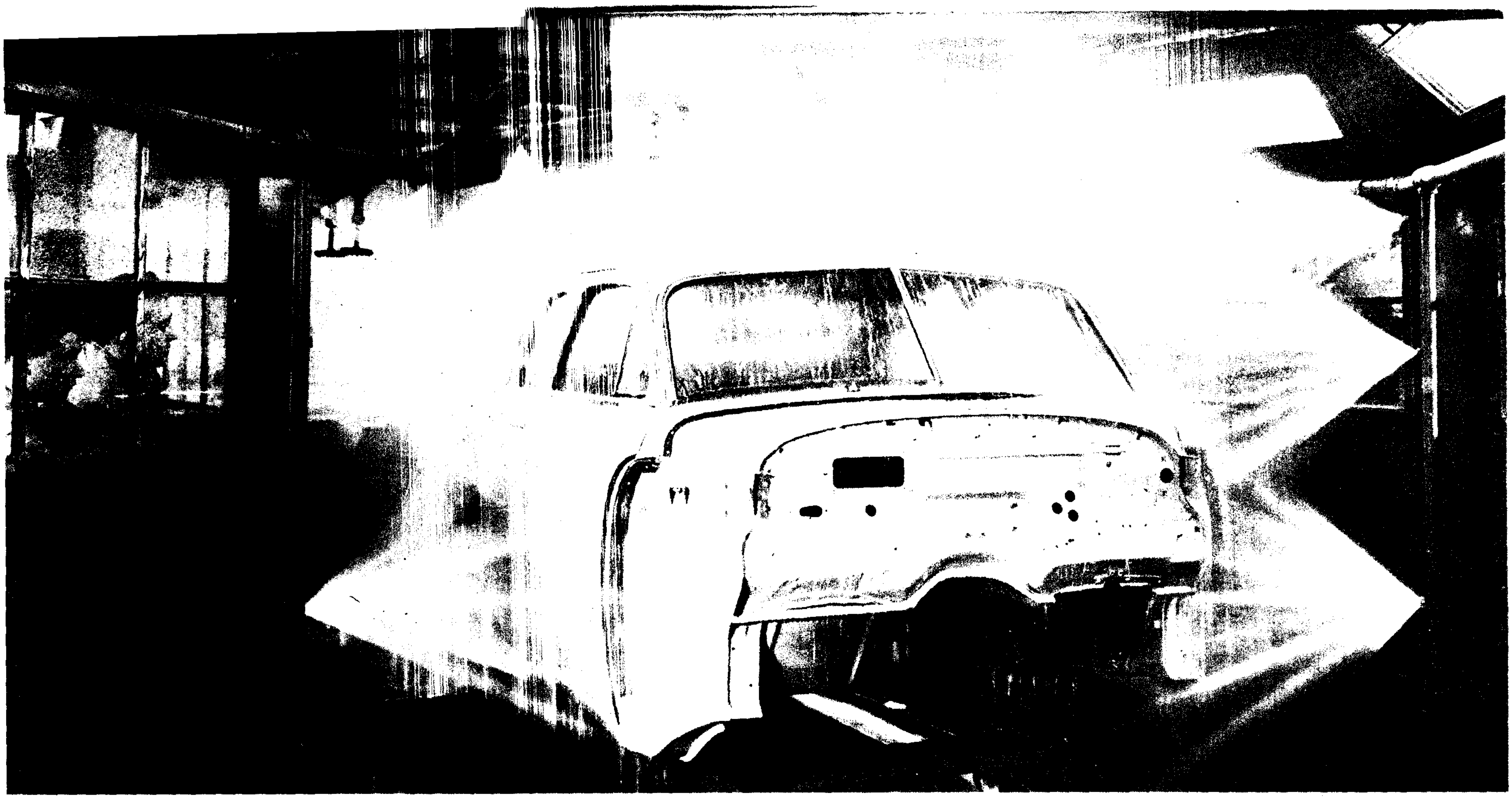
Third, the question in the U.S. today is not so much one of monopoly as of oligopoly, or domination in an industry of the big three or the big four.

Fourth, Mr. Lilienthal mentions competition of "ideas, services and goods." Doesn't he consider price competition as a factor? He points out that freedom of choice means freedom to choose one's job or profession, yet economic concentration restricts and limits this freedom by its domination.

Dangers of bigness are not a thing of the past. The Antitrust Division has many cases pending concerning big firms who practice *discrimination* and throw their economic weight around. Price discrimination in the form of systems such as the basing-point plan and the zone-delivered system are operating today.

EDWIN L. BISHOP, Seattle, Wash.

A careful reading of Mr. Lilienthal's entire series will reveal that he does not overlook, or suggest that the government overlook, economic dangers which can stem from bigness. Nor is he ignorant of basic and long-accepted economic concepts. It is his purpose to introduce new viewpoints based on actuality which will bring some theories up to date with present reality. As for the Supreme Court decision of 1920, we should like to point out that businesses have been investigated and prosecuted because of bigness per se during the ensuing three decades.



A "CLOUDBURST" in this 100-foot water tunnel at the De Soto plant proves the effectiveness of Chrysler Corporation's advanced methods of sealing against moisture, dust and drafts. Here complete De Soto bodies move slowly past high-pressure water jets that douse them from every angle. This is typical of the thoroughness with which all Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars are built — the extra care that adds extra value.

A CAR'S BODY TELLS A LOT ABOUT A CAR'S REAL WORTH TO YOU

Chrysler Corporation engineers, stylists, and production men work together, so that body and chassis form a perfectly balanced unit — created from the start for your safety, comfort and *driving and handling ease.*

The way a door latches and holds . . . the amount of head and leg room you get . . . the comfort of the seats . . . breadth of vision . . . ease of getting in and out — all these are easily-read guides to the worth of any car.

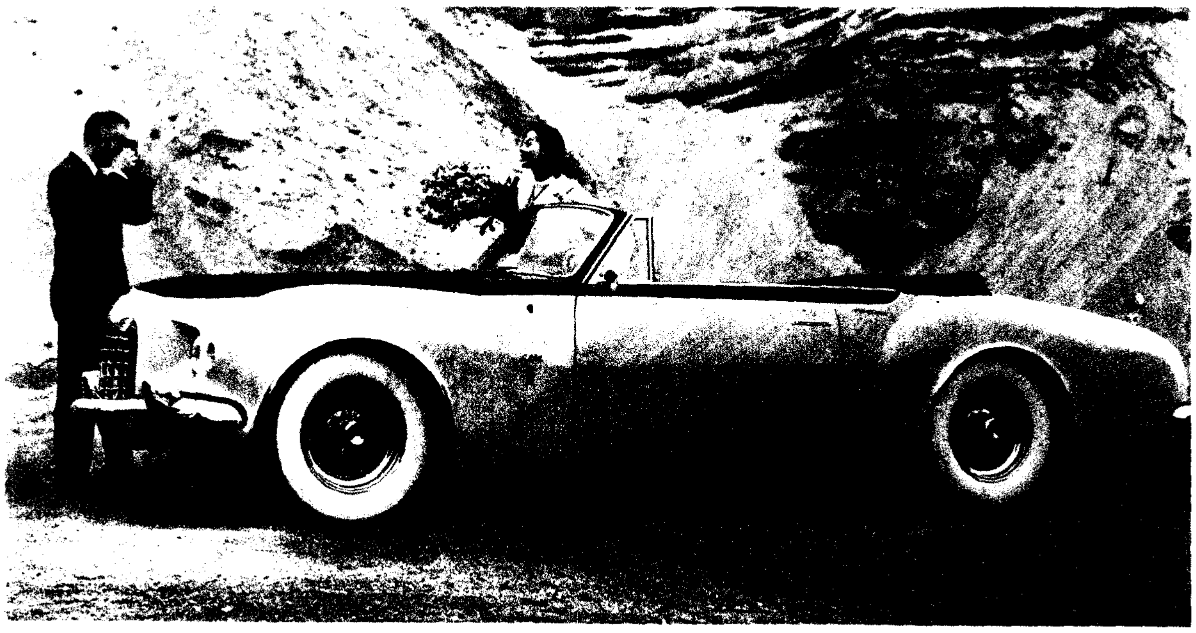
In a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler, you get a superior body — and a superior chassis — engineered to give you the greatest worth for your money.

You can prove this for yourself just by calling your nearby dealer and driving one of these great cars.

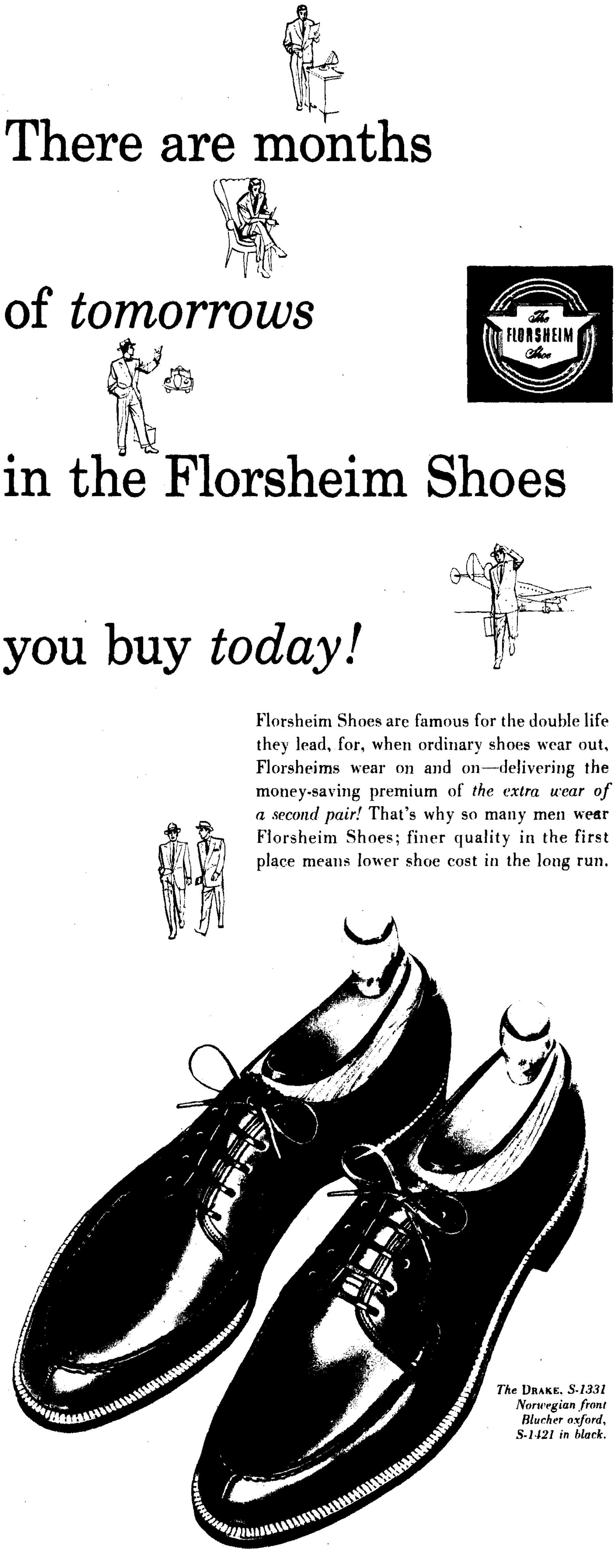
CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and builds **PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS**

Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products • **Mopar** Parts & Accessories • **Airtemp** Heating, Air Conditioning, Refrigeration • **Cycleweld** Cement Products

ENGINEERS' EYES ARE EVERYWHERE. Out of their laboratories and on to the production lines go Chrysler Corporation engineers, to follow through each step in body construction. Here an engineer studies the double welding of a Dodge body, one of many things that mean safer, quieter cars, with windows that work easily, doors and panels that stay solid and free from rattles.



THE NEW C-200. New advanced body designs are created by Chrysler to learn from experience practical applications of entirely new concepts of style and comfort, fabrics and fittings, performance and safety. The Chrysler C-200 is the prototype of a dramatic new convertible.

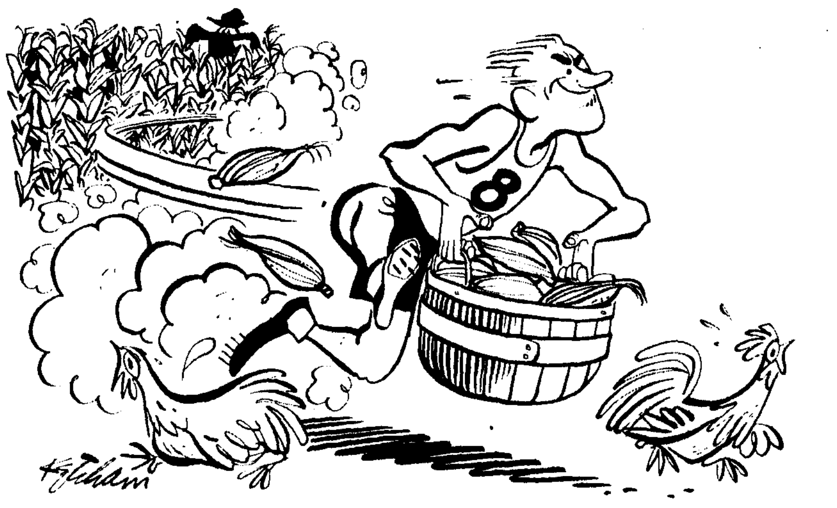


There are months of *tomorrows* in the Florsheim Shoes you buy *today!*

Florsheim Shoes are famous for the double life they lead, for, when ordinary shoes wear out, Florsheims wear on and on—delivering the money-saving premium of *the extra wear of a second pair!* That's why so many men wear Florsheim Shoes; finer quality in the first place means lower shoe cost in the long run.

The DRAKE, *S-1331 Norwegian front Blucher oxford, S-1421 in black.*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women



HANK KETCHAM

A man is your best bet—preferably one with track experience

Gangway-Fresh Corn!

By PARKE CUMMINGS

THE most frequently uttered statement this summer will be, as usual, "I never saw a summer go so fast." However, it will be strongly challenged by the runner-up: "To be at its best, corn must be picked out of the garden and then cooked immediately."

It is with the latter that I am concerned, and I shall attempt to show exactly what is necessary to achieve this and, conversely, what factors can militate against your realizing the optimum results. To the uninitiated, some of these details may seem picayune, but to us cornoisseurs they mean the difference between a meal of corn fit for the gods and one that is merely excellent.

First of all, there is the location of your garden. If it is too far away from your house—specifically your kitchen—it follows that too much time is going to be consumed in getting it from stalk to cauldron. Get this scientific fact in your mind right now—*the minute an ear of corn has been severed from its stalk it has ceased to grow and started to age.* It has begun the journey from freshness to staleness, and it is your duty to make this journey as short as possible. I hesitate to be dogmatic, but I would say that any corn patch more than 200 feet from your kitchen is too far away.

Of course there are exceptions. If the route is downhill from your garden to the house, you can extend this another fifty feet provided it's a smooth, absolutely straight path. On the other hand, if you have to go uphill with the picked corn, you'll have to shorten that 200-foot minimum. I have a friend whose garden is down in a ravine, and the picker has to stop at least twice to catch his breath when fetching it. Needless to say, by the time you get to taste the stuff he serves, it's little better than hog corn.

Next to be considered is the person doing the picking and toting. Obviously, small children are out because they are notorious dawdlers. Women are the next poorest choice, being generally slower than men. A woman with high-heeled shoes is hopeless, of course. If a woman *has* to do the job, she should wear light sneakers and shorts. A man is your best bet, although a teen-age son might actually be superior if he's had experience on the track team.

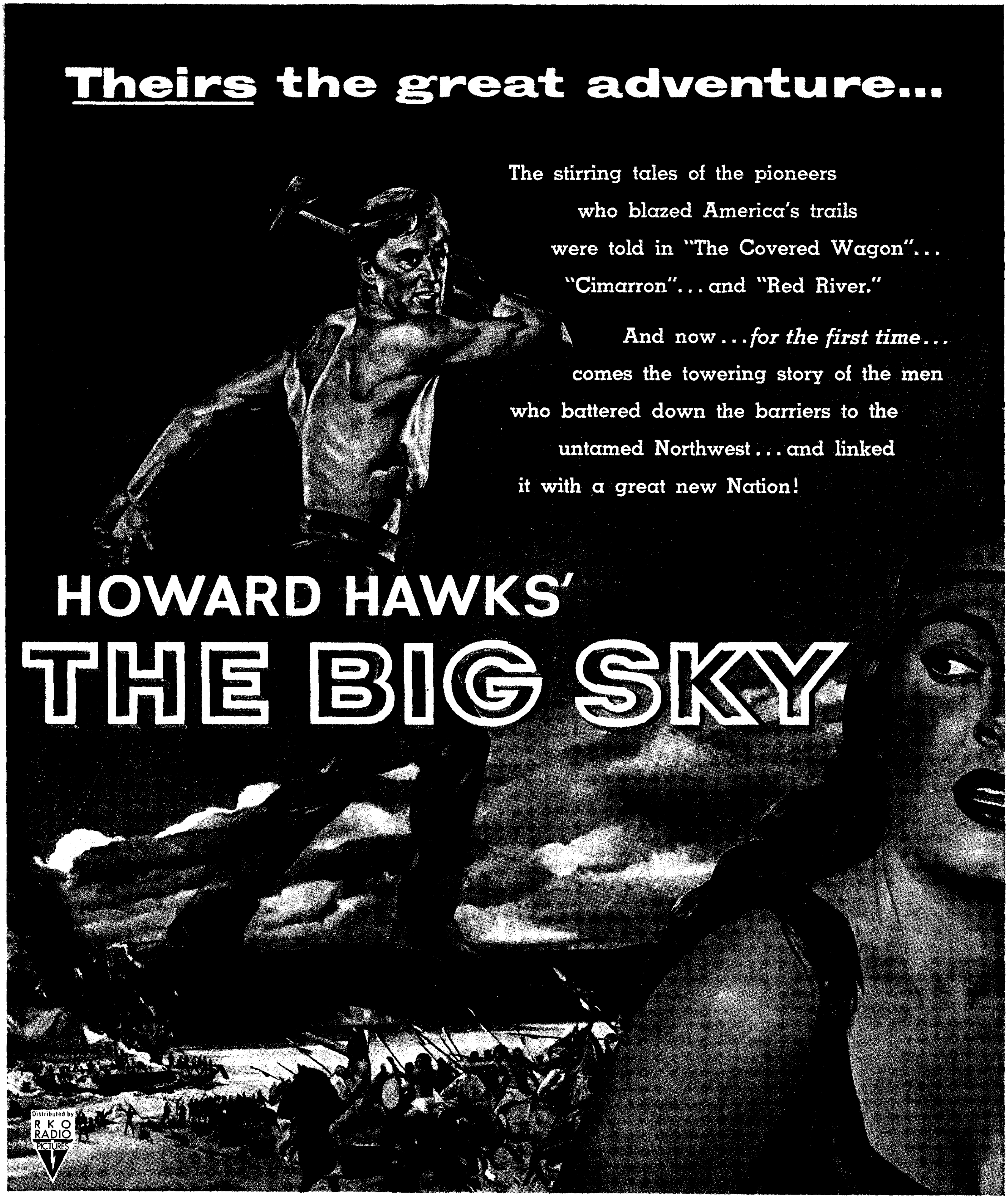
But no matter who is selected as the picker, he won't get good results unless he employs the right method. While seething inwardly, I have often witnessed the following: the picker goes to the edge of the garden and starts picking, working into the garden away from the house. Suppose he picks three dozen ears—a minimum for a family of four, like us. Assuming he picks an ear from each stalk and that the stalks are two feet apart, he is now 72 feet away from his starting point, and *these 72 feet must be retraced.*

This fellow should have planned intelligently. He should have looked over the stalks carefully, made a note of exactly which ones he wanted and then, starting from some point inside the patch, worked his way in a straight line toward the edge and the house.

Are there gnats, mosquitoes, flies or other annoying insects in your corn patch? If so, you're of course handicapped, because slapping at them wastes valuable time. Spray some insecticide around before you start picking; it won't contaminate the corn which is protected by husks. Any other distractions while picking should be avoided, and this often takes will power. Don't watch stunting airplanes. If your garden is near a neighbor's house, don't pause to hear the ball scores on his radio. Too much corn has been ruined on this account.

A lot has been spoiled by slow shucking, too. The picker, while fetching the corn to the house, should do all the shucking he can; but it's doubtful whether he can complete the job if he travels as fast as he should. The minute he pops through the kitchen door—and by the way, a kitchen door that gets stuck is death on good corn—the corn should be distributed among other available shuckers. A good shucker should have fast reactions, strong hands with long fingers and a keen eye for corn borers. To be on the safe side, conversation of any sort should be avoided, because this can lead to momentary pauses and lapses of concentration.

Into the water—already boiling full tilt—go the ears, and now everybody has three or four minutes to relax while it's being cooked. In another minute or so it's on the table, and the feast begins. The whole process should consume not more than—well, here's a sure-fire test: if your family fails to pick, shuck, cook and eat a meal of corn and still make the first show at the movies with plenty to spare, there's something wrong somewhere along the line. ▲▲▲



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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In quest of food to keep body and soul together, Mr. J. E. Getchell trudged to the butcher's in Oakland, California. A lady, similarly minded, was pointing to a large and apparently nourishing steak. She asked how much. "Three ninety-five," said the butcher hopefully. "How can you tell without weighing it?" she demanded. "Lady," said the butcher shaking his head mournfully, "that there steak has been weighed six times this morning."

★ ★ ★

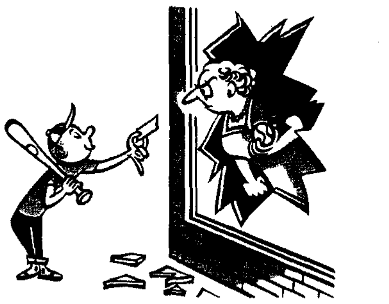
Among those who don't know just what things are coming to is Mr. Harrigan Lee, of Los Angeles. Mr. Lee bought a freezer, thinking in his simple way of stashing food away in it. Two weeks later he opened his freezer to tuck in a consignment of vegetables, meats and other nutriments. No room. One of the girls had put her fur coat in it. His wife had contributed a dozen pairs of nylon hose. Another daughter had laid in two woolen dresses and a coat. Seems someone had told the ladies that a freezer would protect their woolens and furs from moths and lengthen the life of nylons. Mr. Lee jammed his food in anyway—and unity, peace and concord got quite a setback in the house of Lee.

★ ★ ★

If you're doing a lot of touring this summer, one of your nasty problems may be how to keep your neckties pressed. Therefore, this valuable tip from Mr. Carl Medlock, a traveling man with a lot of mileage on him. Says he: "Fold the necktie twice, the wide end out. Lay it inside *your copy of Collier's. And in the morning,* there you are." Amazing, isn't it, when you think of the advantages of being a Collier's addict?

★ ★ ★

Just been looking over a list of Americans honored as the ten who have contributed most to the well-being of their fellow men. We looked in vain for the name of Frank C. Russell. He's a Cleveland, Ohio, businessman who, with his dealers throughout the country, has spent $18,000 to repair windows broken by kid baseball and football players. When the small sand-lotter smacks or kicks one through the pane, the young-fry athlete simply hands the irate housewife a card supplied by Mr. Russell which reads: "Please return ball to its youthful owner. For free replacement of window glass . . . place this card in an envelope with your name, address and date of accident and mail to . . ."



★ ★ ★

A hand-wringing mother wrote a heart-wringing letter to Wayne Coy, until recently chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. For about a year Mr. Coy and others, including Mr. Harold Hough, director of Station WBAP in Fort Worth, Texas, had been working on the new, generally accepted TV code. The wits-end mother protested to Mr. Coy that a certain TV program was irreparably ruining her young son, and asked what should she do about it. She got a nice reply from Mr. Coy containing several suggestions. Among them was a hint that perhaps turning off that program might help. Mother wrote again in two weeks. She did turn the set off. So her little boy rushed over to his grandmother's house for that period. The particular TV show was Grandma's favorite, too. Wouldn't miss it for anything. *Had all the neighborhood kids in to help* her enjoy it. Now Mother has a new problem: what to do with Grandma. Mr. Coy offered no suggestions.

★ ★ ★

Traffic was pretty heavy on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, a statement which will not astonish too many people. Nevertheless, a small, elderly lady began crossing against the light and waving excitedly to the cop. He managed to halt traffic just about in time to save her, and his own, life. He was pretty sore, too, until she said sweetly: "Oh, I just wanted to tell you, Officer, that your badge number is the same as my favorite hymn."

★ ★ ★

By the time the fire truck got to the fire, the building was no more. Of this we're assured by Mr. Richard S. Brown, of Imperial, Nebraska. But the cop who'd ridden the eight miles with the fire fighters, says Mrs. Brown, decided it was a waste of taxpayers' money for him to have squandered all that time away from his city post with the fire gone out and everything. So, while they lasted, he gave tickets to drivers of the large number of cars at the scene. Charge: chasing a fire truck. Penalty: $15 and costs. Odd thing about it, only drivers of out-of-county cars got the summonses. Silly to irritate home-county voters in times like these.

★ ★ ★

Don't remember having asked Mr. Ball Engler, of San Francisco, his definition of the word taxpayer. Didn't have to. He sent it anyway. "A taxpayer," says Mr. Engler, "is a guy who's working for the government but gets no sick leave, vacation, holidays or pension."

★ ★ ★

Said a sympathetic citizen of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to his neighbor, who turned out to be a nasty cynic: "What's *the matter with Senator So-and-so's eye?* That black patch he's wearing?" Reply: "Ah, yes, poor fellow. Sprained it badly winking at corruption."

★ ★ ★

And just in case you didn't know it, a number of exciting jobs are available at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The Fort Knox Post says so. For example: "Nurses and butchers are needed at the hospital."

★ ★ ★

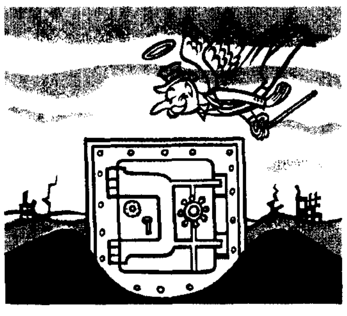
Don Radde writes a column for the Sparta, Wisconsin, Herald. Mr. Radde attended the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Press Association. Naturally he associated with other columnists, tight-lipped but ever alert to pick up gems and japes and bits of pungent philosophy for his column. Which was exactly what all the other columnists were doing. Result: "Guess each of us will have to write our own columns this week," moans Mr. Radde.

★ ★ ★

Of course, careful reading of newspapers can be unwise for people with high blood pressure. For example, we've just heard from a lady in Kokomo, Indiana. Her husband took to his bed (doctor's orders) for ten days after reading that France is charging the United States six dollars for every officer we land in France and two dollars for every enlisted man. "He acted something awful," reports the lady.

★ ★ ★

Paul W. Stouffer, Jr., of New York City, assures us that even if Manhattan were wholly obliterated by atom bombs, he can name a bank which has a vault so impervious to such calamity that its contents would be intact. Mr. Stouffer became so enthusiastic in relaying these glad tidings that he forgot to tell us who'd be around to care.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

A lady in Providence, Rhode Island, tries to tell us how to make something called Date Roses. Supposed to be edible. We got no further than "You take and split pasteurized dates catty-cornered . . ." We quit right there. Just as soon ask the man for a homogenized potato or a sterilized banana as a pasteurized date. We're old-fashioned. We'll take our dates blind.

★ ★ ★

Didn't know that the school kids could vote in New Mexico. But we can't think of any other reason for the words of an office seeker in that state. He was promising to do something creative about the public-school system, which, he declared, was putting entirely too much stress on studying.

★ ★ ★

When we get anywhere near Burlington, Iowa, *we're going to accept Mr. Clip Mor*genstern's invitation to introduce us to a man who, he says, is a true patriot. "This guy," says Mr. Morgenstern, "has run for Congress six times and has served his country with distinction by getting overwhelmingly licked with clocklike regularity."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Phil Zwilling, of Columbus, Ohio, recently asked 33 ladies and gentlemen, "Why do you read the newspaper?" Some said for the funnies. Seven said sports. Several said the department-store ads. Others the society pages. One said the war. Another fellow said the obits. But Mr. Zwilling is pretty enthusiastic about the answer he got from one man: "I read it all through to discourage people who'd be asking me silly questions if they didn't see that I was busy reading my newspaper."

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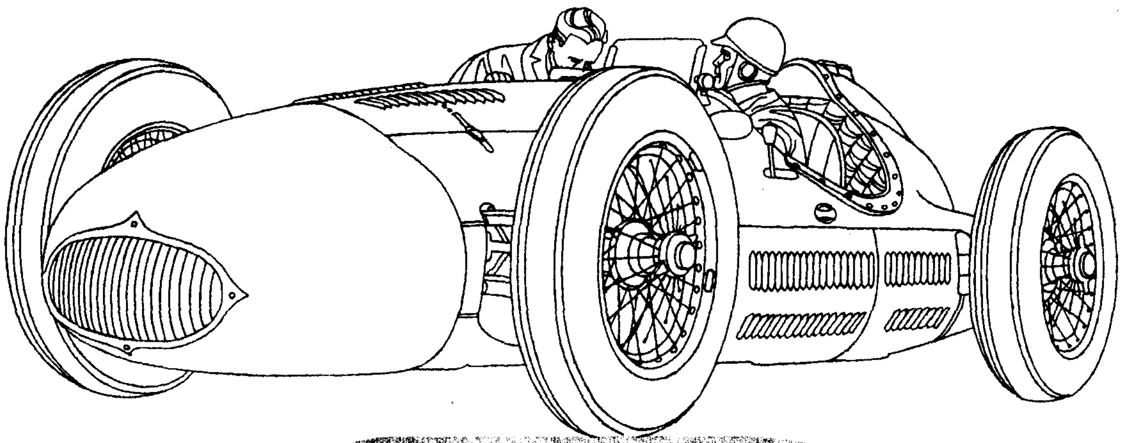

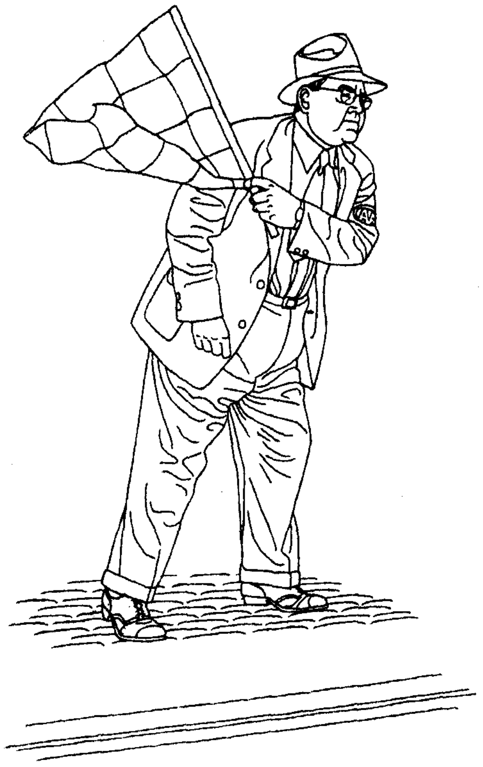

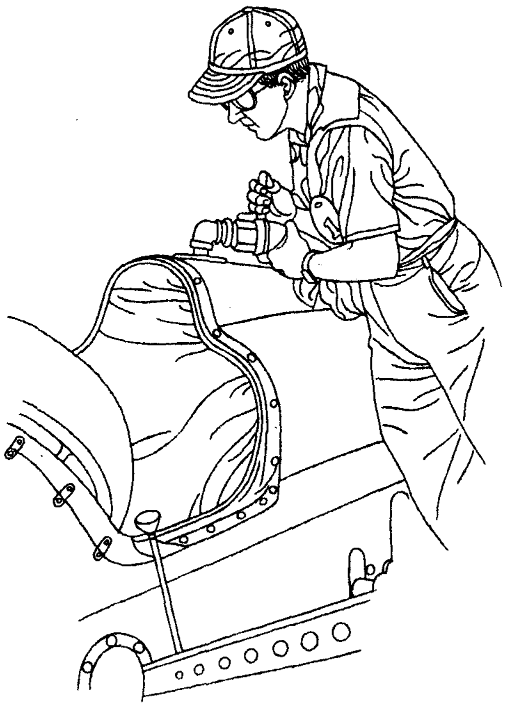

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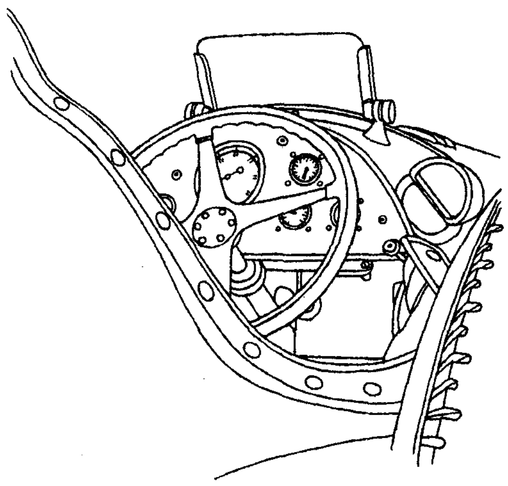
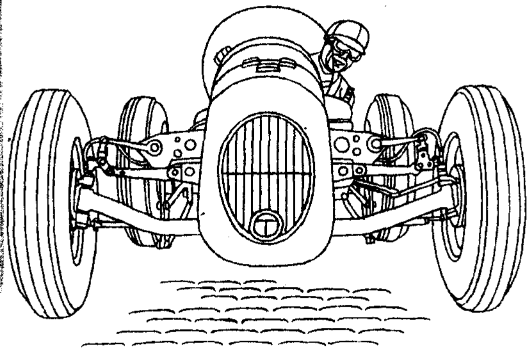
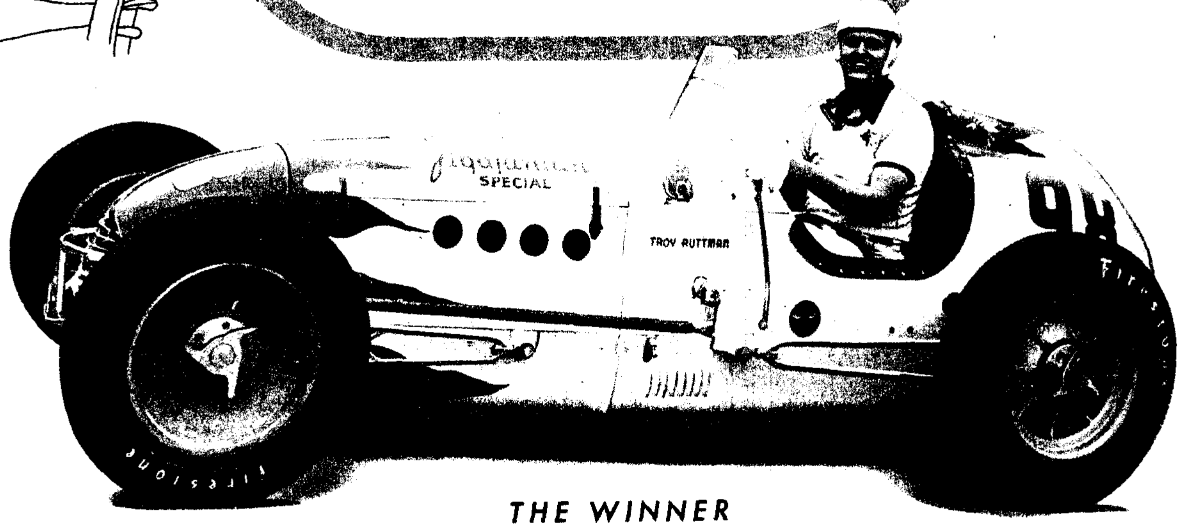





Agajanian
SPECIAL
TROY RUTTMAN
Firestone

THE WINNER

Collier's, July 19, 1952

Maj. Gen. Roger Ramey, Air Force Chief of Operations, lectures a picked group of officers in the command post's ultra-secret map room

Most Important Room In America

Deep underground in the Pentagon Building, the heavily guarded Air Force Command Post keeps close watch on world events, ready to spring to the nation's defense on an instant's notice

By CLARKE NEWLON

THERE is a strange and unreal air about the subbasement of the Pentagon. It is remote, deep underground, and a lot of people, even a lot of military people, don't know that it exists.

You walk down several flights of stairs to get there and the atmosphere changes abruptly from the comparative elegance of the stories above ground, with their Venetian blinds and carpeted floors.

Downstairs it's all business. Signs everywhere scream "Restricted Zone" and guards with side arms stand at entrances. There are scores of enlisted airmen and airwomen here for every one you see upstairs—just as there are scores of starred generals on the upper levels for every one you see down here.

There is a boom-town air. Boxes of supplies are stacked about. Construction is still under way, more burrowing into the Virginia soil, the whir and roar of unseen machinery. Here, if you lean against the wrong wall at the wrong time, bells ring and lights flash. Armed men will be at your side in a matter of seconds, and you had better have a good reason for your presence there.

For, off one of those subterranean corridors is the most important room in America: the U.S. Air Force Command Post, heart, eyes and ears of our flying service and focal point of our defense system against enemy attack.

Here they know what happened last night in any part of the world where we might have an air unit. Here is a switchboard with "hot lines" to every command. Pick up a phone and you are talking to the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, or to Air Defense in Colorado Springs—or to any important office in the Pentagon. One of the lines is direct to the White House; another runs to the State Department.

If the danger signal is flashed—warning of attack, impending attack or threatened attack—it will flash over that switchboard to men whose chief duty it is to see that the nation is not caught off guard, and who know what to do when an alien danger threatens.

No Air Force general assigned to headquarters can be out of touch for as long as an hour with the phone the command post has listed for him. At night, if he's playing bridge at a neighbor's or if he's in the air over New Mexico, the command post knows where he is and how to reach him.

A general officer is on duty in the command post at all times, twenty-four hours daily. Besides having the communications facilities to get in touch with anyone he could conceivably need, he has

“If we get the word here, a lot of airplane engines would b

authority to act according to plans which have already been formulated, studied and written for emergency action.

During the day, the command post, whose chief is Colonel G. G. Atkinson, is staffed with a normal complement of working Air Force men, plus duty officers. The general officer then may be Major General Roger Ramey, Director of Operations; Brigadier General Harold Maddux, chief of the Air Bases Division; or Brigadier General John Gerhart, Deputy Director of Operations. Their offices are part of the Air Force Operations setup, which literally surrounds the command post.

At night, other Air Force generals rotate the duty trick, from five at night till eight in the morning. There is a bedroom there. The general will sleep, because he has a normal job to go back to in the morning. But he's within ten feet of the permanent-duty officers, who work in shifts and who have no other job than to keep watch on the worldwide Air Force operation.

If trouble comes, they know what phone to pick up, what drawer to pull open, what file to look into. Every plan for emergency action is right at their finger tips and they have memorized the procedure to start it working.

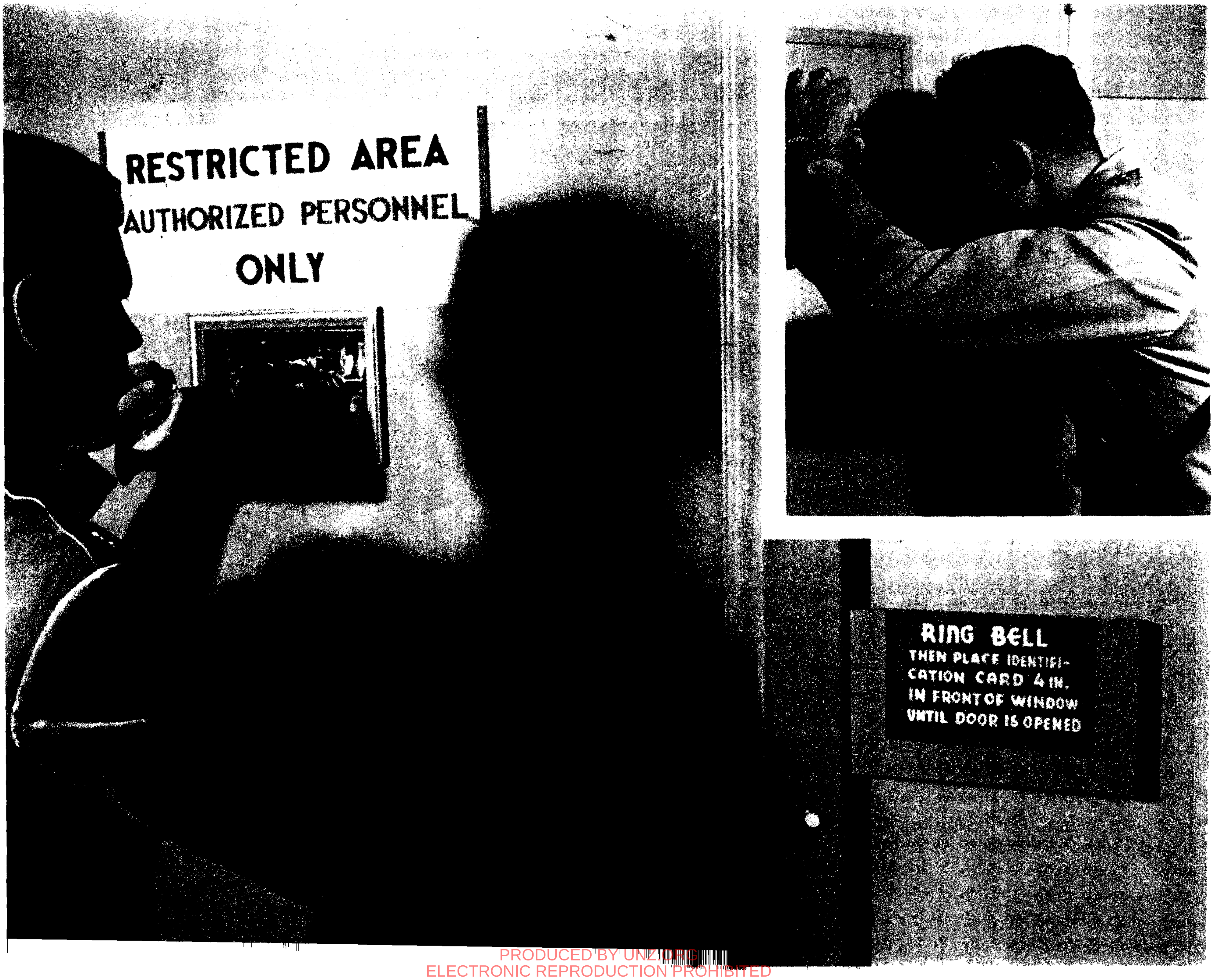
The man responsible for this command post—and for the present Air Force Operations setup—is General Ramey, sometimes known as “The Texas Cowboy.” A native Texan, Ramey commanded the Eighth Air Force at Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth, before he came to Washington. During World War II, he climbed from lieutenant colonel to his present rank, had two bomber tours of the Pacific, operating in such places as Port Moresby, the Bismarck Sea, Lae, Wewak, Tinian and Rabaul, and received several awards, including the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism and two Distinguished Service Medals.

General Ramey came to the Pentagon in the summer of 1950 as Director of Operations under the Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations. It was decided then that the responsibility for making the men and machines of the Air Force into an efficient fighting force—Ramey's job—was scattered in too many places. So he reorganized his directorate into one compact cluster, physically centered around the command post.

“We had to have one place,” General Ramey said recently, “where everything funneled in. The Air Force has three primary missions. The first is the defense of the United States. The second is to build a long-range bomber force strong enough to keep a potential enemy from starting the fire. The third is to give all possible aid to our sister services and allies.

“You will note that the defense of the United States is listed first. That covers a lot of territory. It means having planes and air bases, men, supplies and communications anywhere they might be needed. It means an air base in Greenland, on the shortest route from Russia to America. It means having bomber bases in England and Africa. It means mobile fighter groups ready to move where they are needed. It means having interceptors of

Elaborate precautions block unauthorized visitors to C.P. Here, Lt. Col. E. M. Jones displays credentials at door; glass is mirrored on one side, but armed guard (T/Sgt. Roy Swatts, insert) can look through from the other side, check identification



armed up damn fast"

the Air Defense Command on alert twenty-four hours a day—as we have now and have had for some time."

General Ramey carried that further. Suppose the operator of an early-warning radar station in Alaska picks up an unidentifiable blip in his radarscope. It looks to him like a formation of aircraft. He flips a switch which connects him with the nearest control center, and the latter, in turn, contacts the nearest base, where two jet planes and pilots are on constant ten-minute alert. One of them is off within that ten minutes.

By the time the jet is in the air, the control center has picked up the approaching flight on its own radar and vectors the pilot to it. Another ten minutes and he has reached his target.

Suppose the planes were hostile, and the pilot so identified them. He would radio back four words: "Hostile aircraft. Am attacking."

The second pilot on 10-minute alert is already in the air. Four additional planes, always on 30-minute alert, have scrambled. The other fighter pilots on the base will follow shortly.

Meantime, the control center has simultaneously notified Air Defense Command Headquarters at Colorado Springs and Canadian HQ in Ontario. The indicated sections of the West Coast would probably be put on "Alert Red," meaning "attack imminent."

When the Air Defense Command gets the word, a man picks up a phone and is instantly connected with the switchboard in the command post.

How long does it take? The only delay would be in identifying the planes. There can't be mistakes with Alert Reds—no false alarms, no one crying "wolf." But if it were sure—then the word would be passed just as fast as electricity can travel.

In the Event of an Alert from Alaska

General Ramey pointed out that the numbers of planes and pilots are woefully small to undertake a real defense of the entire country.

"But," he said, "we are trying very hard to build an organization which will take full advantage of everything we have. And if we get the word here, we can go into action. We might figure, if we got such an alert from Alaska, that an attack like that wouldn't be made from one direction only. So . . . perhaps the next step would be an Alert Yellow for the entire East Coast, meaning there is a strong indication of an attack. And—without going into details—a lot of airplane engines in a lot of different planes in a lot of different places would be warmed up damn fast."

The Operations offices which flank and surround the command post are staffed by fliers who have their own language and their own thoughts. They are a close, clannish crowd. Today, they are together in the Pentagon. Tonight, they'll be together at the home of any one of them, still talking shop. A stranger is apt to find them almost silent. It's hard to talk when you have to stop and think whether what you are saying might be top secret.

Most of these officers hate Washington. The Pentagon stifles them, and they all want to be out and to have their own commands. The major wants a squadron, and the colonel wants a wing. That's the way to promotion, but that's only incidental; any one of them will take the tiniest command any day in preference to a bigger staff job.

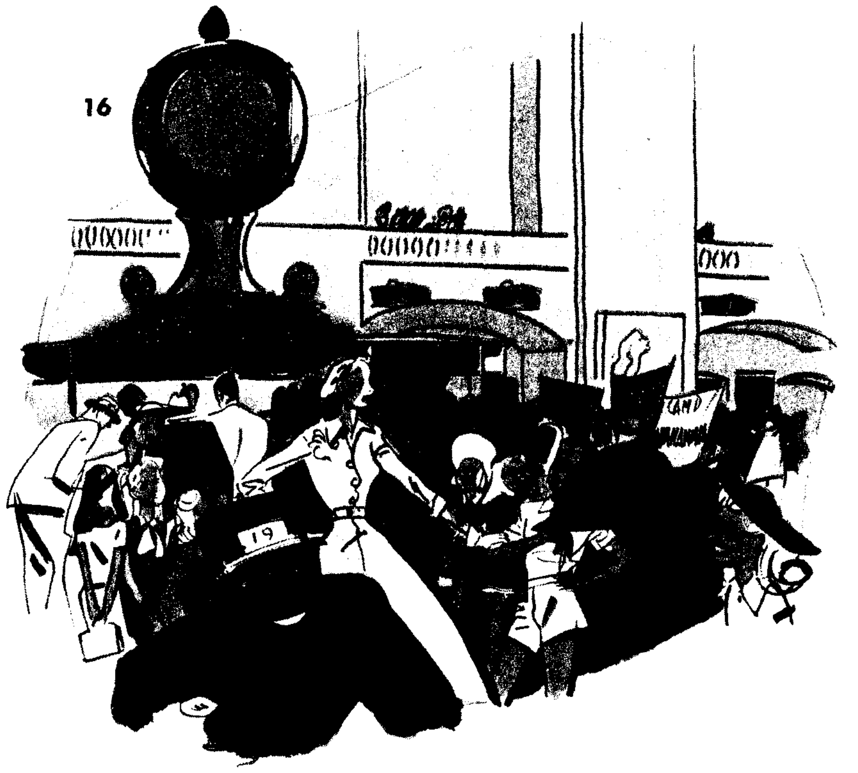
Their wives like Washington. They lead a normal life here, with their men going to work in the morning and coming back every evening. But they know it won't last. When they leave Washington, the man of the house may be assigned to Alaska, which will be dreary, or to someplace where the women can't go along at all.

The job the men do is incredibly important to the United States. Defense plans are made for this country by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, consisting of the chairman, General Omar Bradley, and the heads of the three services. They have the world and politics and Congress to worry about, as well as the security of the country. *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB SMALLMAN

Command post has own communications setup maintaining world-wide contact with U.S. bases, direct lines to White House, State Dept. Switchboard operator is WAF T/Sgt. Arrietta Alley

Col. Jones is served food prepared in C.P. kitchen by S/Sgt. Francis J. Megenedy. Post is self-contained; duty personnel have all needs attended to and no one else is permitted in



FOR MEN

My sister knows I'm a pretty desperate character. I'm grooming myself to be a gangster, and I can make it tough for any guy she happens to collect

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ALL the way in on the train to New York, I argued with my sister. "It's a boys' camp," I said. "Camp Wanawaka for Boys. Not girls. I can find my way to Grand Central all by myself."

All she did was say the same thing over and over, like a parrot. Mother and Dad were in Europe on business, and she was in charge of me until I got to camp. It was July 1st, and Grand Central was full of kids. There were guys running around, and millions of girls screaming. It was disgusting, the noise those girls made.

"There it is," I said. Across the terminal I could see a big yellow-and-black banner which said *Camp Wanawaka.*

"All I gotta do is walk over there," I said. "I can carry everything by myself."

You think my sister would let me? She tried to hold me by the arm, even. A lot of guys were standing around, and I looked at the biggest ones I might have to lick. We met the director, Mr. Bartling. We had seen him before, when he came out to my house and sold my parents on what a hot-shot camp Wanawaka was.

"Your counselor is Don Cameron," Mr. Bartling said. "Come over and meet him." He led us over to a big guy about six two, talking to some kids my age.

"Uncle Don," Mr. Bartling said, "this is Heathcliff."

Uncle Don stuck out his hand. "Hiya, Red."

He might be all right. Not calling me Heathcliff made me think he might be all right, but probably he was a phony.

"What college ya from, Uncle Don?" I said.

"Midwestern," he said.

There are some kids, in school or in camp, right away they start to apple-polish. They get in bad with the other kids. These kids from my cabin were probably waiting to see what kind of guy I was. It said in the catalogue for Camp Wanawaka that the campers look up to and idolize the counselors.

"Midwestern," I said to Uncle Don. "Ya had a lousy football team. Last place in the conference. Ja play on the team?"

"I was on the squad," Uncle Don said. "I didn't get a letter."

I had my sister with me, so I had to act tough to make up for it. "Last year," I said, "at the camp I went to I had a counselor was an All-American."

"Tough break," Uncle Don said. "I was on the swimming team." He was trying hard to get me to look up to him and idolize him like it said in the catalogue. "You'll have to settle for a swimmer, Red."

Just then my sister butted in. "Pardon me, Uncle Don," she said. "I'm Heathcliff's sister, Cynthia Wilton. I wonder if I could have a word with you."

Uncle Don hadn't seen her before. His eyes bulged, and his mouth fell open. I don't know why. My sister has the same kind of nose I have. We both have dark eyes, and I admit she doesn't have freckles much and I do; but otherwise we're practically ringers for each other, which I figure is kind of tough on me.

"I want to give you this bottle of pills," my sister said. "They're in case he gets the sniffles."

There was a sort of fat kid on the other side of Uncle Don. He looked at me and snickered. I could see I was going to have trouble with that fat kid. Trouble was, he was one of those kids you think he's fat but sometimes it's muscle.

"He's allergic to certain weeds and grasses," my sister said to Uncle Don. "You'll watch him carefully, won't you?"

We had about twenty minutes before the train left, and Uncle Don started telling my sister how he would take care of me. Like I would break if I got dropped.

"I better warn you," my sister said. "He's pretty —well—lively."

"I think we'll get along," Uncle Don said. He winked at me. What a phony!

WHEN it was time for the train to leave, my sister put her arms around my neck and kissed me. Right in front of everybody in Camp Wanawaka for Boys. The fat kid grinned at me. My name was mud. Uncle Don didn't grin. He just looked hungry.

We got on the train, and we had a ride of about six hours to camp. We were supposed to bring a lunch. I had one with me, but I figure when you're on a train you ought to eat in the diner. Sitting in your seat and eating a box lunch is like a guy never been on a train before; it's not sophisticated. I gave my lunch to the fat kid, Jimmy Lynch.

"I'm gonna eat in the diner," I said.

"Not allowed to," Jimmy Lynch said. "This whole car is reserved for Camp Wanawaka, and we can't leave it. Mr. Bartling said so."

If you're going to be the leader of a cabin, you got to be tough. "Just watch me," I said to Jimmy Lynch.

"I gotta go to the bathroom, Uncle Don," I said, and I went down to the end of the car and then just kept on going to the diner.

I ordered a steak. I sat there like a big businessman, and I was just carving my steak when Uncle Don came in and sat down opposite me. I waited for him to bawl me out and make a big scene.

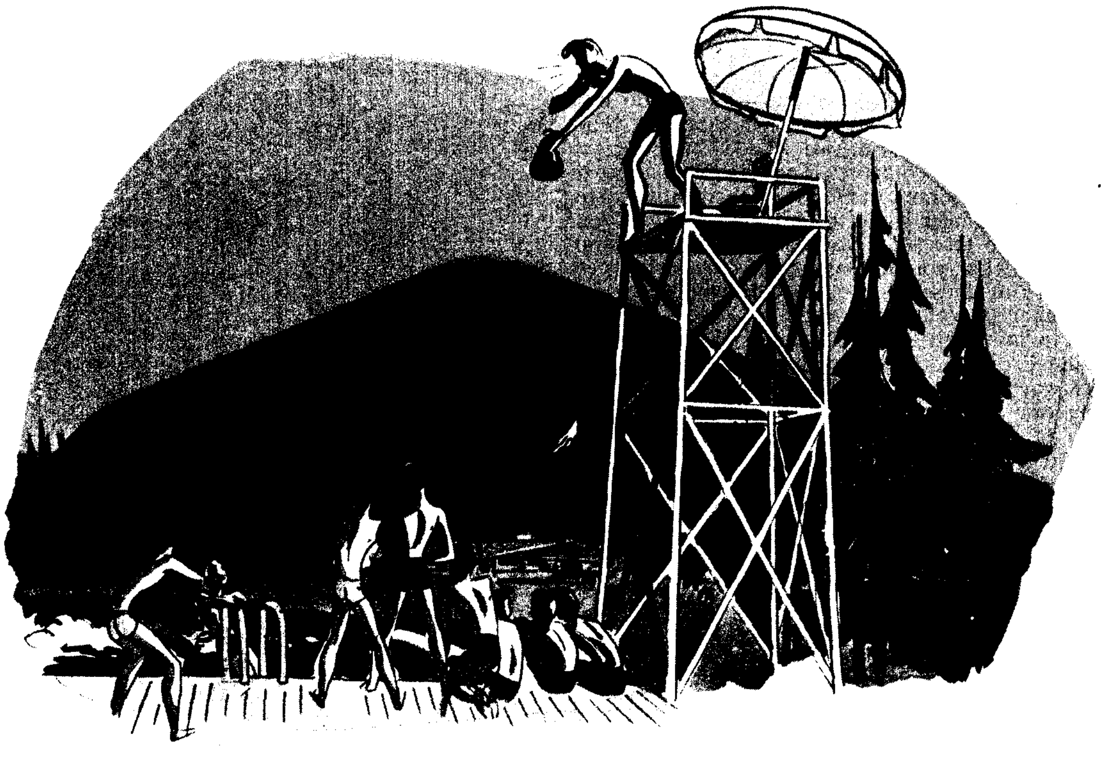
"I see you like to travel first-class, Red," Uncle Don said. He kind of surprised me. "Looks like a pretty good steak," he said. "You know how much it costs?"

"I'm loaded," I said. I flipped my wallet across the table.

Uncle Don looked inside and turned a little green.

"Fooled you, huh?" I said. "It's got a secret compartment. Got to be careful on trains. Might run into a con man."

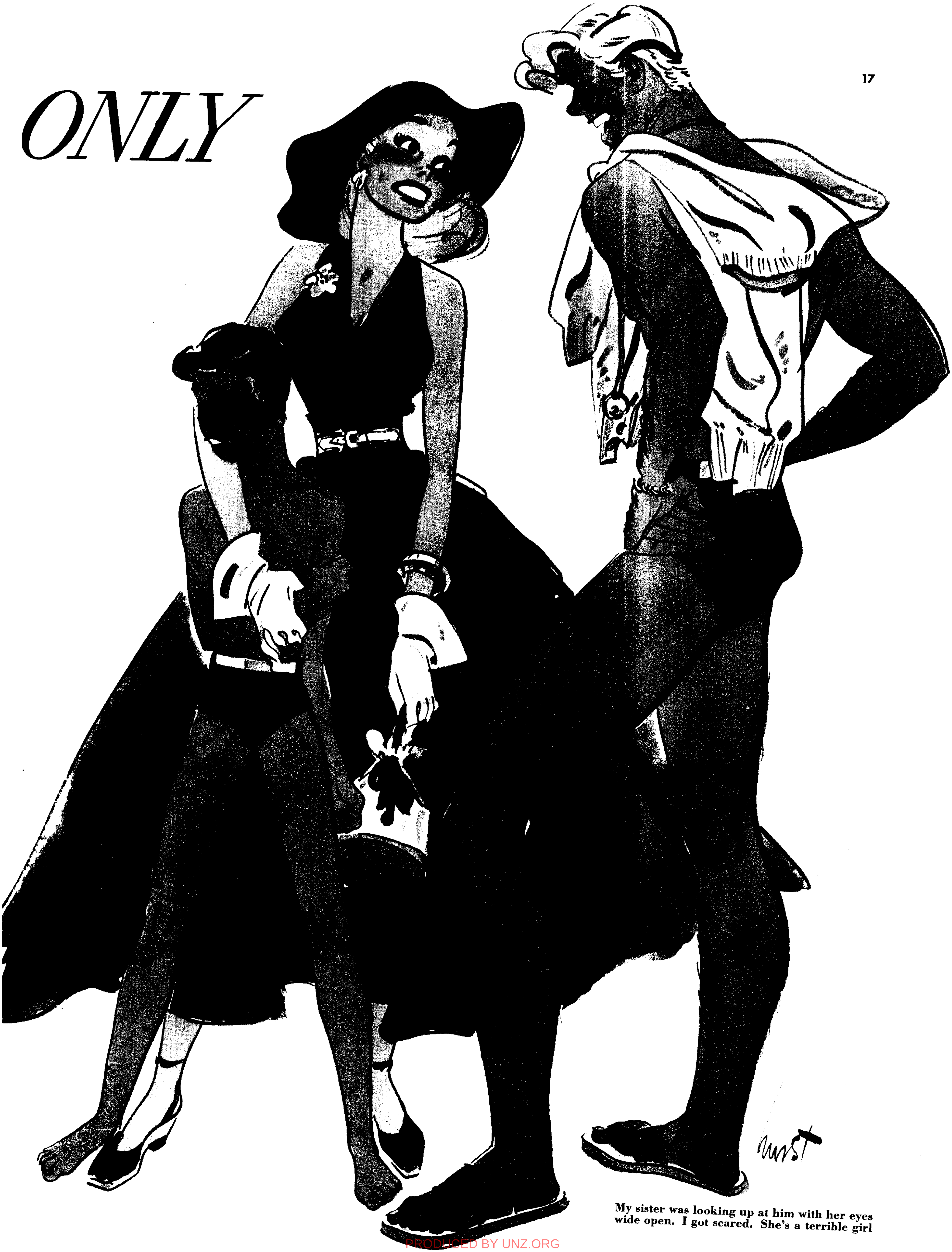
(Continued on page 58)



Uncle Don was making like a big shot up on the tower. Finally he blew the whistle

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

ONLY



My sister was looking up at him with her eyes wide open. I got scared. She's a terrible girl

Ambulance driver Harold MacConchie (left) wheels out a stretcher as driver Leo Culhane and attendant Martin Peters prepare to move patient

EMERGENCY WARD!

Day and night, an endless stream of suffering humanity flows into the big city hospitals like New York's Roosevelt. You'd suppose the doctors and their helpers would get used to it. They never do

By JOHN DENSON

Dad comforts young actor Danny Richards, Jr., 10, who suffered broken leg in auto accident

Driver Paul Glynn questions Harry Waters, who fainted in street and injured his head falling

THIS was the theater hour, a gay time for most of those milling and chattering in the lobby of the good but slightly garish hotel in midtown New York. Outside, the streets were damp from the fresh, cooling showers of late afternoon. There was a scramble for cabs to protect the edges of bright tulle and taffeta evening gowns. Few of the theater-bound turned to look when the sad, pale lady, in her fading forties, was carried in a chair through the lobby to an ambulance parked astride the path of a dozen petulant taxis.

The pale lady had tried to kill herself. The young doctor, keeping close watch on his unconscious patient, believed he could save her life. But he had to act quickly. Once inside the ambulance, he started to feed her oxygen; a hopeful flush showed through her pallor. Her pulse became a trifle stronger. Yet, she lay ominously still, hesitating in the narrow space between living and dying.

The hurrying ambulance cleared its way with an angry bell. These were anxious moments. Finally, the doctor leaned back from the quiet form. "I think," he said to the attendant, "that she'll be all right." He glanced at the empty brown bottle in his hand. All the sleeping pills, at least 20 and possibly more, were gone. "We'll have to use the stomach pump when we get her to the hospital. She didn't have enough of these things to kill herself instantly. But she would have died—this poison gradually takes hold—if the hotel maid hadn't found her when she did. It was very close."

Those on the ambulance, the busy men of the long night watch in the emergency ward of New York's famed Roosevelt Hospital, had won another victory. Dr. Philip Lazerson, the slight, wavy-haired physician, was not certain, though, that the victory would be lasting. Only twenty-eight, he had seen all this before. He had seen many who tried to die, many who did die. Some were seeking sympathy, perhaps even a little kindness, and did not really want to destroy themselves; then there were the utterly defeated—or, at least, that is what they believed—and these seemed determined to embrace death. The doctor turned again to the pale lady, but he kept on talking, half to the attendant, half to himself.

"This kind always keeps trying to die," he said. "Did you notice the notes she left? Matter-of-fact. No sentiment; no feeling. She really wanted to kill herself."

There were two notes in the hotel room and, as the doctor said, they were wholly without feeling or regret. One said simply: "Notify Max G——."

(That was her husband.) The other note was propped against an open purse. This one said: "Deliver to Max G——." The room, high on the 18th floor on the north side of the hotel, facing toward the frolicking lights of Times Square, was orderly. The woman could not have debated long, nor lingered by the window. She was found unconscious only a short while, little more than an hour, after she had registered.

Why did she try suicide? The doctor and the attendant could suggest several possible reasons by looking at their graying, quietly dressed patient. A tragic depression often comes to women of her age and, if they are not given close medical attention, the emotional strain seems too great to bear. Then there is the terrible realization that the last of youth, its attractiveness and hopefulness, has slipped away. Illness, arousing fears of unending pain and dependency, is not an uncommon reason why many seek to die. There is, too, the feeling of being unwanted and unloved, that creeps over some and clouds their reason.

At Roosevelt Hospital's emergency ward, the case was listed as a routine "attempted suicide." The pale lady, never murmuring or stirring, was given speedy and effective care. She was now definitely out of danger. Sometime during the night, she was removed to New York's mammoth, city-operated Bellevue Hospital, which has responsibility for psychiatric patients. There, under a law which has its counterpart in many states, she would be kept for observation and, if proved legally unbalanced, sent on to a state institution. The law does all it can to keep people from self-destruction.

"Attempted suicides" often recover from their extreme depression and are discharged. As it happened, this was the next step for the woman from the 18th floor. She was sent home. To what? New hope, perhaps. Still, there was the doctor's distressing prophecy: "This kind always keeps trying to die."

The High Cost of Ambulance Service

In the rush of the emergency ward, there isn't much time for reflection on those who are treated and gone. The "attempted suicide" was just one of nearly 10,000 ambulance calls that Roosevelt Hospital will answer this year. This case was one of nearly 48,000 that will be listed by the emergency ward before the end of 1952. The hospital's loss on operation of the emergency ward in 1951 was $102,000, and will be even higher this year.

For example, each ambulance call costs $4.66. The hospital, despite a contribution by the city, loses about $2.50 on each one of them. Every emergency patient—including not only those who come by ambulance, but the ones who arrive by car and bus and, sometimes faltering, by foot—means a loss of $2.10. But some of these patients are admitted to wards; then each case costs $8.40 a day above the hospital's income. Some require further treatment; every visit to the clinic costs $1.71 more than income.

Altogether, Roosevelt Hospital's free emergency services piled up a loss of $814,000 in 1951, and this burden is increasing so rapidly that it may reach a million dollars annually in the next year or two. The prospect of more and more red ink for nonprofit, largely privately supported hospitals such as Roosevelt is not peculiar to New York. The problem is national. Hospitals in virtually every community, big and little, are confronted with vastly increasing demands on their emergency facilities. Populations are growing, and hazards grow with them.

Roosevelt Hospital (founded 83 years ago under the will of James H. Roosevelt, a member of the Teddy Roosevelt branch of the family) constantly struggles to overcome heavy deficits. Nevertheless, there is no stinting on free services; the helpless and poor, when they are hurt or ill, are never turned away without treatment.

Dr. Madison B. Brown, executive vice-president and medical director of the hospital has the job of trying to keep the books balanced. Like that of hospital directors everywhere, it is a tough job. But Dr. Brown says: "We cannot let up in our effort to meet these emergency needs. Our business is humanity, but it is like other businesses in one important respect: it has to have money.

The hospital is a block-square institution of many buildings and many services. It is set down squarely in one of the most congested areas in the world, a thousand acres of stone, concrete, brick—and suffering. The hospital's district, the area for which it is responsible in New York's emergency system, includes the fringes and environs of

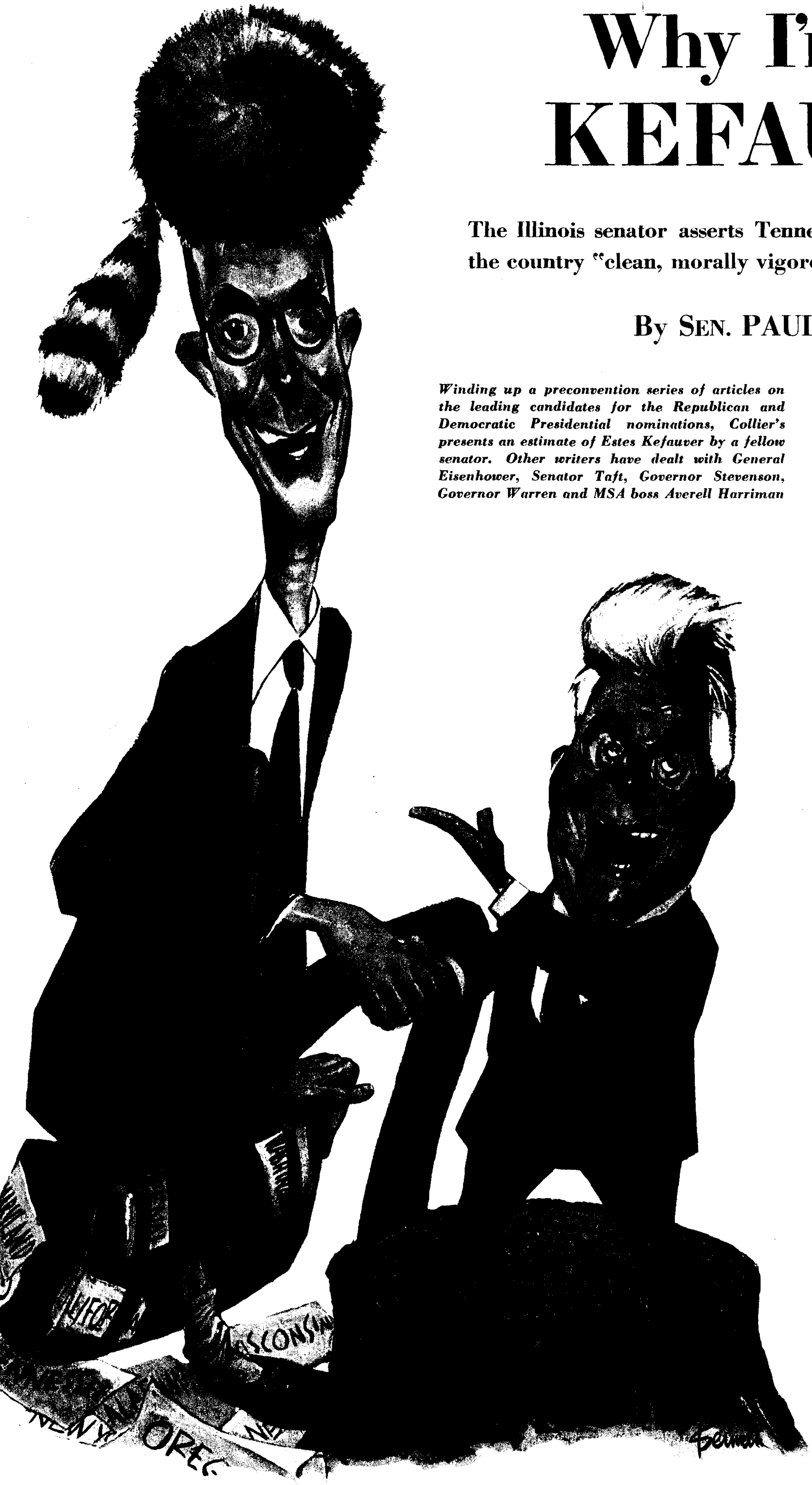
(Continued on page 30)

Dr. Philip Lazerson treats razor-inflicted cut. Patient wouldn't say how he got it

Dr. Michael Hume (l.), orderly G. O'Brien check woman with severe pulmonary trouble

Woman hit by taxi talks to patrolman C. Mundt, nurse M. Turbie, attendant H. Bucala

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



Why I'm For KEFAUVER

The Illinois senator asserts Tennessee's crime buster would give the country "clean, morally vigorous" and progressive leadership

By SEN. PAUL DOUGLAS

Winding up a preconvention series of articles on the leading candidates for the Republican and Democratic Presidential nominations, Collier's presents an estimate of Estes Kefauver by a fellow senator. Other writers have dealt with General Eisenhower, Senator Taft, Governor Stevenson, Governor Warren and MSA boss Averell Harriman

I AGREE that our country is in need of moral and political refreshment, but I emphatically disagree with those who say we can get this only by turning the Democrats out and putting the Republicans in. The Democratic party has within its own ranks a man who can make it clean, morally vigorous and freshly enthusiastic without sacrificing any of the high progressive spirit that has characterized the party's programs since 1933. This man is Estes Kefauver.

Ordinarily a party that has been in power 20 years is not likely to be refreshed from within. Only a remarkable man can accomplish such a result. But we Democrats are in luck. We have such a man in Senator Kefauver. He is not beholden to any of the administration's officeholders. He is not the choice of the veteran officials of the Democratic party. He has done more than any other one man to show up the corruption that has developed within the party, and he has done this without any co-operation whatever from the administration.

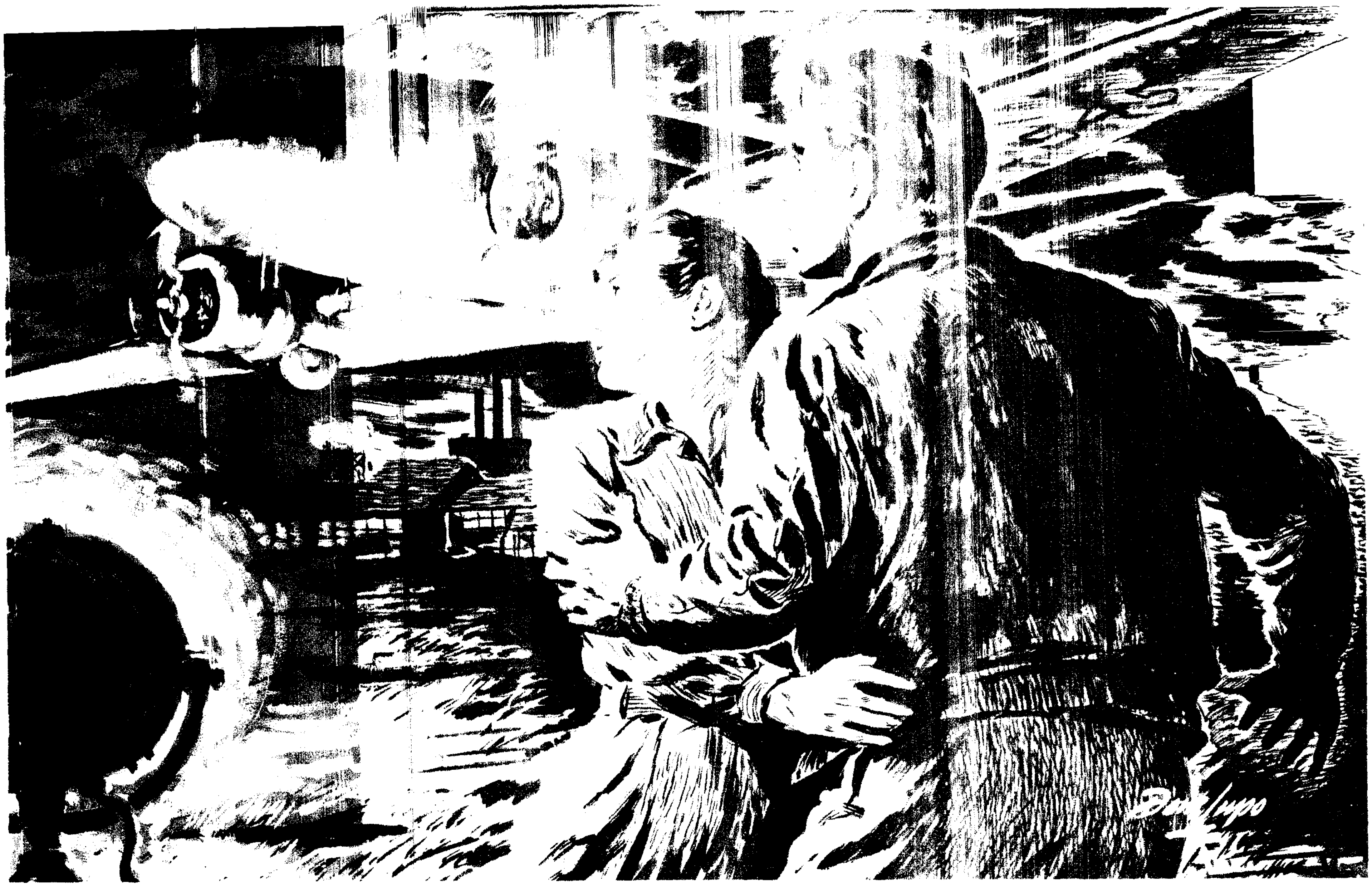
In comparison with conditions a century ago or 50 years ago, I think we have made a big improvement in the general integrity of government. I am certain the vast majority of public servants today are honest men and women. After every great war there has come a moral relapse. This happened after the Civil War in the Grant administration, after World War I under Harding, and it has occurred again during the past seven years. In my judgment the administration has not been vigorous enough in dealing with this issue.

Had Senator Kefauver been an old-line organization man, doubtless, he, too, would have ignored or merely deplored the decay of zeal and integrity. But Estes Kefauver is not made that way. He is quiet in manner, restrained in speech, and many thought when he first proposed that the Senate investigate interstate crime that he was a harmless sort of fellow and probably would not get anywhere with the investigation. Those who thought so had forgotten something. Back in 1945, when Kefauver was in the House of Representatives there were reports that a certain federal district judge in Pennsylvania was considerably less than an ornament to the bench. Estes Kefauver became chairman of a sub-Judiciary committee to look into the affairs of that judge, whose name was Albert W. Johnson.

Politically, Pennsylvania is a tough state, and this judge had plenty of strong supporters, both Democrats and Republicans. Kefauver found the going hard. No one would tell him anything. Doors were closed to him. There were suggestions that he was on a false trail, that the judge was all right, maybe a little careless now and then, nothing more. Pressures began to develop for this long, lean young Tennessean to go on back to Washington. But Kefauver, his associates and staff kept working diligently, quietly calling on people in the judge's community, talking with them and winning their co-operation. In the end, this judge resigned and renounced the pension to which, by length of service, he seemed to be entitled.

This was a triumph. It brought Kefauver into national prominence as a devoted, hard-working public servant who would hunt for the facts despite all the hints and pressures *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN



I got myself airborne and raised the landing gear. I held the nose level until it seemed certain I would tear into the eucalyptus trees

HOT-ROCK PILOT

By ROBERT DEXTER NEFF

I liked to fly airplanes and fly them fast and dangerous. I liked a lot of girls, too—but not so seriously they could cramp my style. I had a chip on my shoulder. It was high time I grew up

LINDY HARRIS sat across from me at a table in the airport cocktail lounge, holding her drink in a slender, white-gloved hand. "Good-by, Hap," she said. "And thanks. It's been fun this week."

She smiled, and for a moment the faint mockery was gone from her eyes. For a moment I was comfortable with her, comfortable as I had been in the old days when she was still an imp in high school and used to accompany her dad, the near-legendary Dutch Harris, to the air meets. And I, eight years older and just beginning then to attract attention as a pylon racer, used to buy her hot dogs and Cokes from the bunting-decked stands and kid her about being my girl when she grew up.

This was our first visit in four years. We should have had a pretty good time, talking over old days and old friends, except that I was worrying about a girl named Babs Macready, and Lindy, with big-sisterish license, had slipped into a somewhat scoffing attitude toward the kind of life I had been leading.

Actually, I had been leading a pretty satisfying life—especially satisfying for somebody whose existence had once been almost unbearably frustrating until 1943, when I had entered the Air Force and discovered that I, Stanley Ryan, who had never been quite good enough to make the school play or debating team or to win a letter, had turned out to be that happy, almost phenomenal rarity, a born flier. Lindbergh, they told me, had had the mysterious combination of nerves and reflexes timing and air sense to make such a pilot. It was something you either had or didn't have. You didn't develop it. It never happened to a more delighted person. It was about then they started calling me Hap.

From then on, the war had given me a good deal of satisfaction—a year in peashooters, combat missions and press interviews; then back to the States to teach combat tactics; and, finally, test-flying. In time, I forgot all about those miserable years in school and college.

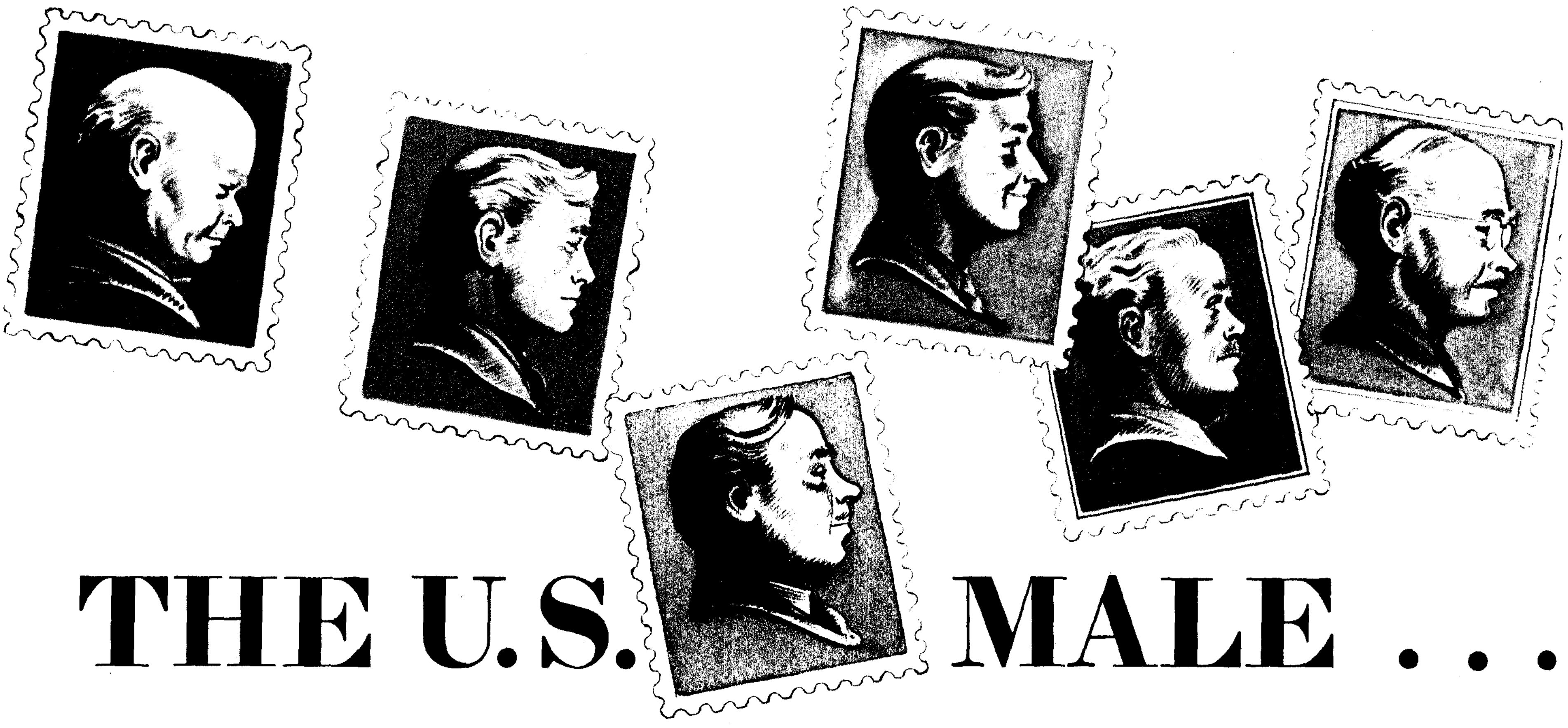
Now, still under thirty, I'd made a name as a movie-stunt pilot and held a coast-to-coast piston-engine speed record. Occasionally, kids asked me for my autograph. I had a small tan book, too, with a couple dozen good numbers—any one of them available at the drop of a dime. And on page one was Babs Macready. I'd taken her, along with the Ellsworth Trophy for closed-course racing, from a cocky guy named Ace Gormley, two years before, at Cleveland.

Babs was strictly a "pilot's woman." She called herself an airport bum. Jokingly, of course. I was always quick to add, "A beautiful bum, though." All she knew or cared about was planes and flying and pilots, but when she took your arm in a crowded place, you felt like Mark Clark, Anthony Eden and Gregory Peck rolled into one. You didn't with the slight young girl who was with me now, whose eyes showed more amusement than awe at my accomplishments.

I glanced impatiently at my watch. I wanted to put her on that evening plane. Then I'd be free again, free to drive around to a backside hangar, free to find out what the devil had been going on this week between Babs and the guy she worked for, Gordon Hall, who owned One World Air Freight and was, supposedly, my closest friend.

I'd been out of touch with One World ever since Dutch had sent me a telegram, a week ago, saying that Lindy was arriving for the antique show and would I show her *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



THE U.S. MALE . . .

Is he the simple blunderer of the comic strips? Or is he really self-assured and dominant?

By DR. JUDSON T. and MARY G. LANDIS

AFTER we wrote an article for Collier's about women, a woman said, "Why don't you write the truth about men?" Another woman who heard her question spoke up, "There's a good reason why. Men couldn't take the truth about themselves." Was she right? And what is the truth about men? Is there such a thing as a typical American man? We might answer glibly that yes, there is. He likes sports, is more aggressive and active physically than the average woman; he is handier in mechanical matters than in personal relationships; he is more interested than women are in politics, adventure and sex. He belongs to the stronger sex and is glad of it.

A group of able psychologists led by Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University concluded after intensive study of masculine and feminine characteristics in our culture that in general the typical masculine American could be described in those terms.

Looking at the average American male from another viewpoint, we find him pictured in commercial advertising as the good provider who brings home to his delighted wife and children all sorts of beautiful and useful gadgets. He gladly slaves to provide his family with wrist watches, television sets, sleek cars and life insurance, and in his spare time he decks himself out in chef's apron and cap and serves the family's friends with food prepared by his own hands over the barbecue that he has ingeniously built in the back yard.

But a different and very specific picture of the average American man emerges from radio programs and comic strips. Fibber McGee and Mollie, Dagwood and Blondie, Ozzie and Harriet are examples. They picture the man as a simple, blundering but well-meaning soul who could hardly manage to survive if it were not for the little woman who looks after him.

Yet a sociologist, Helen Hacker, writing in a scientific journal recently, held that American men occupy the position of a dominant, majority-group and that women get along with them by using the same tactics that racial minorities and other subservient groups must use to get along with the dominant groups about them. She emphasizes that subtle appeals to the male ego are a necessary tactic for women. So to tell even a smattering of the truth about men becomes more complicated than it at first appeared.

In the first place, the characteristics that men possess because of the biological fact of their sex may be changed in many ways by the social set-up or the culture in which they live. Sociologists, psychologists and anthropologists have long debated "nature versus nurture"; they disagree as to the extent man is a product of biological characteristics as opposed to being a product of his experiences in the culture in which he lives.

Dr. Margaret Mead, distinguished anthropologist, after studying the lives of primitive tribes, has pointed out some of the extreme differences that exist in ideas of what is masculine and what is not, with each group of people feeling sure that its own ideas are right according to man's natural endowment. She tells of a man among the New Guinea mountain Arapesh people, who, of all his community, most nearly approached the American ideal of the male. He had a well-built physique and a handsome face, according to our standards. He showed initiative and energy; he was possessive and aggressive. But these characteristics made him a misfit among his own people.

Where Men Must Have Feminine Traits

Dr. Mead explains that among the Arapesh, men as well as women are supposed to be naturally maternal, gentle, always co-operative rather than competitive and never aggressive; therefore, this man who would fit so well into some parts of our society was merely a "pathetic figure" in his own world. He was not "masculine" according to Arapesh standards.

Dr. Mead tells of another group of people, the Tchambuli, of whom she says, "We found a genuine reversal of the sex attitudes of our own culture, with the woman among the Tchambuli people the dominant, impersonal, managing partner, the man the less responsible and the emotionally dependent person."

Regardless of whether his biology or his environment has most to do in making a man what he is, it is true that in our own culture certain standards of what men are and ought to be are quite generally accepted, and these standards are not even as contradictory as they at first appear. Almost any woman will tell you that this is still a man's world.

Women don't mind seeing men pictured as the weaklings; it makes them feel superior. Yet they really hope to find security with a strong man who can protect them. Men may enjoy feeling superior to the oaf type of man pictured in the comics; they may even secretly wish they could relax and play the role of the lovable, incompetent Dagwood. Yet they know that in our society they have to keep playing the strong-man part, nevertheless. In our culture we teach little boys not so much that it is important to behave like a human rather than an animal, as that it is important to behave like a man and not like a woman. So from the beginning boys are aware of an urgency to conform to the characteristics that are assigned to their sex by our general standards. They must be strong, physically active, sexually aggressive, adventurous, economically ambitious and they must not be "soft" or sensitive in their personal relationships.

But just as the Arapesh people of New Guinea are not necessarily right in assuming that all men should be gentle, passive and maternal, so it isn't necessarily so that all American men naturally fit our stereotype of male dominance and superiority. There is reason, in fact, to believe that many men find the struggle to conform to such expectations too much for them. They have human weaknesses just as women have, but are not allowed, in our culture, as many socially accepted ways of avoiding pressure. Perhaps that is why more men than women become alcoholics or develop stomach ulcers, which are recognized by medical authorities as, at least in part, evidence of emotional pressure. United States Vital Statistics records show that deaths from stomach ulcers occur in men five times as often as in women, and deaths from alcoholism are about six times more frequent in men than in women.

The feeling men have that they must be the supe-

Is He First-Class ?

oes he like the role of aggressiveness he has to play?

rior sex in all things puts a cruel burden upon many men, since Nature didn't consult our American standards when she designed the male of the species. Let us look at some of the physical facts.

Biologically this is not a man's world. Males are the weaker sex, in some ways, from the moment of conception throughout life. The average man of today can look forward to about five years less of life than a woman his age will have. Men's shorter life expectancy is owing not only to the fact that they work harder or are exposed to greater dangers; it is owing also to the fact that they have not been endowed biologically with as much hardihood as women have to withstand or survive life's hazards. For example:

Medical records of stillbirths or prenatal deaths show a much greater inability of males to survive from conception to birth. Among infants in the first year of life the death rate is 22 per cent higher among boys than among girls. The United States Vital Statistics reports show that among white adults the male death rate is much higher for all except three of the major causes of death.

Amram Scheinfeld calls attention in his book The New You to the fact that for purposes of their own survival males are less well-constructed genetically, have a less efficient internal chemical system, and are in other ways biologically less well adapted to resist most of the modern afflictions. In most organic breakdowns (circulatory, respiratory, digestive, nervous), males lead in casualties. In childhood, only one important disease—whooping cough—takes a higher toll of girls than of boys.

Biologists know that for some reason Nature shortchanged males when she handed out to them their genes and chromosomes, the elements which determine heredity. The reason for this is not definitely known but many geneticists hold the theory outlined by Dr. Curt Stern of the University of California, in his book Principles of Human Genetics.

He notes that the sex of an individual is determined by the difference in one chromosome. This suggests the theory that some of the male's biological deficiencies may be due to this difference. The probable difference in structure of the male-determining chromosome might explain the tendency in males toward inheriting such defects as certain types of blindness, color blindness, feeblemindedness, cleft palate, hemophilia and other defects that are known to appear in males more frequently than in females. It seems then, that, considering the biological facts, it isn't fair to expect men to be the stronger sex.

As Dr. George Lawton, a practicing New York psychologist and marriage counselor, commented. "Women ought to give their seats on a bus to the men because men are weaker and age faster!"

Boys' Early Lag in Studies Explained

What of intelligence? Unquestionably men do achieve greater success in mental activities than women do. Girls in grade school advance more rapidly than boys do and make higher grade averages throughout many of their years in school, but during late adolescence the boys catch up and go ahead. One reason advanced for this is psychological—young boys feel it's "sissyish" to excel in school—it isn't until they are older that the competitive urge begins to dominate. A look at the names of the great in almost all fields shows the list to have more men than women. In present-day America, success of some sort is a necessity for most men.

But just as not all men are strong in ability to survive, so not all men have the ability to achieve. It is considered a compliment to say of American men that they have "drive," and many men go straight along driving themselves toward conformity to a standard of masculine achievement and success no matter what the cost to their health or to their personal relationships. So we have the illuminating American wisecrack: "He is a successful man. He's moving up now from a two-ulcer job to a three-ulcer spot!"

Men are daring and venturesome when it comes to pioneering in new worlds or trying out new inventions, but in their attitudes toward women many cling to tradition and are conservative to the point of being unrealistic. Some men complain that women don't know their places, but more men go along with the idea, in theory, that a modern woman is independent and wants to be looked upon as an individual, not just as a "helpmate" to a man.

They may agree heartily to whatever the Girl says on this subject before marriage, yet without once applying it to themselves personally. Their rosy anticipation of marriage is likely still to resemble the traditional picture of the patriarchal male who comes home from work and is met at the door by a loving wife who offers him his pipe and slippers. If it turns out that she doesn't meet him at the door but expects him to let himself in with his latchkey, and perhaps even rustle his own dinner, he wonders what went wrong.

Many men are not realistic about their relationships with women. Dr. Edmund Bergler, a New York psychiatrist, comments in his book Conflict in Marriage upon this trait in men: "The average man is unprepared for woman's freedom to be a human being. He is confused and dumfounded . . . clings to his historic prerogatives which are no longer accepted. He is still trying to use Confederate money."

About sex, American men of today have some problems with which their grandfathers were probably not bothered. In those days, no one questioned that sex was for men. Now, we find that many have been exposed to the idea that sex is for people, both men and women.

Many men are unprepared psychologically for wives who are fairly uninhibited sexually. Before marriage most men hope for sexually energetic wives. In a research study dealing with marital adjustment, we collected specific comments about various phases of marriage.

One of the most common complaints mentioned by the husbands in this study was that their wives were too indifferent about sex; many wives complained that the husbands were too much concerned with sex. And Dr. Alfred Kinsey, director of the well-known sex studies at Indiana University, says that his findings indicate that in about 80 per cent or more of marriages there is less sex than the husband wants and more than the wife wants. However, our research with *(Continued on page 48)*

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES HAWES

Beau-catcher's tricks start out tamely, with a "poodle-cut" hair piece pinned to hair

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

THREE seasons a year, girls and boys chase each other with all the calculated logic of an arithmetic problem. But in summer—the silly season, when ladies may be excused for acting giddy-with-the-heat—a belle who's out to tie a beau will often go overboard in the pursuit of her art.

As clothes become gayer and skimpier under the sun, a beau-catcher concentrates more heavily on flash and whimsey to supplement her natural charms. In the hot-weather race to outglitter her sisters, she rises to a level of operations where no fashion trick is too frivolous, so long as it attracts attention.

Starting with a moderately conservative device—a false hair piece—model Charlotte Payne and photographer Sharland show here what can happen when a resolute huntress starts working madness into her methods.

The sequin bathing suit crowning their exposition hits new heights of impracticality. It's stiff, scratchy and not in the least rustproof. But so long as a girl stays out of the water, its effect is fully predictable: the sun will have to rise mighty early to outshine her. MARTHA WEINMAN

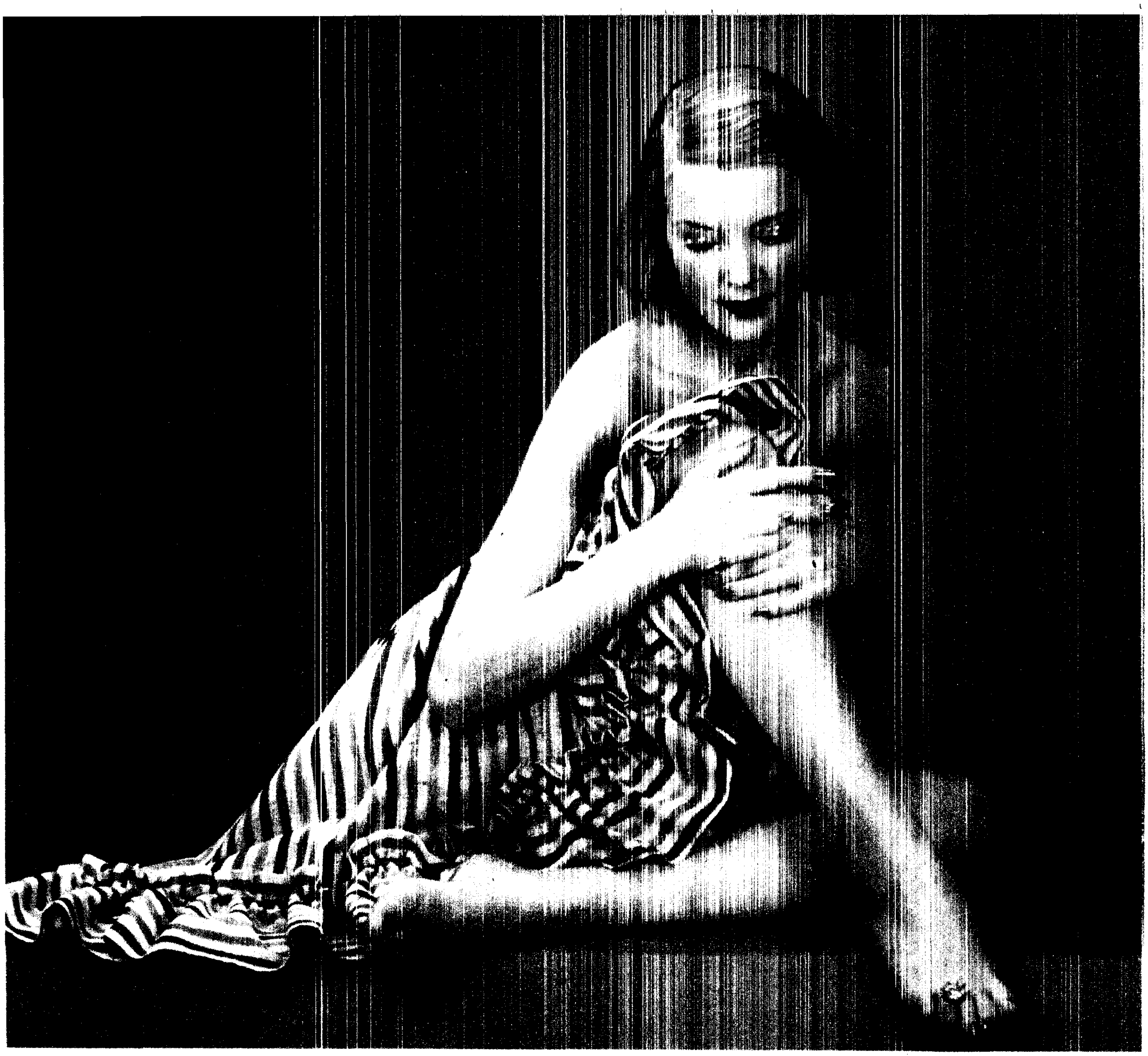
How to Tie a Beau

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

Exaggerated version of decorated eyeglasses may impede vision, but is attention-getting

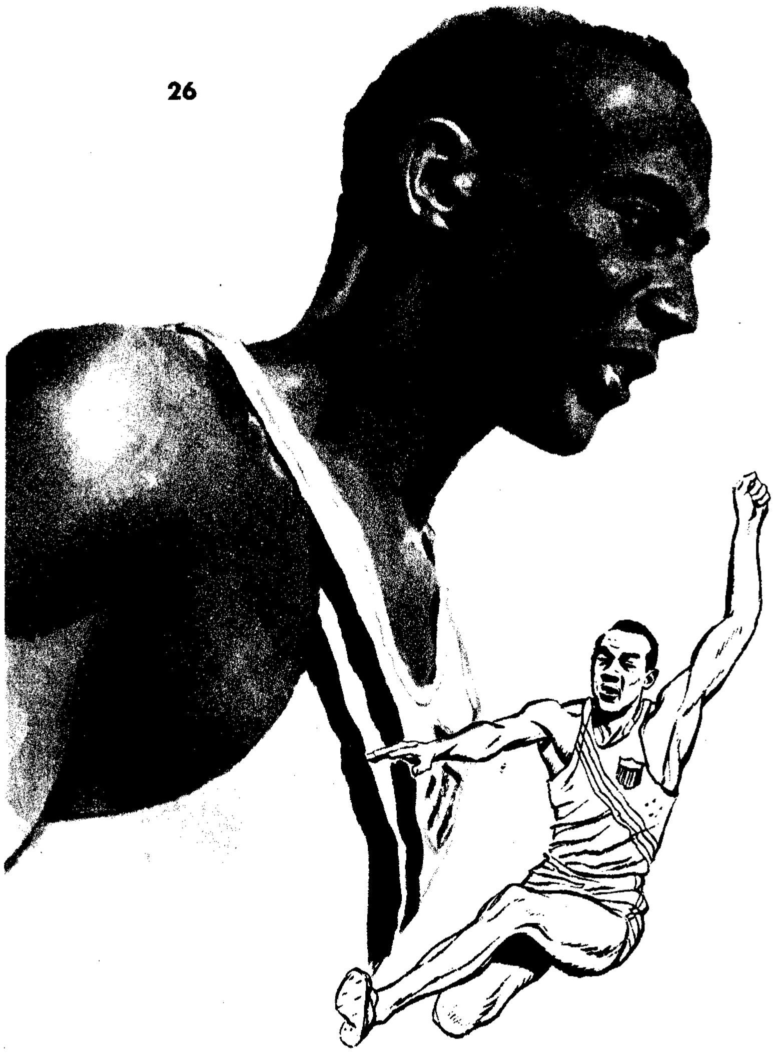
It's a wire veil rimmed in flowers—effective, but hard to maneuver in heavy pedestrian traffic

To attract breezes and bosses, silk organza over polka dots is perfect for beau-catchers



Model Charlotte Payne dons a toe-ring and guarantees stares with blue make-up by John Robert Powers for eyelids, fingers and toes

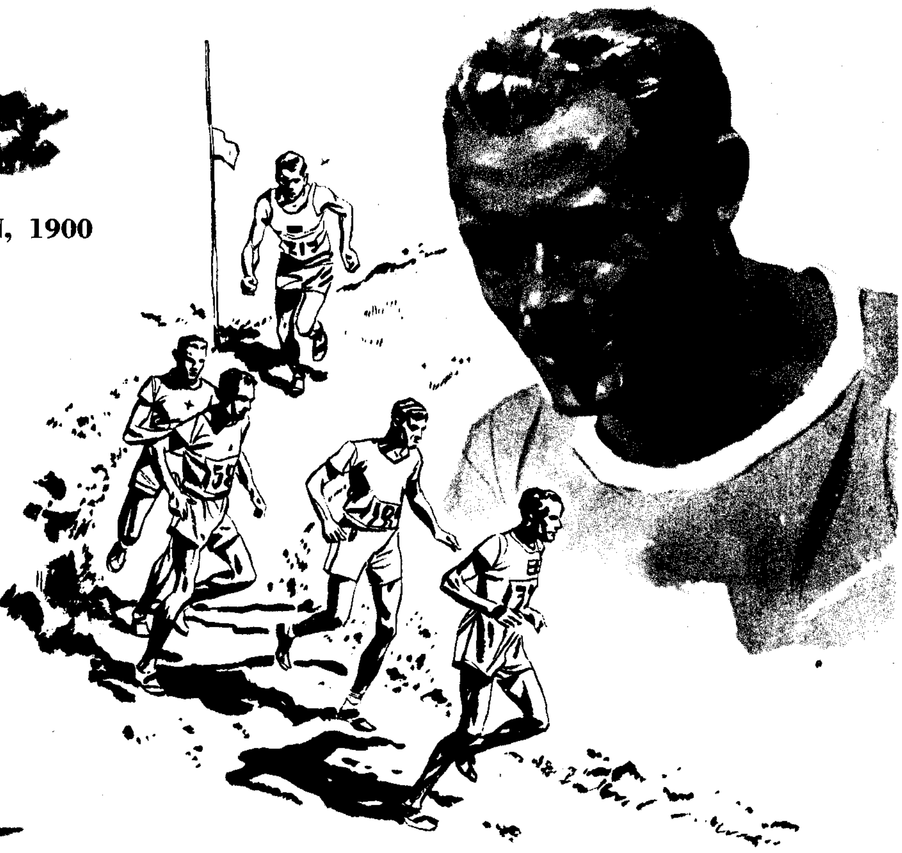
An ambitious man hunter can easily acquire a sparkling personality in this sequin swim suit. It's not for swimming, however



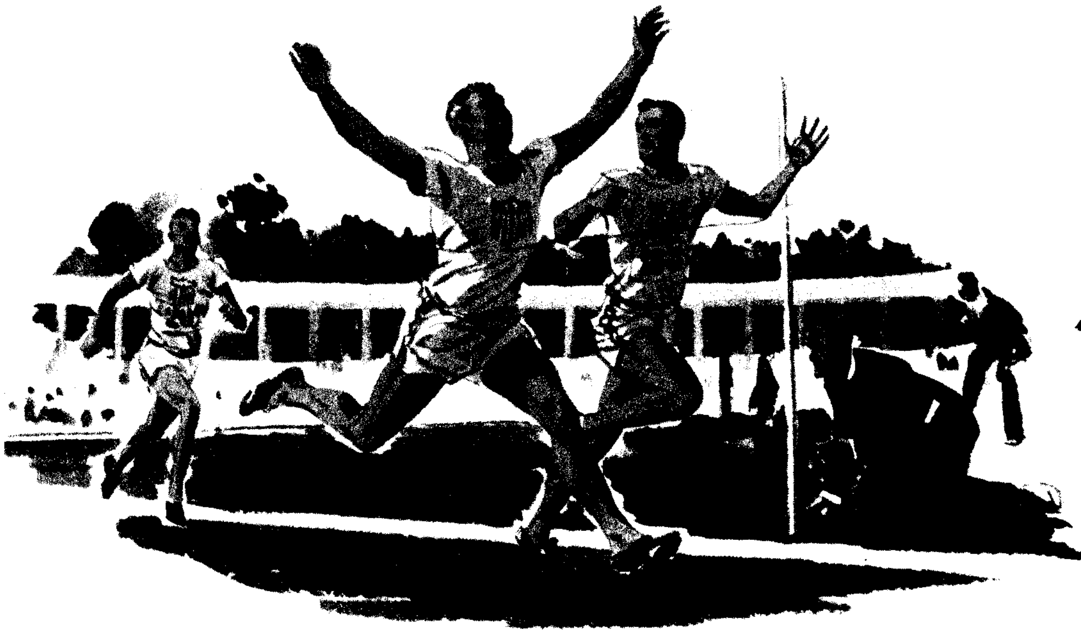
JESSE OWENS, 1936

ALVIN KRAENZLEIN, 1900

HANNES KOLEHMAINEN, 1912



PAAVO NURMI, 1924



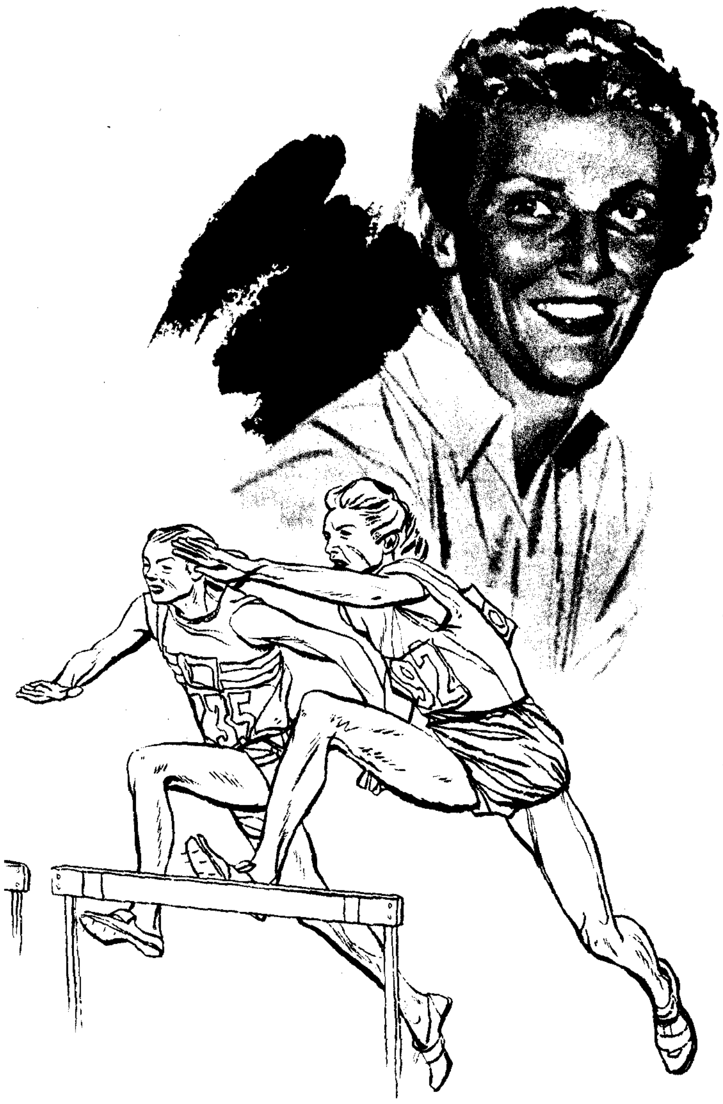
CHARLIE PADDOCK, 1920

10 Biggest Olympic Thrills

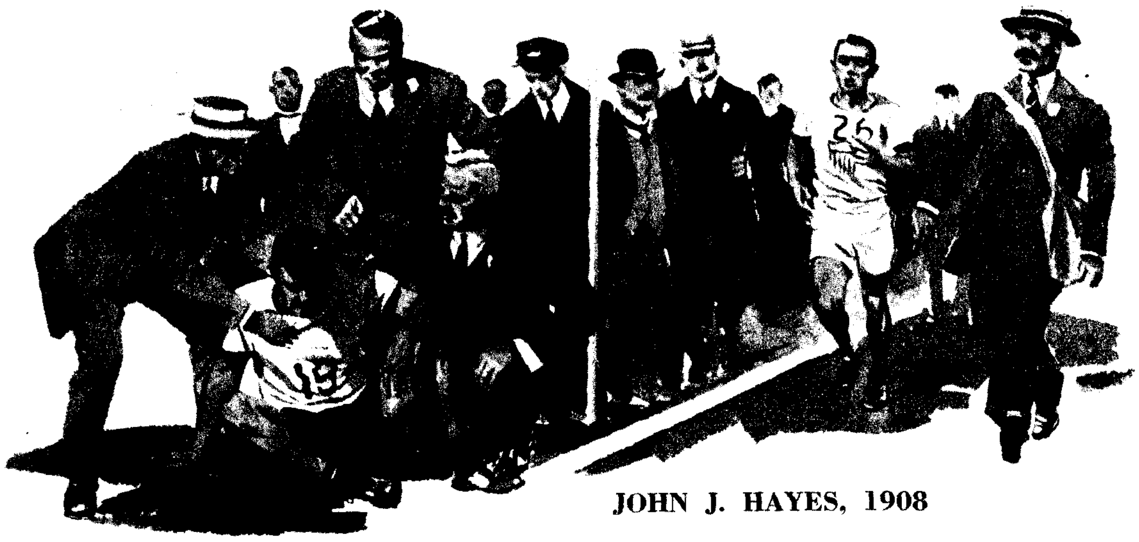
By DEAN CROMWELL with H. ARCHIE RICHARDSON

Many of the great moments of sports history have occurred in these games. Here, a famous coach chooses the most memorable track and field performances—and predicts this year may top them all

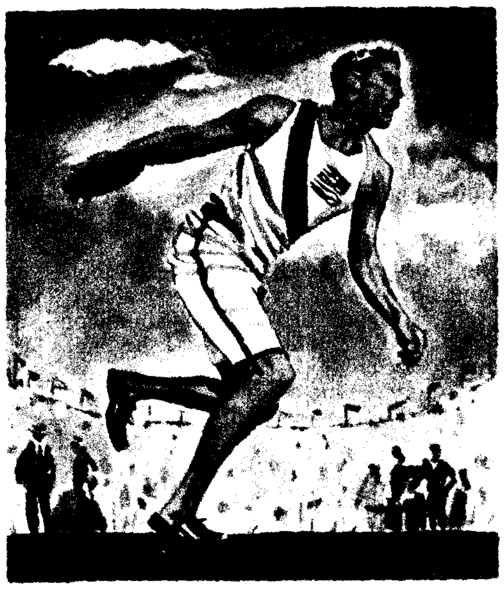
DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



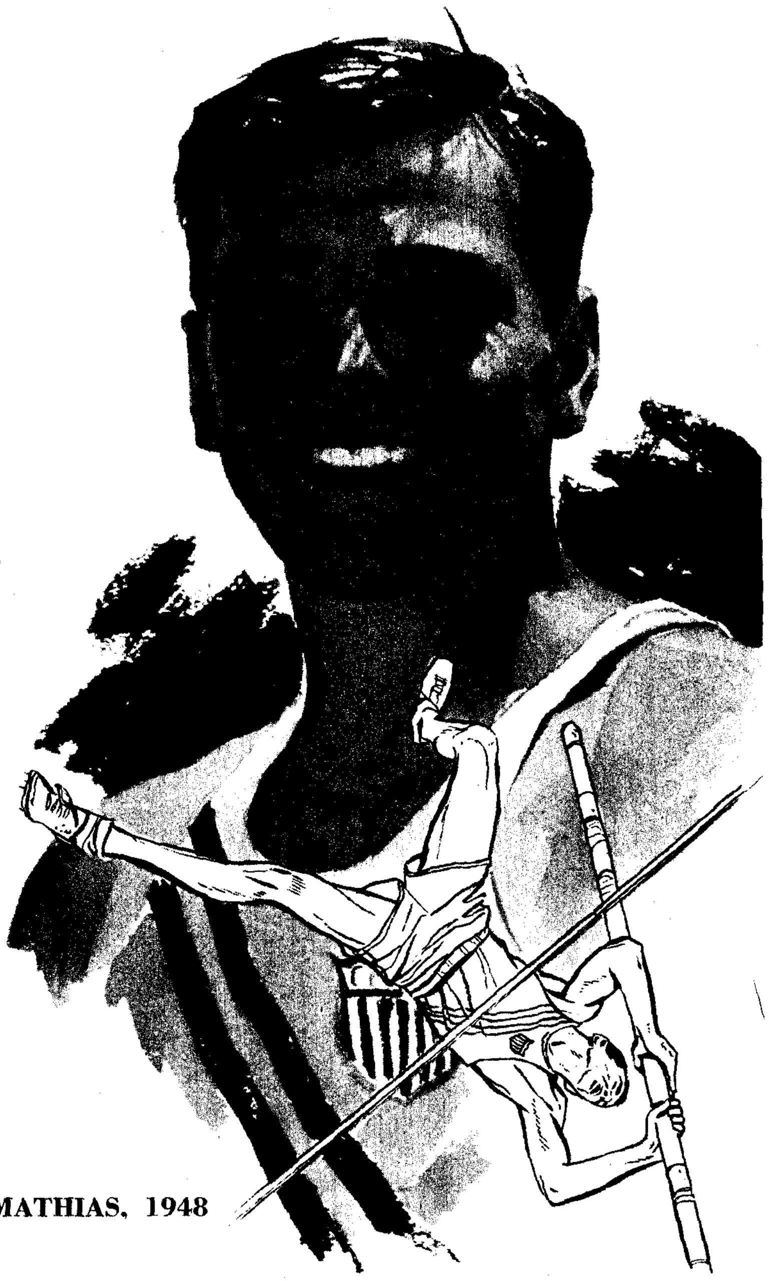
FANNY BLANKERS-KOEN, 1948



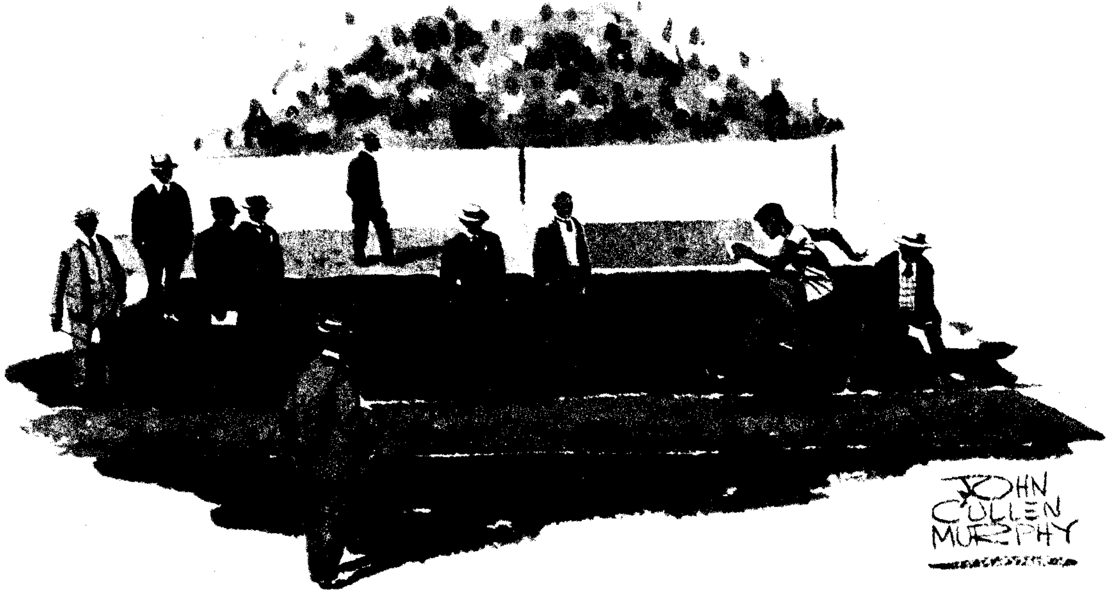
JOHN J. HAYES, 1908



ROBERT GARRETT, 1896



BOB MATHIAS, 1948



RAY EWRY, 1900

IT WAS April 5, 1896, and the great, colorful crowd that overflowed the new stadium outside Athens was in a gay, holiday mood. They were on hand to witness sports history: the resumption, after 1,500 years, of the famed Olympic games, on the Greek soil where they had originated. Ten nations were represented (some of them unofficially), and 59 crack athletes were participating.

The thousands of spectators (an estimated 60,000 in the stadium, an estimated 60,000 more on the surrounding hills) had a special reason for feeling cheerful. Besides their own Greek team, there were track-and-field contestants from such nations as Britain, France, Austria, Germany, the United States, Sweden, Denmark, Hungary and Switzerland. Against such competition as this, little Greece normally would have had little chance of winning any of the 12 events on the schedule. However, one of the main competitions was the discus throw; the 11 athletes taking part in this event came from seven nations, giving it more of an international flavor than any other event on the program.

And easily the best of all the world's discus specialists were two Greek athletes, men of surpassing form and amazing grace, named Paraskevopoulos and Versis. The discus throw was to be held on this first day of the week-long games, and a sweep of the first two places seemed in prospect for Greece.

To the festive throng of Athenians, which included King George I and the other members of the royal family, the events preceding the discus competition were just window dressing for the big moment that was to come. The opening contest in which finals were held was the hop, step and jump, won by James B. Connolly, of Boston, Massachusetts, who thus became the first Olympic champion to be crowned in 15 centuries. Other Americans did well in the events that followed—including Robert Garrett, a young Princeton student who took first place in the shot-put.

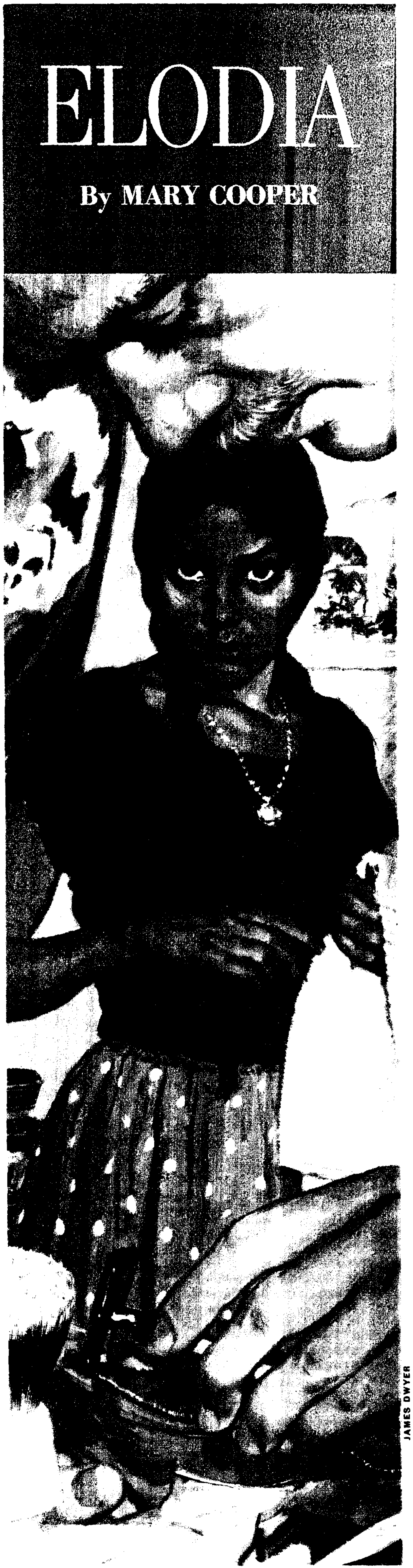
When the discus eliminations finally got under way, late in the afternoon, the two Greek heroes proceeded to justify the faith of their rooters. Their throws were easily the longest of all, and, in the words of a contemporary account, "the graceful movements and the skill of the Greek discus throwers were admired by all beholders . . ." One by one, the other competitors dropped out; soon there were only a few left, and still the Greek throwers held a substantial lead.

But it didn't last. To the vast astonishment and galling disappointment of the crowd, their two great stars were bested in what had been considered a Greek specialty—and by a man who, until the day before, had never held a discus in his hand!

Some months earlier, the youthful Princeton track captain, Robert *(Continued on page 62)*

ELODIA

By MARY COOPER



As David turned to leave, he saw Elodia standing motionless in the opened door

NO ONE could have been less equipped to engage and train a maid than I was on the day that Elodia came to work for us. I was newly arrived in the Mexican village of San Felipe, having come to make a home for my husband, David, while he wandered around the old village choosing subjects for his paintings. I knew nothing of the language or customs. I was completely at the mercy of circumstances, armed only with a set of Stateside ideas, which, it became obvious, did not apply in this timeless world of sun and adobe.

Actually, Elodia hired herself, without any effort on my part. The day we rented and moved into the old Casa del Cruz, she simply walked through our gate into the sun-lit patio. She was not at all disconcerted by my helplessness in the face of her initial barrage of rapid Spanish. She gestured to the kitchen, then to herself. She had come, she made it clear, to cook, clean and shop for us. For so many pesos—holding up her fingers.

Elodia may have been in her early thirties. Her features were clearly Indian: a wide nose and mouth, high cheekbones, and olive-black, expressionless eyes in a bronze face that was smooth and masklike. From her worn, patched clothing, I judged her to be a poor woman of great pride, and certainly industrious. Even in the noon blaze of sun she moved quickly and purposefully. She wore no shoes, and her hands and feet, though callused and almost leather-tough, were surprisingly delicate in shape. Beneath the voluminous swath of faded red and orange skirts, she had a graceful, small-waisted body.

From the moment our almost wordless pact was made, she seemed to anticipate all our needs. Everything was done easily, apparently without effort. Varied and well-prepared meals appeared regularly, and the house was kept immaculately clean. Dirty clothes disappeared and were returned spotless. She worked with an instinctive tact, always managing to be in some other room than the one we were occupying. In short, she was perfect.

Every morning I would wake up to the smell of bacon and freshly ground coffee, and the delightful sound of Elodia's singing. After several weeks, I managed to pick up a smattering of Spanish, limited and garbled, and hardly adapted to involved conversations. I suppose I could have learned something more of Elodia's life with this small advantage, but we had become accustomed to our agreeable and almost silent relationship.

Once I asked if she was married. She shrugged. "It is with me as with most of us. I was married very young. In three years, I had three children—two girls and a boy. All died. I have not seen their father in fifteen years. Perhaps he is in Mexico City or Veracruz; perhaps dead. *Quién sabe?"* She shrugged again, resignedly. "Such is the will of God. Such is the nature of men." Then a deep sadness touched her quiet face. "He was not always good to me, *señora.* But I was a very young girl. Since then I have learned well the saying of my people: 'He that gathers roses must accept the thorns.'" Aside from this, I knew nothing of Elodia's life before and away from us. . . .

The weeks went by serenely for about two months. Then an old friend from Chicago, en route to Mexico City on business, came to spend the week end. The visit was a pleasant, relaxed time of lazy reminiscences until late Sunday afternoon, when our guest, Van, came into the living room looking rather embarrassed. With too-reassuring casualness, he explained that somehow his watch had been mislaid. It was of no value, he kept assuring us, not even very accurate. He was apologetic over the loss and over our concern. He had taken the watch off when he took a shower and had forgotten it until he'd finished dressing and came back to the living room. Half an hour had gone by before he had missed the watch and had gone to get it, but it was no longer there.

As I searched the small bathroom I knew it was useless to look. There was no place in the monklike severity of the white plaster room where an object could be mislaid. There had been no one in the house but David and Van and me. And Elodia.

Reluctantly, David, Van and I reconstructed the sequence of events. Shortly after Van had taken his shower, David had gone into the bathroom to take out his shaving things and leave more space on the single narrow shelf. He recalled seeing nothing at all unusual, except that, as he turned to leave, he saw Elodia standing motionless in the opened door, holding fresh towels. The momentary confusion on her usually immobile face he took to be embarrassment at having come in so abruptly, and he had forgotten the incident until now. None of us wanted to admit it, but the verdict seemed to be against Elodia.

There was never a question of reporting the missing watch to the authorities. It was unthinkable that Elodia, who was so much one of us, should be subject to punishment for something that might have an understandable explanation. Of course we would replace the watch. Letting Elodia go was all we could do, and that only if it seemed necessary to our future peace of mind.

After a subdued dinner, I went to the kitchen. Abruptly, I said, "Elodia, have you seen *Señor* Van's watch?"

For a long moment, I thought she would not answer. Then she turned to face me. The strange expression on her face was one I hadn't expected. It was something very like pity. Then the Indian face was again masklike, unreadable. "No, *señora,* I can tell you nothing of the watch." She waited. There was no denial, no protest of innocence. It was a simple refusal of discussion.

I began again. "Elodia, you know me for your friend. I understand that at times people can be brought to doing things— Events can push us—" I was doing very badly. The black eyes showed nothing.

"Sí, señora. You are my friend. I can tell you nothing of the watch." I turned and left the room, aware of her quiet eyes watching me.

WHEN Elodia had finished her work, she walked soundlessly through the patio and out the front door, wrapping the dark *rebozo* about her. There was no sign of recognition as she passed us, and I knew she would not return. She had a dignity that made it impossible for me to call her back. I went to the kitchen. Her few possessions—a small comb, a mirror, her worn wallet—were gone from the window ledge. In their place was a cluster of perfect yellow roses, still damp from the garden. They seemed startlingly lovely in the shaded corner, and for a moment they seemed to have some importance beyond their beauty. Certainly this was no token of remorse. But what was it? And what was Elodia?

The next morning, Van was to take the ten-o'clock Turismo for Mexico City. He and I were waiting for David to come to the breakfast table when suddenly my husband shouted to us and then appeared in the doorway. Half his face was lathered, and in one hand he held his shaving kit. In the other hand he held Van's watch.

"I must have scooped it into the kit without—" Realization struck all of us. I could imagine the scene painfully clearly. Elodia standing in the open doorway as David dropped the watch into his shaving kit in a clutter of brushes and cream. In Elodia's scrupulous reasoning, absent-mindedness was not possible. Certainly carelessness with anything of the slightest value would be inconceivable to her. She had watched David put the watch into his kit. It had never occurred to her that such an act could be accidental. And then I remembered the yellow roses on the kitchen ledge, and Elodia's proverb of the flowers. The roses had been Elodia's message to me—a message of comfort and advice.

We had three more weeks before our visas expired. It would seem likely that, in such a small town, a woman would be easily found. But an Indian woman, known only as Elodia, could be anywhere, or nowhere. The Indians are not an unfriendly people, but they do not invite questions. For a stranger, there is no reaching beyond the expressionless eyes, the shrugged '*Quién sabe?"* It was not till the morning of our last day that I heard her singing in the early sun, as she swept the fallen petals from the balcony of the small local hotel. She half raised her hand to me, and I said: *"Adiós,* Elodia, my sister."

She smiled warmly and touched the hanging blossoms along the adobe wall. I had been right on two scores. Elodia's look had been one of pity. And Elodia was my friend. ▲▲▲

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Emergency Ward!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Hell's Kitchen. This apt but forbidding name applies to a West Side section of New York's Manhattan Island—on a street map, roughly between the Thirties and the Fifties, Seventh Avenue and the Hudson River.

Hell's Kitchen is called that because of the gangs of thugs that once roamed, robbed and killed in the dark streets there. One was the Gopher gang, whose bloodthirsty members earned their name by hiding in cellars. At about the turn of the century, those who brewed bad times for the West Side included "Goo Goo" Knox, "One Lung" Curran, "Battle Annie," a muscular and pitiless woman gangster, "Razor" Riley and "Happy Jack" Mulraney, whose face was partly paralyzed and who always seemed to be smiling a crooked smile. (Happy Jack once killed a friend who inquired why he didn't smile on the other side of his face—and robbed him, for good measure.)

Crime Still Lurks in Kitchen

Hell's Kitchen is different now, but no less of a hell for tens of thousands who must live there. The gangsters are gone, although the area is still far from free of crime. The Kitchen—and scores of blocks pressing against it—is a conglomeration of flophouses, tenements, honky-tonks, cheap and shadowy joints along the docks, factories and warehouses. It is where some of the best of New York mixes with some of the worst. There are good hotels, the Broadway theaters and fine shops, too. The section is much like the near North Side of Chicago, and resembles parts of Philadelphia, where the dingy "river wards" nudge old and fashionable streets.

Nearly every town has its Hell's Kitchen.

On this particular night in the emergency ward at Roosevelt, there was a moment's lull. Harold (Mac) MacConchie, forty-eight and brash but gentle, an ambulance driver who amuses himself as a "ham" radio operator, helped a mother take her three-year-old boy, a thin youngster with a sore throat, to a doctor in a rear room of the ward. Then he got to talking about his job.

"You can tell by the calendar what kind of calls you're going to get," Mac said. "You can't explain it, but you can tell. Mondays you get the 'dead on arrival' and subway accident cases. Fridays and Saturdays, you get the muggings, the stabbings and shootings. People get rough on week ends. Sundays and Wednesdays you get the suicides and attempted suicides. 'Psychos' we get every day in the week."

Mac was interrupted when a trimly dressed, dark-haired young man walked up to the counter in the glassed-in accident room—the communications center of the emergency ward. The youngster, in quick, nervous words, announced:

"My name's Don. There's something wrong with me."

"Don what?" clerk Sol Saletra, filling in on the accident desk, asked him. Don seemed not to hear. He looked wildly about the emergency ward and kept talking.

"I wanted to jump off a building once. I was up there. Father André came and asked me not to. I listened to him. I *wouldn't think* of doing a thing like that now. I know I would hurt myself, or even kill myself. Maybe I'm 20 per cent crazy and 80 per cent sane. I don't know. There's something wrong with me, something wrong."

Suddenly, Don became silent. A nurse, blonde, pretty Betty Linden, took him soothingly by the arm and back to an examining room. Dr. Kenneth Sears, in charge of the ward, walked in behind them and closed the door. Instantly, Don flung it open. "*I can't stand closed doors*, doctor, can't stand them," he said with a voice pitched to a frightened shrill. "I was locked up once for 54 days."

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

The nurse quieted Don. The doctor gently shut the door. Soon he came out.

"Manic depressive," the doctor told Saletra—and that meant a transfer to Bellevue's psychiatric ward. Meanwhile, Don was kept in the examining room. He stood at the door, speaking in a stream of words to anyone who would listen.

"I was in the Army," he said, "but they turned me out. I had a chance to go to college, but I didn't take it. I'm out of work now. I can't seem to get a job. That's it. No job is what's wrong.

"I've got $50 in the bank. Yes, I'm okay."

An older man, with lines set deep in his face, appeared at Saletra's desk. "My son?" he asked. Don saw him from down the corridor. "Dad, what are you doing here? Go on away." Don was angry. "What did they tell you? Go on away." The father—obviously he had experienced this before—shrank back as though a blow had been struck. He stood waiting, a dozen yards from Don but out of sight, for a long time.

Now the ambulance was ready to take Don to Bellevue. As he was taken out, the young man saw his father again, and his eyes softened. Don was in another mood. He called to his father: "Dad, why don't you go home and get some sleep? You know you've got to be on the job early."

Don's father turned to go home, and Don was helped into the ambulance.

"They won't lock me up, will they?" Don asked. Nobody answered him. The ambulance rolled south through Hell's Kitchen toward Bellevue.

Mac was waiting for the next call. "Psychos," he repeated, "we get every day in the week."

An Unsolved Stabbing Mystery

The men on duty in emergency heard a woman's scream. It came from the driveway, and before Mac and the others could get to the door, a short, slim Puerto Rican woman stumbled into the ward, guiding and holding up her husband with a mighty effort. His shirt front was wet with blood.

"*¡Ay! ¡Ayúdelo! Madre de Dios,*" she cried. ("Help! Help him! Mother of God.")

The stocky husband, swaying from loss of blood, collapsed at the accident room door. A long, thin blade had pierced his stomach and had almost run him through. An operation and blood transfusion were ordered at once, and the patient was hurried to a ward where he would be prepared for immediate surgery.

His wife shouted after the doctor: *"Lo trataron de matar."* ("They tried to murder him.")

The emergency ward filled with patrolmen and detectives after the hospital reported the stabbing. Piecemeal, with the help, of an interpreter, they got a story from the wife, but it didn't help much. The Puerto Ricans, so newly arrived in this country that neither spoke a word of English, had been celebrating in a joint not far from the river. There was a hot exchange of words at the bar. The two of them, the wife said, left to avoid trouble. They were standing on the sidewalk out front when another Puerto Rican ran out of the place, stabbed the husband and vanished. No, she didn't get a good look.

One of the cops shook his head. "How in hell do they expect us to grab knifers like that? No description. No nothing." The police soon cleared out.

The Puerto Rican had a transfusion (two pints) and his life was finally saved on the operating table.

Back at the accident desk, Saletra answered the emergency phone, whose ring always seems a little more impatient than others. "Possible DOA," the police reported. "Apartment 2B," and the caller named a cross street where many fine old homes, their brown fronts blackened and marble fireplaces nicked, had been turned into rooming houses that the proprietors preferred to call "apartments." Redheaded Dr. Michael Hume, another of Roosevelt's busy young emergency physicians, went out on this call. Doctors do not go on all calls. Ambulance drivers and attendants—a lot of them at Roosevelt are old hands, and all are highly trained—know how to handle patients until they can be taken to the emergency ward. But DOA stands for "dead on arrival," and the law requires the presence of doctors in such cases. They also go along for all heart and maternity cases, and, of course, wherever there are serious accidents.

The white-haired man in Apartment 2B was dead, all right. He and his wife had lived alone in 2B, an 8- by 10-foot room with a basin in one corner and a gas stove, half-hidden by a ragged curtain, in another. The man lay uncovered. His hands, folded serenely, held a cross, a string of beads entwined in his fingers. His wife, though she knew, clung to hope.

"Please, doctor," she pleaded, "don't let him be dead."

The dead man and his wife were in their sixties. You could feel the loneliness in the place. No neighbors hung about the door to offer sympathy or help. Only a policeman and the woman, her face puffed and red from weeping, were there when the ambulance crew arrived.

The wife told Dr. Hume what had happened. The dead man had a serious lung ailment and had been suffering a long time. "In the night," the wife said, "he got up and coughed blood. He was about to fall. I caught him and managed to get him into bed. He was so tired. He got quiet. I couldn't hear him breathe. I called for help."

There was nothing here for the ambulance crew to do. The city must see that bodies are removed. Dr. Hume and the others from Roosevelt left quietly. Once again, for the wife, 2B was the loneliest place in the world. Only she, the policeman and the man with the black ivory cross in his hands remained.

"Dump Cases" Anger Drivers

DOA calls come frequently on the long night watch in the emergency ward. The largest percentage of calls, however, are the "sick calls." Sometimes it's a child with stomach-ache, sometimes a patient so ill that little life remains and sometimes the calls are what the ambulance men describe as "dump" cases. Nothing angers the drivers and attendants so much as these cases, for they come from people who want to get rid of someone, people who want to shoulder their problems onto hospitals.

Cheap hotels and rooming houses try to "dump" drunks who can't or won't pay their rent. Relatives often want to get the old and weak out of their way. John Majus, a veteran of the ambulances and a man with a hard, square jaw, has had many a dump case on his hands and he is pretty sore about them.

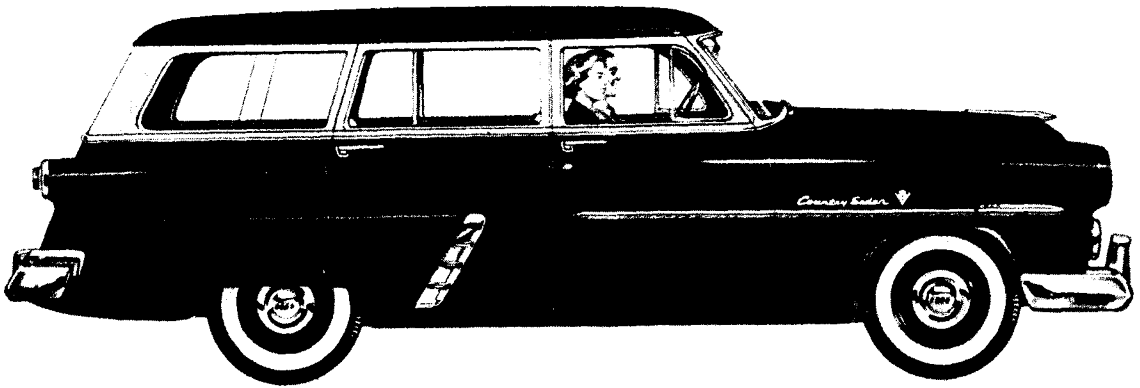
"How in the hell can people stand in their homes and tell us to take their old folks away?" John said. "The dumpers are even willing to say that these old men and women are crazy. They make up stories to prove it. The old folks have to listen to all this. Usually they are not crazy. All most of them need is just a little care and a little feeling. What louses you run into in this business!"

Dump cases are troublesome and money-wasting because they require the time of ambulances, the crews and, occasionally, the services of doctors who are sent out on calls in the belief that there is some kind of serious illness. The dumpers are rarely successful; drivers like John Majus can spot a dump case as quickly as they can spot a skyscraper.

Roosevelt Hospital recently analyzed 3,277 ambulance calls, involving 3,421 patients, in an "average" four-month period, and this report gives a good idea of the demands on its emergency service. On these calls, some patients were treated and released on the scene; some were dead, and others were taken direct to other hospitals. (Roosevelt ambulances answer many calls from nearby hospital districts.) Of 2,097 brought to the emergency ward, the cases were broken down like this: 120 heart cases and strokes; 370 general medical, such as pneumonia and diabetes; 241 fractures and head injuries; 250 surgery cases, appendicitis being a leader in this category, and 1,108 cases of abrasions, lacerations and alcoholism, the latter usually the result of drinking any one of a number of violent homemade concoctions lumped under the name "Sneaky Pete."

Sick calls almost always come from the

WOW!
COME CHARIOT!



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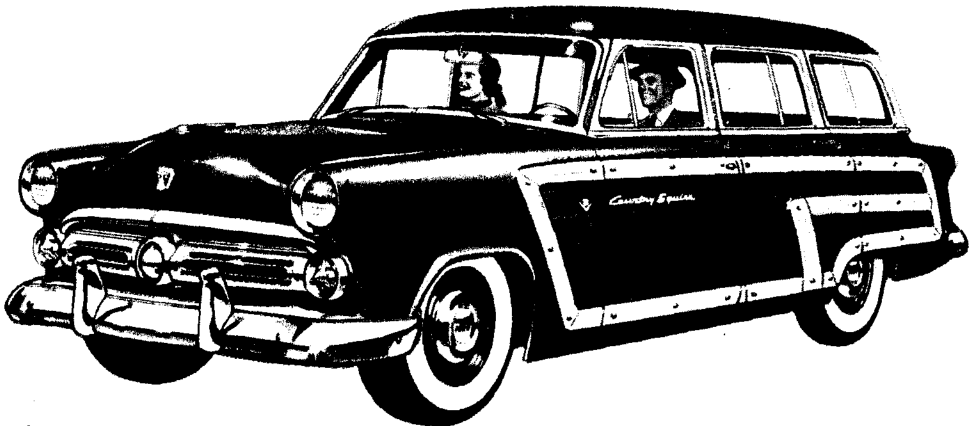

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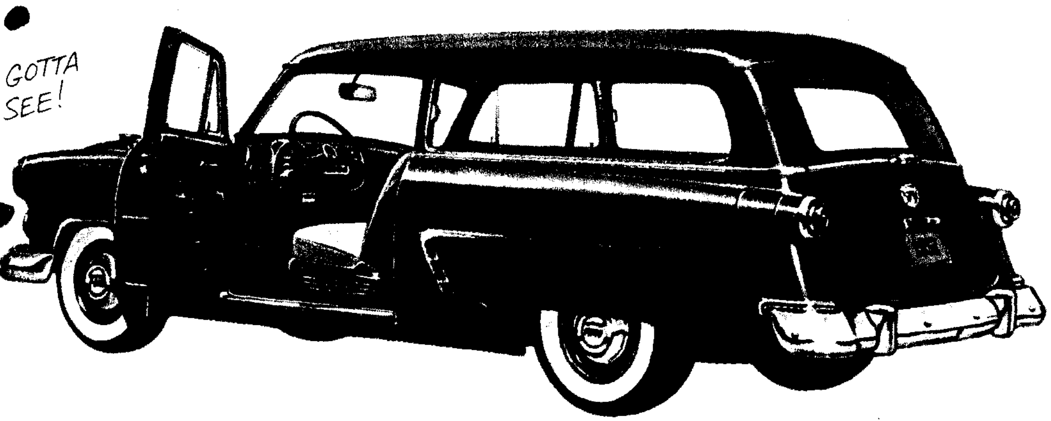

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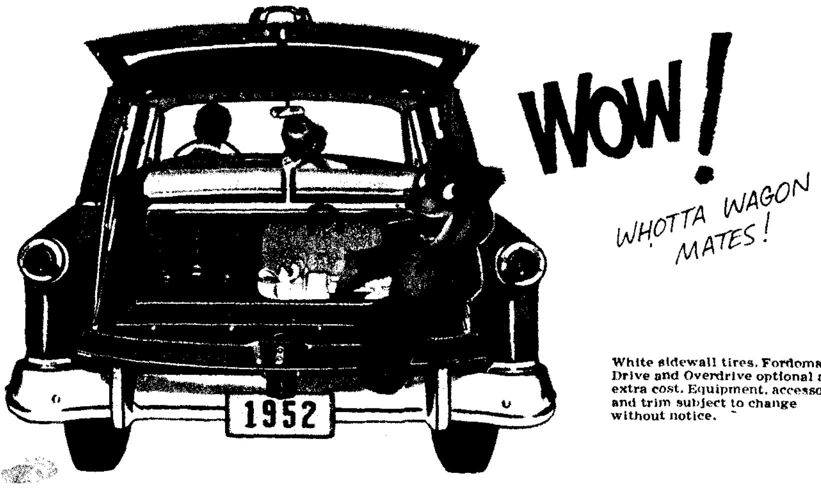
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tenements of the West Side, those evil-smelling places where as many as ten people may be jammed into a couple of small rooms. These calls present many problems. There was the case of a stubborn old man who lay across his bed with eyes closed, refusing to be moved. Under the law, he could not be taken to the hospital without his consent or that of his kin. There were no kin, and he seemed capable of making his own decision.

The old man, in his upper seventies and a pensioner, lived in a rooming house not far from the docks. Everything in the room seemed as old as he. A painting above a long-unused fireplace had faded so that no one could tell what the picture had been. The brusque landlady, constantly wiping her hands on a greasy apron, argued with him, but the old man insisted again and again: "I won't go. I won't go."

The ambulance crew couldn't take him by force. He was left behind. A second call came in the early hours of the morning, and still the old man refused, although Mac tried to persuade him that he needed hospital treatment. The crew went away without him again. "We'll get another call from here," Mac said; not more than an hour later, the third call came through. This time the old man hadn't the strength to object, and he was carried away from the home he never wanted to leave, no matter what its age and shabbiness. The doctors had a hard job ahead of them. The old man was suffering from malnutrition; his pension money had not been enough in these days of skyrocketing prices.

How the Chiselers Operate

There is another type of person familiar to the emergency ward: the steady callers who dream up illnesses of all kinds in an effort to get admitted and, as one of the ambulance attendants said, "chisel a nice, clean room and their breakfast in bed." Some even bring their suitcases for a long stay. These are persistent beyond belief.

The woman who wore glasses was one of the more stubborn on this damp night. She got into the emergency ward and slumped to the floor. She was put into a wheelchair and given a prompt examination by tall, young Dr. James Macdonald. He could find nothing wrong. In a burst of temper, the woman shoved a nurse aside and started a loud argument. Alternately, she wept and spat curses at the doctor.

Hefty attendants escorted the woman to the door, not once but half a dozen times. Finally, while Dr. Macdonald busied himself on other emergencies, Dr. Lazerson tried to quiet her and send her on her way. Angry, she swung her fist at him. "You're a stinking bunch," she cried and ran out of the ward. She didn't come back this time. Dr. Lazerson knew her. She had been there many times before.

Doctors, ambulance crews and even the clerks in emergency have to take a lot of abuse. They take long chances with their safety, too.

On one comparatively quiet evening, Mrs. Nell Vining, a five-year veteran on the accident desk, was catching up on her records when the ambulance brought a "psycho" in. He seemed docile, and the attendant told him to take a chair in the reception room, where he could be watched. Then a policeman, reporting to his precinct on the case, went into the reception room to use the phone. His back was to the man.

Before the attendant could get across the room, the psycho ran to the phone booth and grabbed the policeman's gun from a holster bulging under his coat. The patient turned it on the attendant and a half dozen terrified men and women in the reception room. In seconds, he had become wildly incoherent, waving the gun and threatening to shoot anyone who stood in his way.

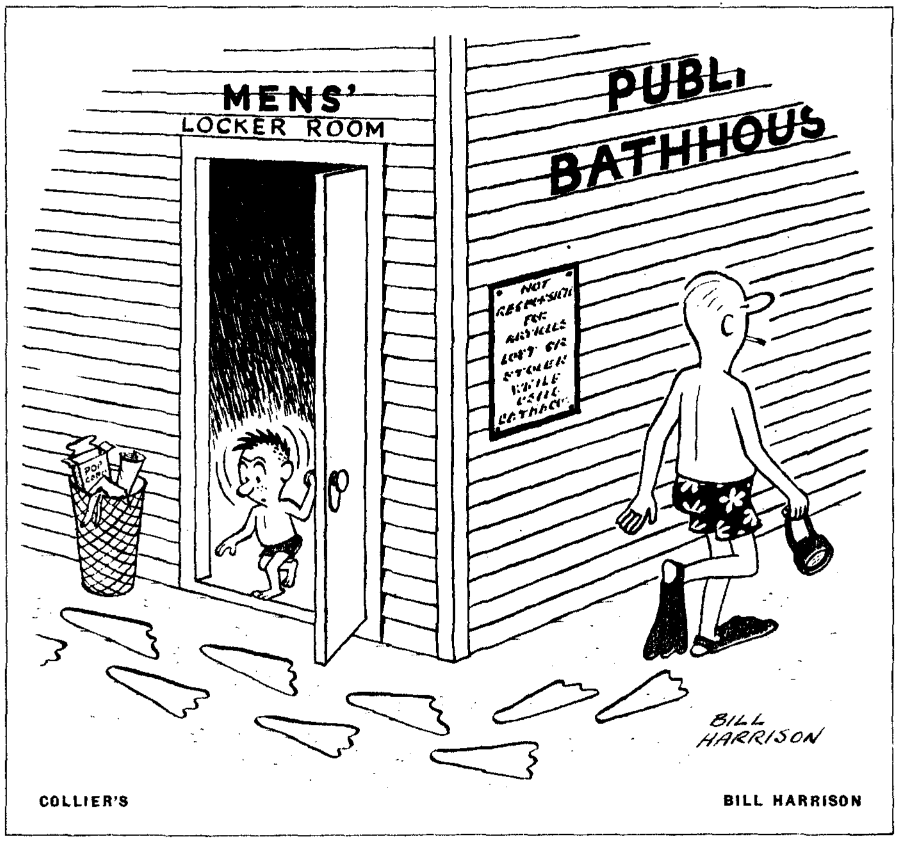
Mrs. Vining, a thoroughly self-possessed person, ducked behind the accident room counter just as the patient burst into the corridor outside. Doctors and attendants lunged at him, and, as they struggled, the frenzied man started shooting. Bullets splattered against the walls, one of them just behind the chair where Mrs. Vining had been sitting.

The psycho was subdued, Mrs. Vining returned to her records and the emergency ward went about its business again.

You learn to keep alert and to take care of yourself. Doctors, drivers and attendants never know what they're going to find when they go out on a call.

A Victim of Unrequited Love

The Puerto Rican, his hands bleeding, was rolling around on the floor in the hallway of the soot-covered, mean tenement scarcely half a block from Broadway. Two bulky cops were standing over him, and the stairs were crowded with half-dressed tenants. The young man on the floor moaned and chanted in Spanish, "Rosie, I love you, Rosie, Rosie."



COLLIER'S BILL HARRISON

The ambulance crew and the police moved in to get the man to his feet, but he wrenched away and flailed at them. Mac was on this call, too, with the slim but agile attendant, Martin Peters. They ran to the ambulance to get what they call the "bamboo." The bamboo is a pliable stretcher which can be wrapped tightly around a man. (These were used during the war to transfer ill and injured men from one ship to another, and they are efficient substitutes for the strait jacket.) It didn't take the ambulance men more than two minutes to wrap the Puerto Rican in the bamboo.

Mac and Marty got the story then. Rosie had once been the sweetheart of the moaning man and he had come this evening to see her, even though she had long since married, and happily. She bolted the door. The man beat against it. "José, go away, go away," Rosie pleaded with him. But he would not leave. He ran downstairs and struck his fists against the heavy plate glass in a doorway. It broke, the jagged glass tearing his hands. He kept beating until both hands were raw wounds, and then he fell to the floor.

The superintendent had attempted to subdue José but couldn't. José bit and struck at him. In the uproar, someone called the police and ambulance. José was taken directly to the violent ward at Bellevue and knocked out with a stiff shot of dope. He was still crying for Rosie when the tautness and the violence left him.

This case was no real trouble to Mac and Marty. The ambulance men are a formidable team. Besides Mac and Majus, the drivers, sure-handed in dangerous traffic, include Leo Culhane, fifty-five and ruddy, the boss of the ambulance crews after 11 years on emergency; John Ingrassi, who never has much to say; goodhearted Bob Heard; Southern-born Harvey Smith, who reads the masters between calls; bright-faced young Johnny Gallagher and another youngster, Paul Glynn, only twenty-three.

The attendants, who are junior to the drivers, are a rugged lot, too. Marty, John Dooley and John Lannon are the veterans. Harry Bucala, Stanley Franklin, Frank Mirabella and Alan Marshall, who is also a writer, are the newcomers.

Dr. Brown and the others who run Roosevelt are proud of their ambulance men. Dr. Lazerson, who has ridden with them oftener than any other emergency physician in recent years, pays them the kind of compliment they like to get:

"They're good men to have around when the going's rough."

Between rings on the emergency phone, Bob Heard told a story about a call he once went out on. This was a seventy-one-year-old man, stricken with heart disease, who wanted one thing more than any other: he wanted to die. But life stayed in him—month after month. In a richly appointed apartment off Central Park, he lay under the constant care of nurses and doctors, and they wouldn't let him die. He had everything, yet, to him, it was nothing.

One long, long evening, the patient grew wearier than he had ever been before. The nurse walked to the window for a breath of air. The old man, drawing upon his last bit of strength, got to the bathroom and slashed his wrists and throat. Blood trailed across the thick carpet when Bob Heard and the ambulance got there. The old man was breathing hard, but he turned on Heard and demanded:

"How much blood must I lose to die?"

The old man lay back for a moment, and then he saw a policeman's gun. (Police always answer emergencies.)

"Let me have that gun for just a minute," he begged. "Just one minute."

He didn't die, at least not this night.

Alcoholics are a costly nuisance to emergency wards. They are picked up, limp, dirty and bloody, from the streets and doorways of the West Side, and the problem for emergency wards gets worse every year.

Ambulances won't take those who have merely passed out. But alcoholics of the Sneaky Pete school have a way of getting themselves bashed up. They fall in the way of cars, they gash themselves by pitching to the sidewalk and, very often, they annoy a companion or alky peddler to the point where they get slugged or stabbed. The injured, of course, must be picked up by the ambulances. These get treatment like anybody else, often at much expense.

Once the "Sneaky Peters" are patched up and sobered up (customarily with a sharp dose of caffeine), it's up to the hospitals to dispose of them as best they can. The city's facilities for the care of alcoholics are extremely limited; often the only thing the hospitals can do is to get them in the best possible shape and turn them out on the streets.

That means, as Dr. Sears said, that they'll be back again.

It was getting on toward the daylight hours now. The roar of the streets settled to a kind of distant hum. Betty Linden, the nurse, had a breather for the first time since midnight. It had been a busy night, for the ambulances bring in only some of the cases. Most of those requiring treatment in the emergency ward come themselves: the crippled mother with the hemorrhaging four-year-old boy, pallid and small for his age (four other kids were with her because she had no one to leave them with); the man with a gash in his jaw ("I got beat up"); the old Spanish woman with a young daughter who screamed, "My mother, she's dying"; the aging blonde who really wanted to talk to somebody ("I've been on a television show, you know"); the messenger for the exclusive jewelry store who came in with a slight heart attack ("I'm only eighty-one") and many others, some more distraught than ill.

Dr. Lazerson reported that, on one occasion, 45 patients were registered in the emergency ward in 90 minutes.

This is hard work for everybody, but particularly for the doctors and the nurses, a cheerful lot under the circumstances, like Betty Linden; tall, pretty Marie Turbie; Margaret Legge and Ann Nolan. Even the clerks, Saletra, Mrs. Vining, James Branson, a young ex-West Pointer working his way through Columbia engineering, and Ray Colon, rarely have a chance to look up from the typing machine which keeps the records or to turn away from the impatient phone.

Brunette Slashes Her Wrists

There was to be one more call before the morning shift came on at eight o'clock.

Unlike the pale lady in the hotel who tried to kill herself, the pretty brunette in Apartment 817 of the fairly well-kept apartment hotel had no intention of committing suicide. She had slashed her wrists, not very deeply, after a telephone argument with her husband, assistant night manager of a nearby hotel. They quarreled because she had been out on a party with a girl friend. The girl friend was there, a stained towel in her hand. She had tried to stop the flow of blood.

"Fun's fun," the girl friend said, "but not this."

Dr. Lazerson was examining the brunette's wrists when the husband came in. He walked up to the girl friend with his fist raised, but the cop moved in.

"Get to hell out of here!" the husband told the girl friend.

Later he rode with his wife to emergency, where they bandaged her up. He was sympathetic now—and that's what she wanted. They took the brunette to Bellevue. On the way down, she was trying to explain why she had done it.

"I'd been reading about suicide. I thought it would be glamorous."

The ambulance attendant grunted. This was a silly woman. In her effort to gain sympathy and attention, she had taken hours of time that could have been devoted to those who really need help.

You can understand why he got angry when you see what they do on the long night watch in the emergency ward. They give constant, never-failing care to the helpless and lonely who are hurt or ill. Sometimes, under the lights that are never out, they give life. THE END

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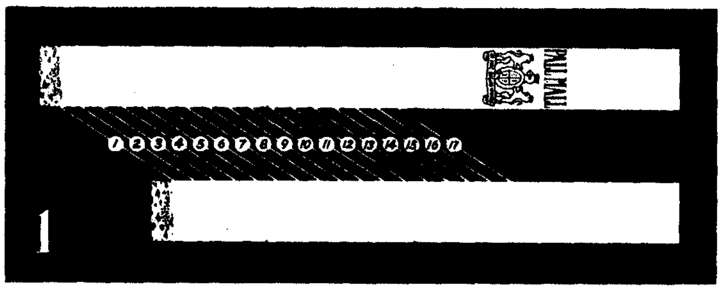

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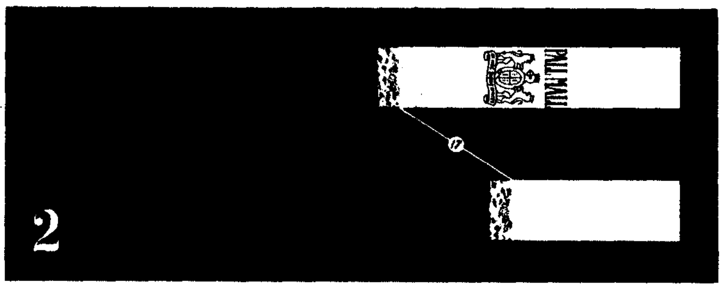

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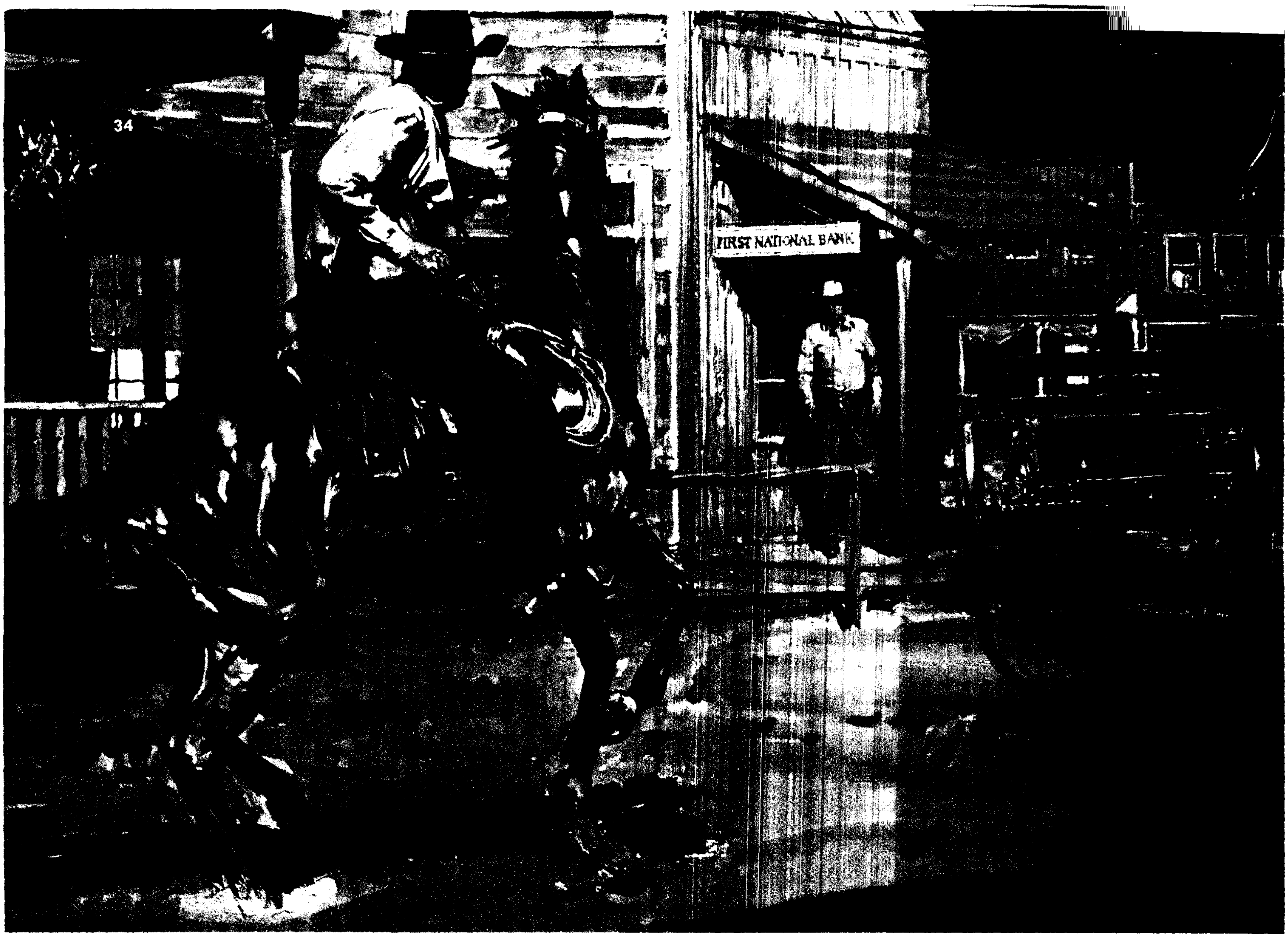

The rider wheeled his horse around, stopping some ten yards from Sam. It was Heth. His gun hanging at his side, Sam said, "Well, you've found me"

SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

Ganley was caught in a trap of his own making. Only a desperate move could save him now. And even if he could liquidate his two murderers, his own crooked game was over

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: To protect themselves against HUGH GANLEY, a crooked surveyor who was trying to plant homesteaders on their ranges, the ranchers of the North Basin had banded together under the leadership of SAM HOLLEY. But they soon quarreled.

ANSON HETH first turned against Sam for befriending JULIA RAINEY, the sister of a homesteader. Later, believing that Sam had murdered his foreman, BILL TENCH, Heth swore to get him.

Then EMMET HACKBARTH turned on Sam. Ganley had sent his two toughs, ALBIE MEACHAM and OTEY BLISS, to homestead Hackbarth's land, and when Sam heard that Hackbarth was too timid to throw them off, he persuaded him to bribe them instead. Hackbarth gave Sam a thousand dollars, and Sam turned it over to Ganley. But Ganley gave Bliss and Meacham only a hundred. They boasted of this in town, and Hackbarth soon heard of it. He thought Sam had kept the difference, and, furious, told Heth.

Hoping the vicious pair would take care of Sam for him, Anson Heth told Meacham and Bliss that they'd been cheated. They immediately trailed Sam and beat him up, but he insisted that Hugh Ganley had the money, and, half-convinced, they went to see Ganley. He admitted it, but tried to frighten them off by saying he knew that they, not Sam Holley, had murdered Bill Tench. Unmoved, they gave Ganley till the next day to get the money.

Conclusion

GANLEY sat motionless as the door closed behind Otey and Meacham, listening to the sound of their footsteps on the stairs. When he could hear them no longer, he got quietly out of his chair, moved to the front window and gently opened it, carefully standing to one side. The sound of their footsteps on the plank walk under the window was distinct. Headed for Dundalk's Saloon, he thought.

An overwhelming weakness came over him then, and he slumped into the nearest chair. He was shaking, and, oddly, his neck seemed too weak to hold up his head. He put his elbows on his knees and buried his face in his hands until the trembling stopped. He noticed then that his shirt was soaked through with sweat.

He knew, when he could think again, that he had never been closer to death than he'd been in the last few moments. His mistake—a big one—had been to tell the pair he knew they'd murdered Bill Tench. Only the fact that he had the nine hundred dollars they wanted accounted for his being alive at this moment. And once they have it, I'm dead, he thought.

As his panic subsided, Ganley saw the whole mess in true perspective. In some way, Otey and

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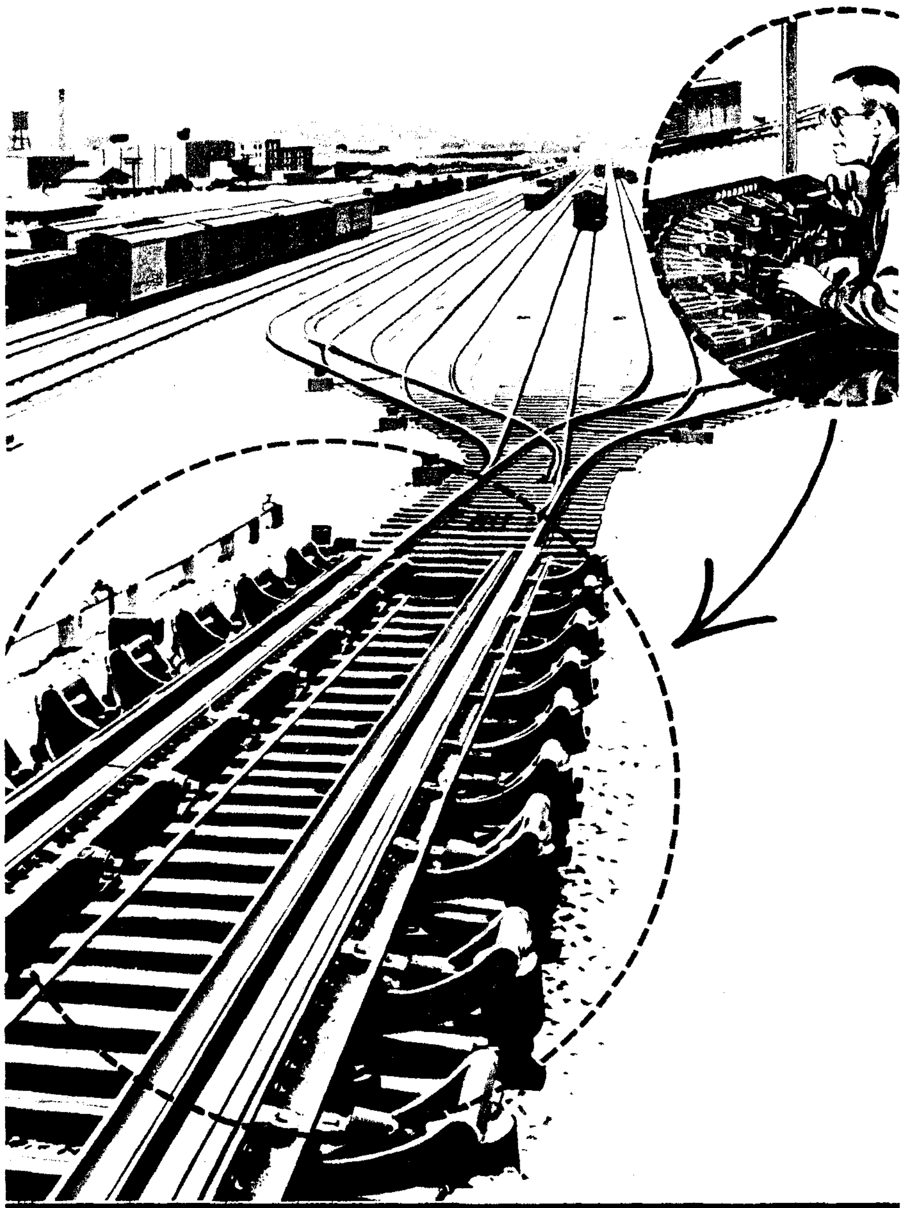

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Meacham had learned that he'd held out on them, and Ganley guessed that Sam Holley had told them. His own greed had caught him.

Ganley got to his feet, took a bottle of whisky out of a cabinet and took two long, shuddering gulps. Then he sat down, absently cradling the bottle in his big hands.

He felt an urgent need for action, but he knew he must *think* this out first. His only victory over Otey and Meacham was a temporary one; he'd told them his fiancée, Virginia Talcott, had the money and that he couldn't get it till the next day. So the money would be *his* until tomorrow night, when he would hand it over to them. After that, nothing could keep them from going after him. This was as predictable as death. It *was* death.

THERE was only one way out. He must get out of here—now, before Otey or Meacham thought of his taking the money with him. The image of Virginia rose in his mind, and he cursed softly. For a moment he tried to imagine her going with him. First, he would have to explain why they must leave immediately. And how could he make her understand the necessity for haste without telling her the whole truth—that this money, which supposedly had come from his uncle, was bribe money claimed by a pair of murderers?

No, it couldn't be done; but even if it could, how could he subject her to the hardships ahead, to the long days of riding and the longer nights without even a warming fire, and to the careful avoidance of ranches and settlements until he had put hundreds of miles between him and Relief?

Virginia, then, must stay here until he could send for her. But how was he to explain to her his leaving? He could see the doubt in her eyes, the suspicion not quite stated and, above all, the disappointment. The thought of it sickened him, and he knew he would not do it. The only thing he could do was to tell Virginia nothing, to disappear and to hope that when he sent for her later she would come unquestioningly. And he knew already that she would not come, knew that he had lost her.

He found himself staring blankly at the bottle of whisky in his hands, and he set it carefully on the table, his mind again racing as if it were separately committed to flight. He must be gone before tomorrow, before Otey and Meacham had a chance to miss him.

Getting to his feet, he picked up the lamp and went over to his desk. He drew a sheet of paper from the drawer and began his note of explanation to Virginia.

Four hours later, the note was still unwritten, and by that time he was a little drunk. For he had found there was nothing he could write Virginia by way of explanation. Again and again, no matter how hard he tried to disguise them, the unlovely facts thrust through: he was leaving, he would send for her, please come.

In desperation, he balled up his last effort in his fist and pitched it at the wastebasket to join his other letters. Time was pressing, and he had to get out of here.

A fresh panic pushing him, he hurriedly rounded up the few belongings he would take with him and stuffed them into his canvas war bag and then, before blowing out the lamp, he took a last look about the room. All the familiar things he was abandoning seemed for a moment strangely precious to him. Two years of his plotting and scheming life had been spent here among these possessions, and he was turning his back on them, just as he was turning his back on his love, his marriage and his future. The double eagles, heavy in his pocket, were his reward. They might as well have been ashes, Ganley thought; then he blew out the lamp and left.

Although he owned a horse, which he boarded at a place on the edge of town, he went across the dark street toward the livery. He knew the first thing Otey and Meacham would check on was his horse. A livery mount was safer.

The sleepy hostler asked no questions. While Ganley was adjusting the stirrups, the hostler climbed back into the loft and went to sleep again. Ganley led his mount across the road and tied him at the foot of his office stairs; then he lashed his war bag on the back of his saddle, mounted and rode out of the sleeping town.

Ganley had it in the back of his mind to head directly for the Elks and the reservation beyond. He knew the country, and he knew, too, that anyone following him would have trouble with it. The trails were many, and unless a man spoke the language he would get no help from the Indians.

By the time false dawn was breaking, Ganley felt the liquor dying in him. He was cutting across Six-Up grass and would soon be on Chainlink land. The thought of those names brought back sour memories. When he had resigned his government survey job, this was the land he was sure the government would break up and he would survey. Yet, in the new morning light, it stretched before him, fenceless, unplowed and green—a great unbroken ocean of grass. His mark was not on it, nor would it ever be. Two killers of his own hiring had seen to that. For a moment, he regretted that he hadn't had the courage to wake Dana up before he left and tell him the true story of Tench's murder.

It was at that moment the idea came to Ganley; it came with an abruptness that made him rein in his horse and sit motionless in the saddle. Suddenly, unaccountably, he began to laugh, and there was the sheerest joy in his laughter. When he started off again, he was heading more to the east.

When he rode into Chainlink, the sun was well up, and the crew had scattered for work. At one time, Ganley had known this place well, and he rode directly to the ranch house.

Dismounting at the kitchen door, he knocked, and Eleanor Heth answered. There was a pleasant smile on her face when she opened the door, and her expression changed only a little at sight of him.

Ganley said, "Yes, Mrs. Heth, it's me. Could I have a word with your husband?"

"Won't you come in?" Eleanor asked. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, thanks," Ganley said. "No, I'll wait here, Mrs. Heth."

WHEN she went inside, Ganley leaned against the door and looked out across the barn lot, and he could not suppress a smile. Presently, he heard Heth crossing the kitchen.

As the door swung open, Ganley turned his head. He saw Heth, in shirt sleeves and with a towel still in his hand, step out into the morning, a scowl on his heavy face. There were wisps of lather on Heth's jaw.

"By God, you've got gall!" Heth said. "Are you asking for a beating?"

Ganley straightened up and said in a mocking voice, "Is that any way to greet a man who's come to do you a favor?"

Heth took a step toward him. "I'm warning you, now," he said flatly, "if you've come to pull your blackmail on me, I'll drag you off my land at the end of a rope. I'll take care of that pair of hard cases of yours with pleasure, too."

"You mean Meacham and Bliss?"

"Who else could I mean?"

"You can take care of them?" Ganley asked mockingly.

"Any time," Heth said flatly, "morning, noon or night, for money, marbles or chalk! I'm not Hackbarth."

"No," Ganley agreed quietly. "At least, I hope you're not."

Heth looked carefully at Ganley and said, "Now, what does that mean?"

"It means that if you *were* Hackbarth, I wouldn't be here."

"Why *are* you here?"

"To talk about Meacham and Bliss."

"Well, what about them?"

Ganley said quietly, "Why, only this. They killed your man Tench."

For a second, Heth stood still; then he took two swift steps toward Ganley, reached out, balled up his coat lapels in his big fists and almost lifted him off the ground.

Heth's face was so close to Ganley that Ganley could smell the shaving soap. "What did you say?" Heth asked thickly.

Ganley reached up and roughly brushed Heth's hands down; then he took a step backward and said flatly, "Back off! You heard me. Bliss and Meacham killed Tench."

Then Ganley told of his first suspicions that Otey and Meacham were involved in the murder. He described his visit to their rooms and his discovery of the clothes with the telltale brick dust. He added, "If that isn't enough, they admitted it last night."

"To you?"

"To me," Ganley said flatly. "That's why I'm on my way out of the country. I know too damn' much."

"You're running from them?" Heth asked in astonishment.

"I am."

Heth was silent for so long that Ganley could not even guess what was going through the man's mind. Heth's eyes were musing, and the faintest smile came and went at the corners of his mouth. Then he looked at Ganley with what, oddly enough, was almost affection. "Just keep running," he murmured. "They're mine."

"You're welcome to them," Ganley said. "There's just one more thing."

Heth grinned. "I figured there was. How much do you want?"

"The hell with you, my friend!" Ganley said angrily. He pushed away from the wall and stepped around Heth. But, in the time it took him to take two steps, he realized that reflections on his honor were unimportant now. He must make sure of Otey and Meacham.

He turned and saw the grin still on Heth's face. "This might help you," he said coldly. "They'll be coming to my room tonight after dark. They won't fail."

Heth considered a moment, then said, "Now, that's a thought." Then a puzzled look came into his eyes and he asked, "If you think I'll take care of them, why are you running?"

"Because," Ganley said dryly, "I don't think you can."

His errand was finished, and he left.

Heth watched him mount and ride out, and felt a wild exultation. Standing there, he went over Ganley's story, hunting for flaws in it. There were none. Bill Tench's baiting of Meacham and Bliss in the Revenue the time Sam Holley interfered had started it. Bliss's saying that he'd like to tangle with Bill proved that he had not forgotten it. The evidence of the brick dust on the clothes was damning. Poor Bill, with a skinful too much, and half senseless from Holley's second beating, had been unable to make a fight of it. They had killed him for the sheer joy of it. For a moment, standing in the warm sunlight, Heth understood how there could be joy in murder.

TURNING, he went into the house and was halfway through the kitchen before his wife said, "What on earth did he want, Anson?"

Heth didn't answer immediately. He looked down and saw that he still held the towel in his hand, and he pitched it into the sink. "He told me who killed Bill," he said then and went on through the room.

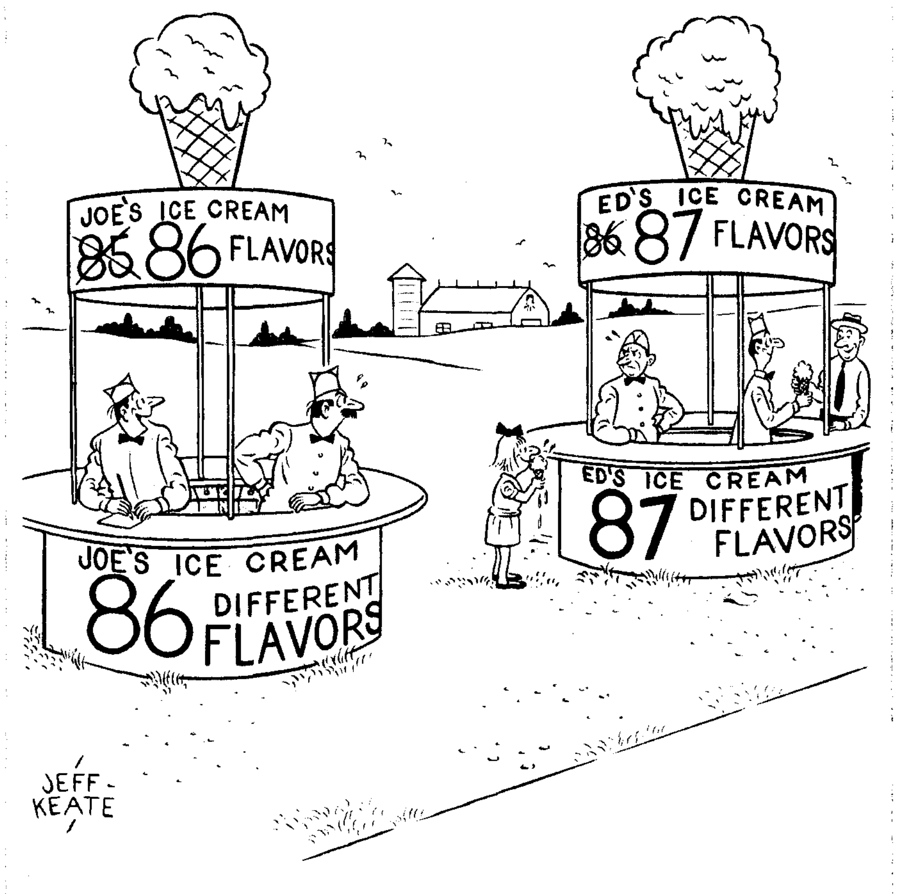
In his room, he closed the door and stood looking about him, almost as if he were a stranger there. Then he glanced at the gun rack hanging on the wall, and he knew what he was going to do.

He took down a double-barreled shotgun, broke it to check its action, then pitched it on the bed. Then he put on a denim jumper, which had been lying on the chair, and his hat. He went to the closet in the corner and promptly came up with a worn rifle scabbard. He pitched this on the bed too, then moved to the bureau. In the bottom drawer was a canvas sack, which he lifted out and carried to the bed. Untying its drawstring, he upended it, and a torrent of brass-jacketed shotgun shells cascaded onto the blanket with a heavy clicking sound. From them he selected four shells, marked Double-O Buck, and buttoned them into his jumper pocket. He rammed the shotgun into the rifle scabbard, picked it up and left the room.

Eleanor was leaning against the kitchen table, her arms folded across her breast, when Heth went through the kitchen on his way out.

"Anson," Eleanor said, "tell me who it was. Where are you going?"

Heth did not even pause. He only said



COLLIER'S

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Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

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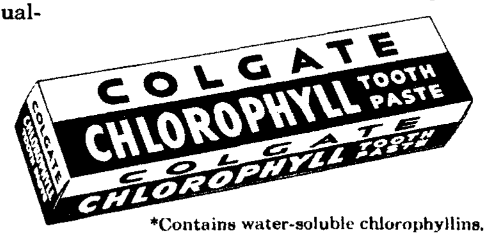

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curtly, "You guess," then opened the door and went out.

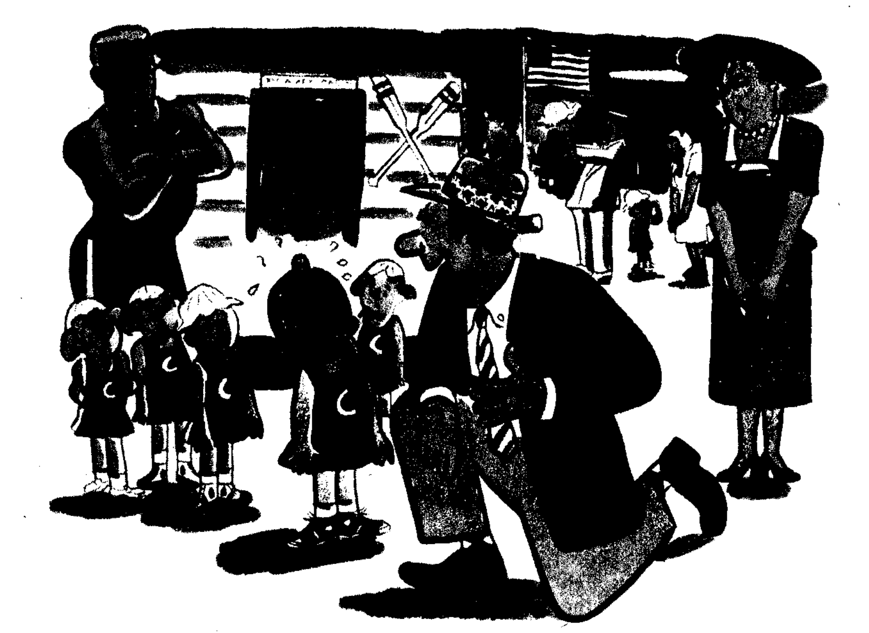
On his ride to town, Heth considered what he was going to do, and, as he did, he realized for the first time that he had been wrong about Sam Holley. He wondered, briefly, if Meacham and Bliss had acted on the information he had given them yesterday. If they had, it made no difference, so long as Holley left them for him. If they hadn't, then no harm was done.

All things considered, he supposed that Ganley's parting suggestion was the best one. If he hunted down Meacham and Bliss in daylight and killed them, he would have to explain his reasons to the sheriff. But they were coming to Ganley's tonight, and he would be there. After it happened, there was little chance Dana would be greatly interested, and even less chance of any evidence pointing to him. It was, Heth thought, the way Bill would like to be revenged.

In town, he had dinner at the Conover House, leaving his horse to be fed at the livery. Afterward, he bought a bottle of whisky, got his horse and rode a block and a half, turning right at the bank corner. Tying his horse at the hitching rack next to the alley, he unbuckled the scabbard holding the shotgun and, with it and the bottle of whisky under his arm, he tramped down the alley. Here's where they found Bill, he thought grimly.

When he came to the rear of Button's Saddle Shop, he cut into the space between it and the adjoining building. There was just room enough between Ganley's covered stairway and the neighboring building for him to squeeze through. Mounting Ganley's dark stairway, he saw at the upper landing the small pane of glass in the wall, and he thought: I'll have to remember that.

The door to Ganley's quarters was locked. Heth backed off and gave the door a solid kick; the lock broke, and he stepped inside. Kicking the door shut behind him, he set the shotgun and the whisky on the table, then took off his hat and jacket. He had a long wait, and he might as well make himself comfortable.



"*WANT TO GO HOME?* Away from this fresh air and sunshine? This stick-to-the-ribs food? The boating and swimming, the campfires and all these swell kids? Aw, stop kidding your old dad. Ha, ha, ha"

CAMP
CHIPAWEE
CHIPAWEE
Stan Fine

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

SOME time around noon, Sam opened his eyes. The light coming through the window of his hotel room triggered off a savage headache, and he closed his eyes again. Lifting a hand to his face, he felt his swollen cheek and temple. They were achingly sore to his touch, and he knew that when he tried to sit up the real pain would start. He lay there a moment, wanting to postpone it and wondering how he had even made it into town from the sawmill. He supposed he had lain unconscious most of the night. At any rate, the town had been utterly dead when he'd slacked out of his saddle and stumbled into the hotel to ask the night clerk for a room.

He got to his feet slowly and moved unsteadily to the washstand against the far wall; without looking in the mirror, he poured out a basin of water, stripped off his shirt and washed himself. A vast bruise covered the muscles on his left side. The cold water stung his cuts, and his head, as he bent over to rinse off the lather, seemed loaded with marbles that rolled into a pocket above his eyes. He combed his black hair with his fingers, and only then risked a look in the mirror. Great bruises discolored the left side of his face, and there was a long gash over his cheekbone. He thought grimly that he looked exactly like any puncher who had unsuccessfully tried to stand off seven bigger men in a barroom brawl.

He made a slow turn about the room, trying his legs, but already his thoughts were elsewhere. They reached beyond last night, and even beyond Meacham and Bliss. Those two he could take care of at the proper time, and he felt only an automatic and almost passionless anger toward them.

What concerned him wholly at the moment, what would drive him from now on, was a question he could not immediately answer: *Who had turned them loose on him?* Either Ganley or Hackbarth or Julia must have got the word to Meacham and Bliss that he had held out money on them.

He put on his shirt, and as he tried to button it, he felt the sharp ache in his arm where Otey had clubbed it. Three people, he was thinking. He rejected immediately any possibility of Julia's guilt. That left Ganley and Hackbarth, the only others who knew of the bribe. He considered Ganley. The man would never voluntarily offer the information to Bliss and Meacham; it was to his own greedy interest to keep it quiet. But if Otey and Meacham had stumbled upon the information somewhere else and confronted him with it, he might have told them Sam Holley had given him only a hundred dollars.

Sam picked up his hat from the chair and put it on, spending a little time adjusting it so that it rode the least sensitive parts of his skull. Then he went downstairs. There was a scattering of customers in the dining room, Sam saw, as he passed, but he wasn't hungry.

He headed straight for Poague's Emporium, bought a new calico shirt, put it on in Poague's back room and discarded his old blood-spattered one among the kegs and boxes stacked about the storeroom. When he had picked up his horse, which was tied at the hotel hitch rack, and left it at the livery for a bait of grain, he crossed the street and went up the stairs to Ganley's office. Knocking on the door, he waited, and when there was no answer, he turned and went down the stairs. Ganley could wait, along with Bliss and Meacham.

With an hour's riding, the soreness was gone from his muscles. And gone, too, was the patience with which he had first faced the day. When he rode into Swallowfork in midafternoon, he saw no one moving about the place. There was no answer to his knock on Hackbarth's door, and he felt his anger rising. Abruptly, he turned the knob and opened the door. Hackbarth's chair was empty.

Turning away, he saw a movement through the trees out by the blacksmith's shop. He was leading his horse across the front of the cookshack, and he was almost to the shop when Hackbarth stepped out of it.

Sam stepped up to him and said softly, "Take a look at me, Emmet."

"I am," Hackbarth said slowly. "What happened to you?"

"Your two homesteaders cornered me last night, Emmet. You know what they wanted?" Hackbarth shook his head, and Sam watched him carefully as he said, "They were paid one hundred dollars to get off your grass. Somebody told them you gave me one thousand dollars. They wanted the nine hundred coming to them."

Hackbarth did not have to speak. Sam saw the immediate guilt and the sullen defiance that came into his eyes.

Sam said gently, "Did you tell them, Emmet?"

"No." Hackbarth's reply was so prompt and definite that Sam was baffled.

Hackbarth said then, "I didn't tell them, but that doesn't change the fact that you kept nine hundred dollars of my money."

"So you've got that notion, too?" Sam asked grimly. "Where'd you get it?"

Hackbarth told him that Bliss and Meacham had been saying in town that they had got fifty dollars apiece to get off his land.

"And you think I kept the rest?" Sam said.

"If you didn't, where did it go?"

"It went to Ganley."

Emmet Hackbarth frowned. "Why wasn't I told?"

"Nobody was told," Sam said flatly. "You can't bribe a man with the whole country watching you. The only way it could have worked was to keep it quiet. I figured Ganley could be bought, and I bought him." Sam's voice grew rough. "Do you think those hard cases would have stayed off if Ganley hadn't ordered them to? If I'd paid them your money, they would have taken it and been back the next day for more. You're a fool, Emmet. You're a scared fool."

Hackbarth looked away, and Sam's anger increased.

"You ran to somebody, didn't you, Emmet? You wouldn't come to me after you heard the story. You ran to somebody. Who was it?"

Hackbarth wouldn't look at him. He only muttered, "Well, I asked Anson about you."

So it's Heth, Sam thought, and he knew that now he had it all. Heth had set Otey and Bliss on him, hoping that Hackbarth's lie would push him into murder. With Dana unsympathetic to Heth and watching him, this was the only way Anson could avenge Bill Tench's death without getting in trouble. With Hackbarth watching him uneasily, Sam made his bleak decision: *Heth's run out his string.*

Turning away from Hackbarth, he stepped into the saddle. Without another word to the solid little man in the rusty black suit, Sam pulled his horse around and rode off through the trees, heading west for Chainlink.

WHEN he rode into Chainlink an hour later, he rode like a man entering unfriendly country. He was careful to stay well away from the outbuildings, and he watched two Chainlink hands, who were repairing the windmill, with careful attention. He noticed a familiar horse tied by the kitchen door. It belonged to Will Ferrin, a North Basin rancher and Sam's friend. Sam rode his own horse toward the house.

Dismounting well away from the house, he stopped a moment to consider. Ferrin's being there meant that Eleanor Heth must be at home, since Ferrin had no use for her husband. What might happen in the next few minutes was nothing for her to see.

He went up to the back door, knocked on it and then backed well away from it, waiting. Eleanor opened the door, and Sam saw the look of relief that came over her face.

Sam said quietly, "If Anson is in there, Eleanor, tell him to come out."

Will Ferrin suddenly appeared behind Eleanor. "You're a hard man to find," Will said. "Julia's in town, watching for you, and I've ridden half the damn' county hunting you."

Sam had been looking at Eleanor, trying to read what lay behind the despair in her tired face. Now he turned to Ferrin and made a conscious effort to take in what Ferrin had just said. "What for?" he asked after a moment.

Eleanor stepped out of the doorway. "You've heard, then, Sam?" she asked.

"I heard something. Likely it's not what you heard."

Eleanor hesitated; she was looking at Sam's face, at the gash on his cheek and at the great, discolored bruises. She said, almost pleadingly, "Sam, tell me what Anson has done to you."

Sam said gently, "He tried to get me killed."

Eleanor nodded, a deep bitterness twisting her mouth. Will Ferrin's hand, at his side, sought hers, and she didn't withdraw.

Will said, "He's cut loose at last, Sam. He took a shotgun and left this morning

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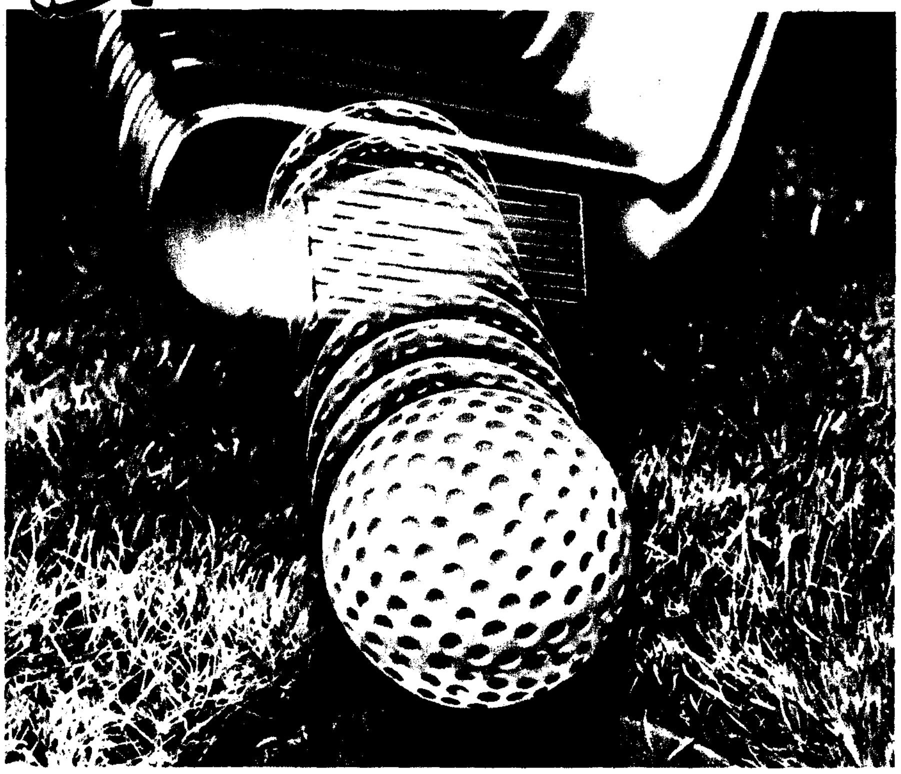

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after a visit from Ganley. He told Eleanor he knew who killed Tench."

Sam considered this news of Ganley's visit. He had no way of knowing if Meacham and Bliss had called on Ganley after the beating last night, but he thought it more than possible. The fact that Ganley was alive this morning made it look as though he had convinced them of his innocence. That, coupled with his visit to Heth this morning, meant only one thing to Sam. Ganley, by simply denying to Heth that Sam had talked with him on the night of Tench's murder, would double Heth's suspicions of Sam's guilt. By setting Heth on his trail, Ganley was making certain that Meacham and Bliss would never learn the truth about their missing money.

"Is it me he's hunting?" Sam asked, watching Eleanor.

"Oh, I don't know, Sam!" Eleanor cried. "Does anyone know what he thinks? That's why I rode over to Will's! That's why Julia went to town! We wanted to warn you."

"I'm warned," Sam said softly. "Now you warn him." He looked at Eleanor and said, in a tone that belied his words, "I'm sorry it has to be me, Eleanor."

"If it weren't you, it would be someone else, Sam," Eleanor said miserably. And then she added, with an almost fierce shame, "Someone must, before I do. God help me for saying this, but I hate him, hate him!"

Sam turned and walked over to his horse. He heard Eleanor say, "Will! No!"

Sam didn't look around, and he didn't hear Ferrin speak. Then Eleanor's voice, lost and sad and bitter, came to him. "What's there left if you go, Will?"

"Me. There always has been me. There always will be."

When Sam stepped into the saddle, he saw that Ferrin was already mounted, and when he pulled his horse around, Ferrin was beside him.

They rode out of Chainlink in silence. After a while, Ferrin asked, "Where to, Sam?"

"You stay out of this, Will."

"Make me," Ferrin said flatly.

Sam looked levelly at him. "Have you forgotten he's Eleanor's husband? Stay out of it."

"I haven't forgotten, and I'm in on it. Where to?"

"Town."

Sam based his theory about where Heth was on one fact: Ferrin had said Heth had taken a shotgun. That meant Heth wanted close quarters, and only town could provide them.

IT WAS almost dark when they put their horses in at the Revenue bar tie rail. "Where would Julia be?" Sam asked.

Ferrin told him the Conover House, and, without a word, Sam turned up the street toward the lamplit hotel. Through the lobby window, he saw Julia sitting in a chair. She had seen him as he passed with Ferrin, he knew, and when he crossed the lobby and came up to her, Julia did not get up. Her face was grave. Stopping in front of her, Sam said quietly, "You go home, Julia."

Julia shook her head. "Heth's in town. His horse is tied in front of the bank."

"You go home," Sam repeated. "Will Ferrin will take you."

"No," Julia said quietly. "He won't go, either."

Sam felt an unreasoning anger. "You say you have a debt to pay. Pay it now, then. Go home."

"I'm paying it by staying," Julia said in a low voice.

"You want to see it?"

"No."

"Then go home."

"No. This is where I belong."

He stood there in angry bafflement, not knowing what to say. Then he walked out of the lobby, heading back for the Revenue. As he hit the plank walk, he looked for the last time through the lobby window, and he saw Julia watching him, her face still grave.

Inside the Revenue, Sam asked for a bottle of whisky and a new deck of cards. When they were laid out for him on the bar, he took them over to the first table under the big lamp and sat down facing the street. From there, a large stretch of Grant Street was visible. Heth was hunting him, and Heth would come.

An hour later, when he looked out at the dark street, he saw that there was a light in Ganley's office. Remembering that he'd intended to see Ganley, he started to get up. Then he slacked back in the chair. One thing at a time, he thought. This is where it'll happen.

JUST after dark, Heth rolled a last cigarette. Before he lighted it, he poured two fingers of whisky into the water tumbler on the table in front of him and quickly drank it down. Standing up, he remembered that a match flare might betray his presence before he was ready. He went through the dark room, with which he was thoroughly familiar by now, to the kitchen.

Here he lighted his cigarette and checked his arrangements. The kitchen window was open. Beside it, one end tied to the leg of the heavy iron range, was a rope which he had spent the afternoon making. He had braided torn strips of blanket and tied them together, testing each length by throwing it over the ceiling rafter and suspending his weight from it.

He tested the knot and found it satisfactory. Then he concentrated on smoking his cigarette, dragging the smoke deeply into his lungs. It might be hours before he would have another.

When he'd finished it, he made his way through the dark rooms to where his jacket and hat lay on the table. Putting on his jumper, he took two of the four brass-jacketed shells out of the pocket and loaded the shotgun. Then he lit the lamp, turning it down so that it would not smoke. The lighthouse, he thought sardonically, warning the weary sailors of danger.

He picked up the shotgun, moved to the door, opened it, stepped out on to the landing, and closed the door behind him.

He felt a faint satisfaction when he remembered the small window at the head of the covered stairwell. He must not give away his presence by outlining himself against it. He sat down on the top step, well away from the window, and cradled the shotgun in his lap.

The night sounds of the town slowly began to interest him. Stray bits of conversation floated up to him from passers-by. Once he recognized the voices of two of his own riders who had taken advantage of his absence from Chainlink to come into town. Gradually, as the evening passed, the night sounds diminished, and Heth's senses sharpened. He had never doubted that Ganley's tip was a sound one, and he did not begin to doubt it now.

He heard their voices a full ten seconds before he saw anything, and he knew with a cold exultation that the moment was here. Shifting his weight so that he squarely faced the steps, he half lifted his gun. Below him on the street the voices grew louder, and he heard Meacham say, ". . . no light if he wasn't there, would he?"

"I don't reckon," came Otey's mild answer.

Then they came into sight at the opening of the stairway, Meacham leading, and started up the stairs.

Heth waited eight long seconds, sighting over the barrel at the black figure coming toward him, and then he pulled the trigger.

The roar of the gun was deafening in this confined space. He heard a cry, and then the panicked pounding of footsteps on the stairs. Although the gun flash had momentarily blinded him, Heth could see Otey leaping toward the bottom step in wild retreat. He fired the second barrel.

As the noise died away, he heard the soft, sliding thump of Meacham's body rolling down the stairs. Heth waited for the gun flash to wash out of his eyes, and he saw Otey sprawled on the walk, face down, his head toward the street. Stepping into the office, Heth picked up his scabbard, holstered his shotgun, walked through the bedroom and into the kitchen on his way to escape through the back window. . . .

When he heard the first shot, Sam heaved to his feet, the pack of cards still clenched in his left fist. That's a shotgun, he thought. He turned his head to look at Ferrin at the bar and found Will was looking at him. At the second shot, Sam was lunging for the door, and Ferrin was at his heels.

Outside, Sam stopped so abruptly that Ferrin butted into him. In the still night, made even more quiet by the backwash of the shots, Sam caught a sound and looked across the street at Ganley's stairway. He saw a movement at the foot of the stairs and, pulling his gun from its holster, raced across the street, Ferrin behind him.

At the edge of the plank walk he halted. Otey Bliss was sprawled face down across the inside half of the walk. Across his legs, and face down too, was Meacham, blood gathering in a pool under his broken body.

Then Sam remembered Julia's words: "Heth's in town. His horse is tied in front of the bank."

Sam wheeled then, calling to Ferrin, "Watch that stairway, Will!" and he ran toward the bank corner. He heard his name called from the hotel steps, but he didn't look back as he rounded the corner. There was a lone horse ahead of him, standing at the end of the rack. In the half light, he could make out a figure on its far side. As he ran, he saw the figure swing into the saddle and yank the horse around.

Sam called, "Heth?"

SURPRISINGLY, the rider reined up, and Sam saw a lighter patch in the darkness. It was the rider's face, but still Sam was not sure who it was. Slowly, the rider wheeled his horse and came back along the tie rail, stopping well away from it in the darkness some ten yards from Sam. It was Heth. His gun hanging at his side, Sam said, "Well, you've found me."

For a moment, Heth was silent; then he asked roughly, "Was I supposed to be looking for you?"

"Yes."

"I'm not."

Heth lifted his reins as if to start his horse, while Sam stood there, baffled and angry. He had been certain that Heth was hunting him. What had Ferrin said? "Anson told Eleanor he knew who killed Tench." Then Sam understood. Heth hadn't been hunting him; he had been hunting Meacham and Bliss, who now lay dead at the foot of Ganley's stairs.

Sam said softly, "That evened it up for Bill, didn't it, Anse?"

Heth had no answer for a moment. Then he asked, his tone deceptively patient and good-natured, "What are you talking about now?"

"What's in your rifle boot, Anse? Come closer." Heth neither moved nor spoke, and Sam said, "I saw them both, Anse."

IN THE still seconds that dragged by, Sam knew that Heth was making his calculations. He was being pushed by fear and anger and hatred, facing the intolerable prospect of surrendering, of standing trial and of letting Sam's words hang him. If it only hadn't been me, Sam thought.

"You won't live to say so," Heth said.

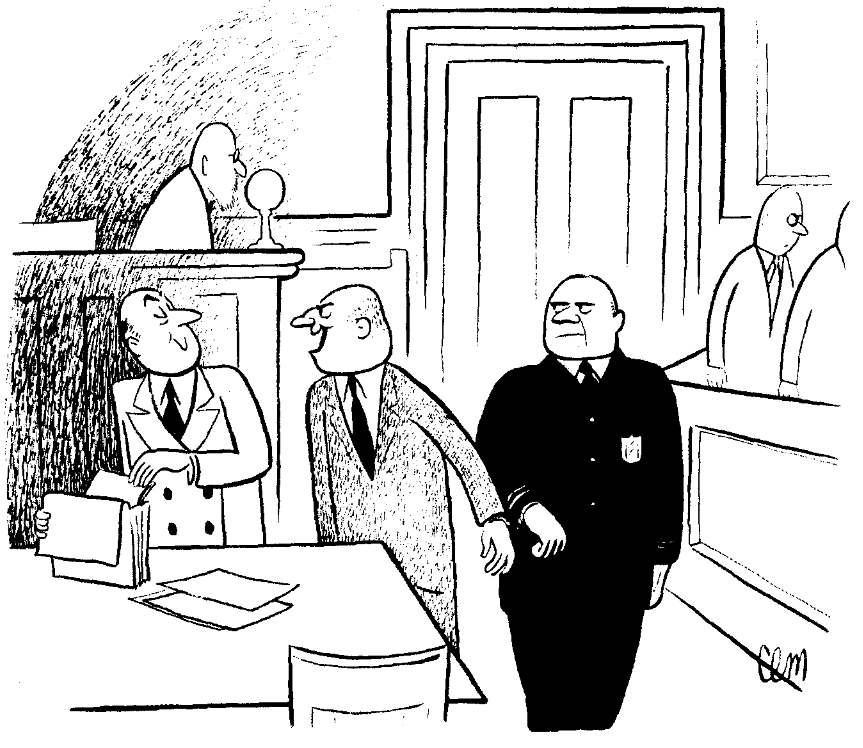
Then, as if he were doggedly accepting one more burden, Heth savagely roweled his horse, pointing him straight at the tie rail. With an iron clamp on the reins, Heth drove him not over the tie rail, but into it, and the wooden crossbar split at the impact. Heth spurred the horse on, driving him at Sam, and at the same time reached for his gun.

Heth shot first. Sam raised his gun, and he could see nothing along its barrel except the lunging chest of Heth's horse, and he shot. The horse's knees folded, and he fell with a violence that splintered the plank walk. Heth was thrown forward over his mount's neck, and he landed heavily on all fours, not thirty feet from Sam. The horse's hind quarters swung up in a crazy cartwheel and then crashed across Heth's boots, pinning him to the ground.

No sound of pain escaped Heth. For one bitter second he struggled to free himself, and then he raised his gun in a wild thrust, as if he were trying to club Sam. When Sam looked down his barrel and saw the gray patch that was Heth's face, he began to squeeze the trigger. Heth's shot made a violent blossom of orange in the darkness and merged with his own shot.

Sam took a half step to put his back against the wall of the bank, momentary blindness leaving him defenseless. When it was gone, he saw the dark form of a big man lying on his face, his head cushioned on his arm, a gun slack in his limp hand.

Then Sam heard swift, light footsteps coming toward him at a run. He turned and saw Julia close to him, and with an instinctive gesture to keep her from seeing Heth, he raised his arm. Julia never knew how he had intended the gesture. She read it as natural and came into his arms. And Sam, sensible now, held her close. THE END



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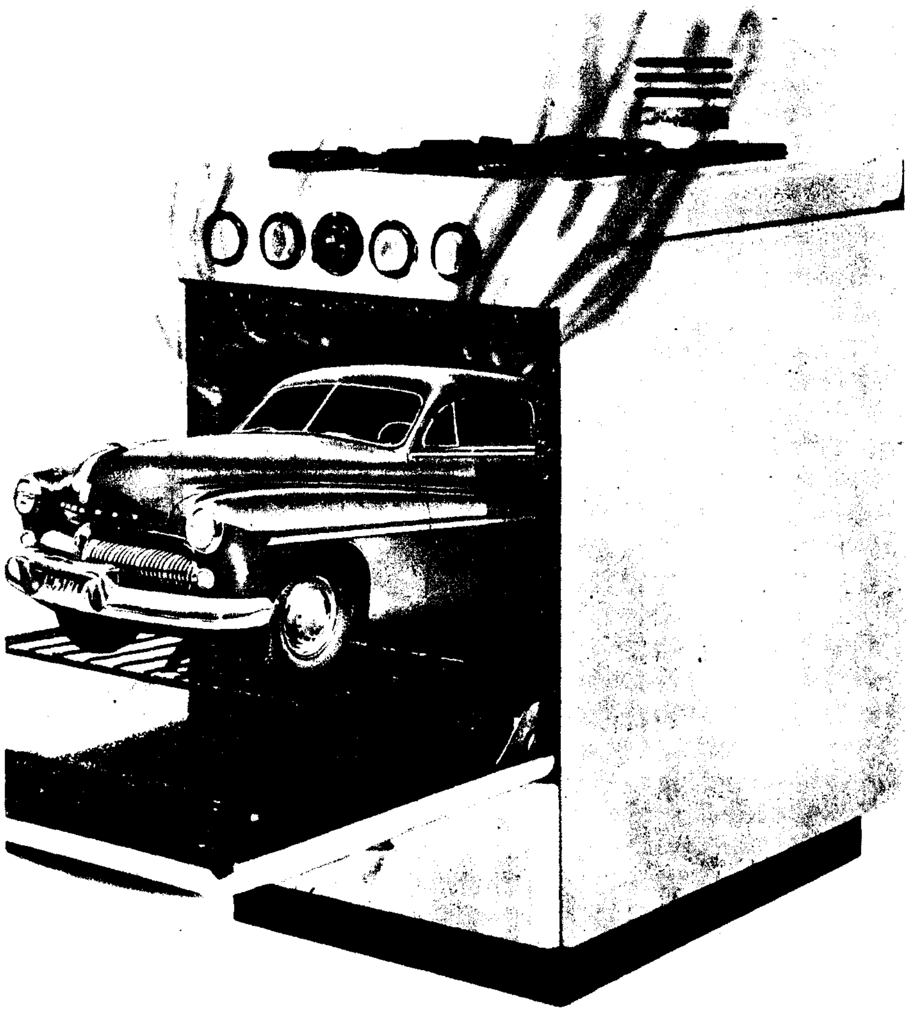

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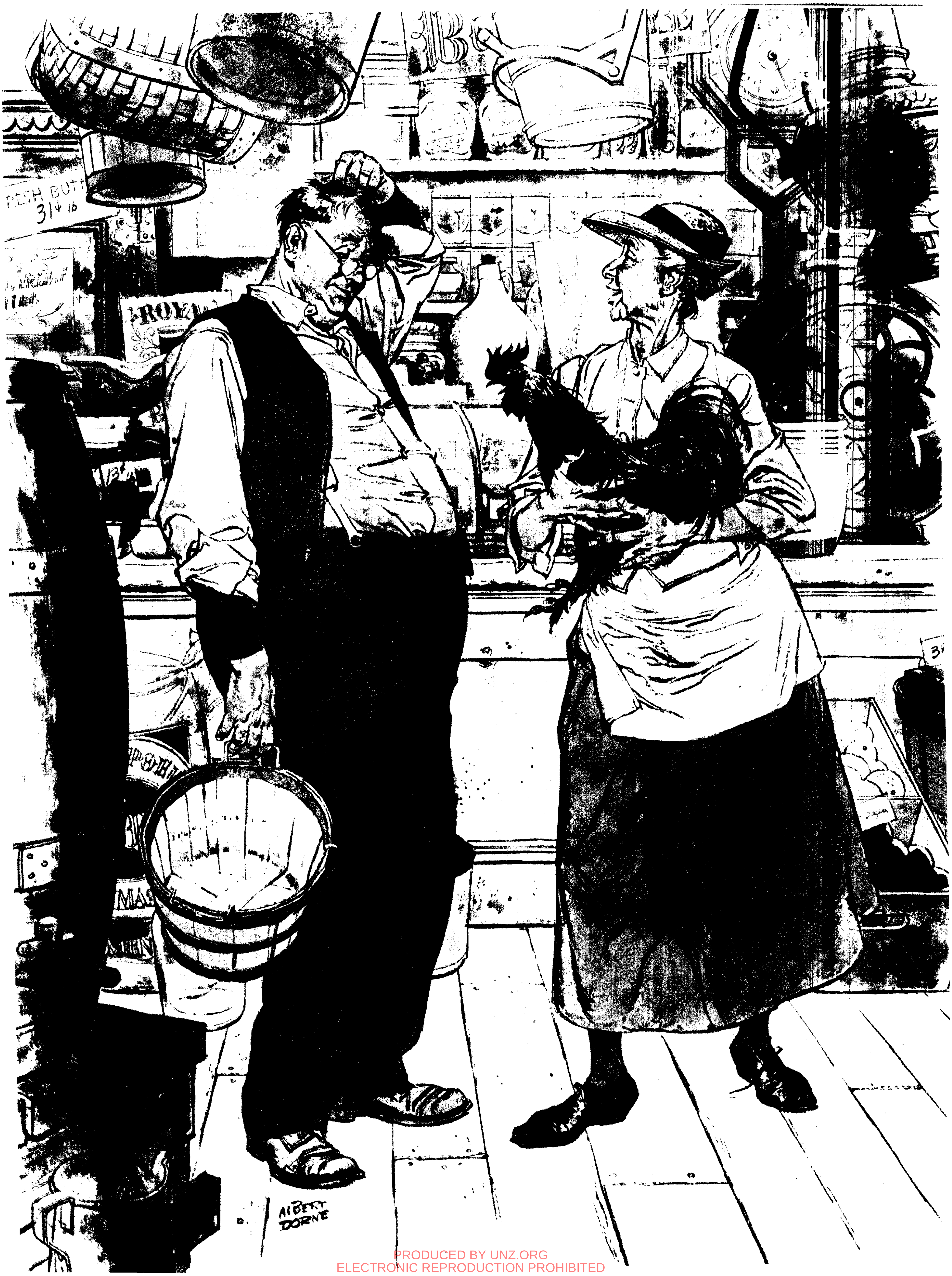
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The Quarter-Pound Loss

By HAZEL HECKMAN

Della Summers could have all the free samples of muslin, crackers, dill pickles and dried apples she wanted in Nate's store. He didn't care, so long as she stayed out of politics

THE feud between Nate Alden and Della Summers, if indeed such an amiable prolongation of cold warfare could be called a feud, began the day Della, a big, rawboned woman with a no-account husband and a brown wart on her nose, first walked into Nate's native-stone store in Picket Rock, Kansas, with a basket of eggs she had taken from underneath a broody hen. It ended the day Nate paced solemnly down the aisle of the little Picket Rock M. E. Church, some thirty years later, wearing a pair of white cotton gloves on his big chapped hands, and took his place beside the gray plush casket that contained Della's mortal remains. Nate's name had led the list of pallbearers they found on the night table beside Della's bed. If this was a final gesture on Della's part to get the best of Nate, you might say Della had won the last round. She was no featherweight.

"There's a woman who'll bear watching," Nate advised his new clerk, Syd Benton, when Syd started working steady in Nate's store. "I've known Della Summers, girl and woman, for as long as I can remember, and she's as full of tricks as a hound-dog is of fleas." He laughed silently, his big belly and his loose jowls shaking. "It's not that she's dishonest, exactly. Della just lives by a different code than most folks."

He let the sugar dribble from the scoop into the sack he was filling and peered through his scratched lenses at the worn figures on the counter scale. Nate always used a balance scale, and he always weighed on the down balance, giving his customer the advantage. "Take the time she made her Thousand Star quilt," he went on. "I got in a lot of new piece goods that spring, and she took a sample off every bolt. Maybe more than one; I never kept track. She kept saying she was trying to decide on a new dress pattern and couldn't make up her mind. 'Don't be so parsimonious, Alden,' she'd say when I got my scissors down and laid the bolt on the counter. 'I want something big enough Tom can see the print.' As though Tom Summers would have noticed what she had on if she'd worn a gunny sack."

He slid the filled sugar sack along the counter and took up an empty. "Well, she just kept on taking swatches. And late that fall, when she had the Ladies' Aid in to quilt her new Thousand Star, she bragged that it hadn't cost her a cent and that it was all new stuff. Made out of sample snips from Nate Alden's store. Furthermore," he added with a kind of pride, "she took a blue ribbon on the quilt at the county fair."

Della Summers always reminded Syd of a battleship under forced draft. "Where's Alden?" she would demand, barging into the store and slamming the door behind her. "Why ain't he here, tending to his knitting?" Her sharp eyes would search the piece-goods shelves and her gold bridgework gleam in a sociable smile. "I see he's got in a new shipment of domestic. But if it's got no more body than the last, he can just keep it."

"He's gone to the bank," Syd said. "He told me to tell you if you came in that he's got the dried apples you've been asking for to make your schnitz un knepp."

Della brought the rooster to trade to Nate. "He's got a green feather in his tail," she said, "but that won't taste in the soup"

Della helped herself to a handful of apples from the box. "More likely stopped into Hamblett's for a swig of redeye," she said. "That's not a furniture store. It's a den of iniquity. You can smell it clear out into the street."

When Della's broad back was turned, Syd pulled the apples out of convenient reach. The last time she had come in, there had been fresh grapes, and Della had eaten at least a pound. She had left the seeds and skins in the cat's dish. "Sure she makes out a free lunch once a week," Nate had said mildly, when Syd complained. "But she's a good steady customer. There are some things you just have to abide."

Della took up a muslin remnant and rubbed it between the heels of her hands. "This stuff's full of sizing, too," she told Syd. "I don't know where Alden gets it. Once it's been through the wash the only thing it's fit for is dish mops." Having thoroughly stirred the remnant table, she went in search of further forage.

"There's a case of eggs in the buggy," she said, bearing down on the prune box, "and an empty demijohn for vinegar."

WHEN Syd returned, laden, Nate had come in through the side door and was scooping pea beans from the drawer underneath the counter into the scale pan. Della, the store cat in her capacious lap, sat on a heap of stock salt blocks eating a cooky.

"I don't see how your conscience allows you to sleep of nights, Alden," she said. "Fifteen cents for eggs. I feed the hens, and you pocket the profits."

"Well, I sell them out for sixteen," Nate said. "That gives me a penny for handling and makes me a profiteer." He reached for an end of twine and wrapped it twice around the bean sack.

"I think I'll put out my own shingle," she said, helping herself to another cooky. "Why should folks pay you sixteen when they can get them from me for fifteen?"

"Go ahead," Nate said. "Save me a lot of trouble. Bring up an empty egg case for Mrs. Summers," he told Syd. "And fill her vinegar jug."

"And I don't want any of Alden's cistern water with mother in it," Della said. "The last he sold me didn't smell strong enough to attract a sourgnat."

Nate weighed out a pound of Four X coffee beans and set the grinder for "fine," the way Della liked her coffee. "Never mind the water this time," he told Syd. "Give her the pure stuff. If any mother slips out, drop it into the rain barrel. We'll use it to start a new batch."

Actually, Nate was a crank about vinegar. There were storekeepers, he knew, who poured a gallon of water into the barrel whenever they drew a gallon of vinegar out, trusting to the accumulation of mother and the occasional addition of a few apple peelings to maintain a pale strength. But Nate bought pure cider vinegar, and handled only the best.

In the back room, Syd set the egg case on the table and pried the lid open. Once a week Nate shipped the filled cases, without opening them, to the wholesale house in Meade, ten miles away. But once during molting season, puzzled by the fact that one end of Della's case was lighter than the other, Syd had looked inside and had found an entire empty filler. Nate had fussed and fumed when Syd told him. "I ought to have guessed she'd be up to something," he said. "She never figured on us knowing where the loss came. We'll check *her* case from now."

"Aren't you going to tell her we found it?" Syd asked.

"Why, no," Nate said. "Of course not. You can't insult a good customer by calling her a thief."

NATE'S forbearance about Della was a thing Syd never quite understood. Nate himself was almost painfully honest; and, ordinarily, he had no use for a man or woman who was not. Too, he prided himself on his ability to judge character.

"Let me study a man's face for half a minute," he told Syd, "and I can tell you whether or not he's to be trusted." He carried many farmers on his books from harvest to harvest, taking his money once a year, at threshing time. If a crop failed, as Kansas crops frequently did, he accepted a note from the farmer in lieu of payment, and then stuffed the note into his safe and forgot about it until another harvesttime rolled around. Sometimes there were two crop failures in succession, but Nate never complained. His tastes were simple, and a decent living was all he asked.

Actually, he did very well. Occasionally, a competitor opened a rival store, but none of them stayed in business long. People preferred to trade with Nate. And Picket Rock drew on a large trading area. The nearest town, Meade, was ten miles away, a considerable distance with a horse and buggy. It was true that a few automobiles were beginning to appear in the roads, snorting and popping and scaring the horses half out of their wits; but a strip of bottom land lay between Picket Rock and Meade, and the roads became an unnegotiable quagmire in wet weather.

It sometimes seemed to Syd that Nate's confidence in Della, in spite of his warning to Syd, approached a kind of gullibility. "I can't think for the life of me why I don't turn the box out while she's here," he would complain sheepishly to Syd, setting out the top layer of a box of sweet potatoes or a crate of strawberries he had bought from Della and finding an inferior product underneath. But he never did.

Sometimes, too, it seemed to Syd that Della's trickery amounted to sheer meanness, and sometimes he couldn't determine whether it was deliberate or not. There was, for example, the time she brought in the black Langshan and traded him to Nate "on account."

"On account of what?" Nate asked, with a trace of suspicion. "He's got pretty long spurs for a lad."

The Langsham, a shabby bird with a frozen comb and a pair of evil-looking spurs, looked at Nate out of his one remaining yellow eye and crowed loudly.

"I didn't say I wouldn't take old-cocks price."

"Something wrong with him?" Nate asked, stalling. "You don't usually call until spring."

"He's got a green feather in his tail," Della admitted. "But that's not going to taste in the soup."

"Put him into the pen with the others," Nate told Syd. He handed a peppermint stick to Della's grandson Lacey, a cotton-haired boy with pink eyebrows, who stood with his palms and his nose

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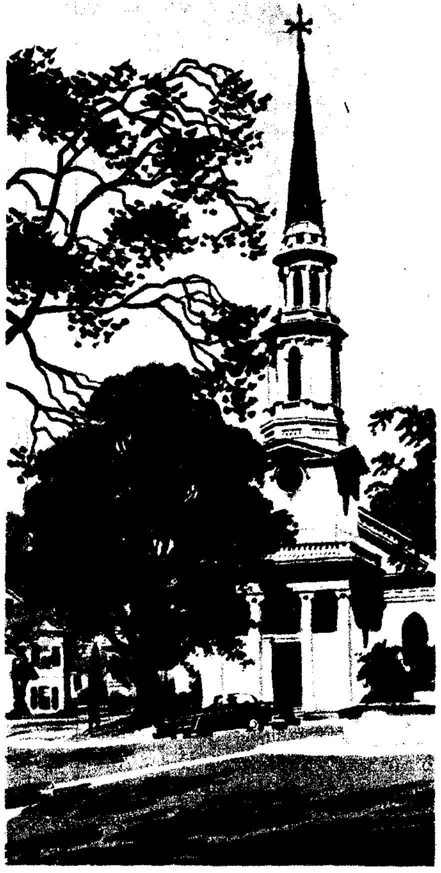

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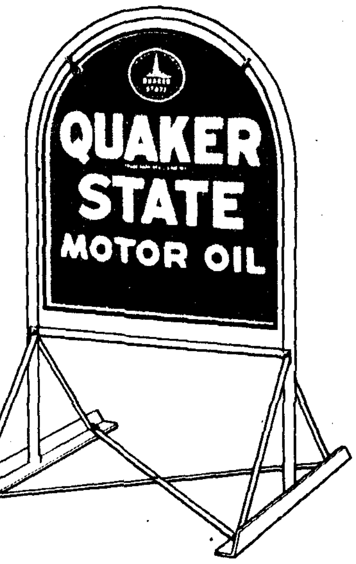

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pressed flat against the glass candy case. "I'll ship him to Meade if he don't die of old age before Saturday."

On the following morning, when Nate stepped outside the back door of the store, he was confronted by a scene of carnage. The air was filled with floating feathers, and feathers of various hues lay about the chicken pen and decorated the hollyhocks and clung to the meshes of the enclosure.

On the floor of the pen a battered Plymouth Rock rooster lay dead; and several other cocks, in varying stages of indisposition, cowered in a corner. The Langshan, his spurs bloody, and surrounded by an admiring circle of chittering hens, scratched triumphantly among the litter.

Nate wrung the Langshan's neck. "I ought to have known," he told Syd bitterly. "He was wrecking her own pens. Someday I'm going to lose my temper and tell Della where to take her custom."

But he never did. Only twice during all of Syd's time at the store did he actually see Della get her comeuppance; and both times Nate expressed a certain compunction. Both occasions had to do with butter.

Della made good butter. She churned frequently, while the cream was still fresh, and she worked and washed her butter well and kept it cool in the springhouse. Occasionally, if his wife hadn't churned, Nate took home a pound of Della's butter for his own use; his wife would have no one else's. But, like most of the citizens of Picket Rock, Nate kept a cow in the town herd, and Mrs. Alden usually churned her own butter.

THE butter Nate bought from customers he shipped to the creamery at Meade, and took no profit. He handled the butter purely as a favor to his customers, who expected list price. Indeed, on the bad butter—and there was a good deal of it—he took a considerable loss. He kept a jar in the coolest part of the store cellar, and into this, as soon as he had bought it, he dumped the butter which he considered unfit for consumption. When the jar was full, he sold the butter for five cents a pound to the creamery in Meade, where it was "reprocessed." Nate himself would not touch a pound of creamery butter; nor would he eat butter in a restaurant. He fancied that it was all "reprocessed." And he referred to it and to his own jar as "boot grease." Sometimes he grumbled to Syd, especially in hot weather, but he went right on taking the butter—the way he carried ice and stood the meltage, and the way he kept the store open at all hours and on Sunday mornings—for the benefit of his customers.

That summer, two things happened in regard to butter. Drought set in early, so that the cows fell off and butter kept a good price. And, along about June, a traveling drummer came into Nate's with a supply of rectangular wooden butter molds and an accompanying supply of tablets of waxed paper of a proper size for wrapping.

Nate was skeptical about the molds. "With the old round prints," he told the drummer, "I can tell one customer's butter from another. They each use a different pretty on top. Mrs. Reese has got a bunch of grapes and Mrs. Hamblett has got a butterfly. Mrs. Summers, who makes the best butter, has got an oak leaf with an attached acorn. I'd miss that."

"I'm not asking you to *buy* any," the drummer said. "Just let me leave one on your counter. Let the ladies be the judge."

The molds sold like flypaper in July.

"Smartest buy I've seen you make in a long time, Alden," Della said. "It will make a real professional-looking pound that will look like store-bought butter on the table."

The day Della brought the short basket of butter into town, she was wedged solidly behind the wheel of a spanking-new Ford car, and accompanied by her grandson Lacey. Hearing a series of violent explosions, Syd and Nate ran to the door in time to see the Ford come to an abrupt stop, its front wheels on the sidewalk a few feet short of Nate's wooden Indian.

Della climbed out and straightened her skirt. "It didn't stop when I said whoa," she told Nate jocularly. "What do you think of it, Alden?"

"Tony!" Nate said.

Lacey emerged, pale and shaken, from the back seat. "I'm *thirsty*," he announced in a small voice. "I want a drink of *cold* ice water."

"Grandma told you she'd get you here safe," Della told him. "And she did, didn't she?"

"I want a drink," Lacey said.

Della handed the basket of butter to Nate and led the way to the cooler, where a tin cup hung on a string. She pressed the spigot and filled the cup and gave it to Lacey.

"Little short this week," Nate said, lifting the cover from the butter basket.

"It's the drouth," Della said. She helped herself to a sweet cracker. "Cows are off some."

Lacey's eyes met Syd's, mischievously, over the brim of the cup. "Rat got in the jar," he announced, moving a little away from Della. "Splashed out half the cream before Grandma could catch him and give him to the cat!"

Della, her face flaming, picked at a bit of silk on the remnant counter.

Emboldened by the counter between him and Della, and aware of an electrified audience, Lacey relieved the excitement of the chase. "He *jumped* out," he said. "But he was too bogged down with cream to run. When Grandma stepped on him, he went squi—ish. And then he weren't nothing hardly but a big spot of grease."

Nate, his face grim, set the full basket on the counter.

"It was a *live* rat," Della flared. "After some of the counter that Alden takes in, people needn't gag at a *live* rat. But if he wants to be persnickety—" She took up her basket of butter, and Nate let her go.

Lacey exploded into laughter again, but kept a wary eye on Della. "Rat butter!" he chortled. "Grandma was the *only* one would eat it."

As soon as Della had gone, Nate sat down, abruptly, on a herring keg. Anger left him, and he shook with silent laughter. Tears coursed down his cheeks, and he wiped them away with the hem of his apron.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" he asked Syd. "She looked like she'd been hit in the face with a kettle of hot mush."

And then he stopped laughing. "I felt a little sorry for her," he said. "I almost wish I'd took it."

Syd said, "I wouldn't want to be in Lacey's shoes."

Nate took the feather duster from the counter and ran it thoughtfully across the faces of the kraut cans. "I almost wish I'd took it," he repeated, "and dumped it into the chicken trough."

WHEN Syd brought Nate the news that Della's husband, Tom Summers, had filed for township trustee of Picket Rock Township against Zack Kaufmann, the incumbent, Nate was incredulous but unperturbed.

"Why, Tom Summers is too shiftless and no-account to tie his own shoes," he said. "He'd starve to death if it wasn't for Della. Everybody knows that. Why, township trustee's a *responsible* job. He's got all the road building to see to. Tom Summers! Rat catcher would be more like it. If anybody voted for that bum-baily for township trustee, he'd need his head examined."

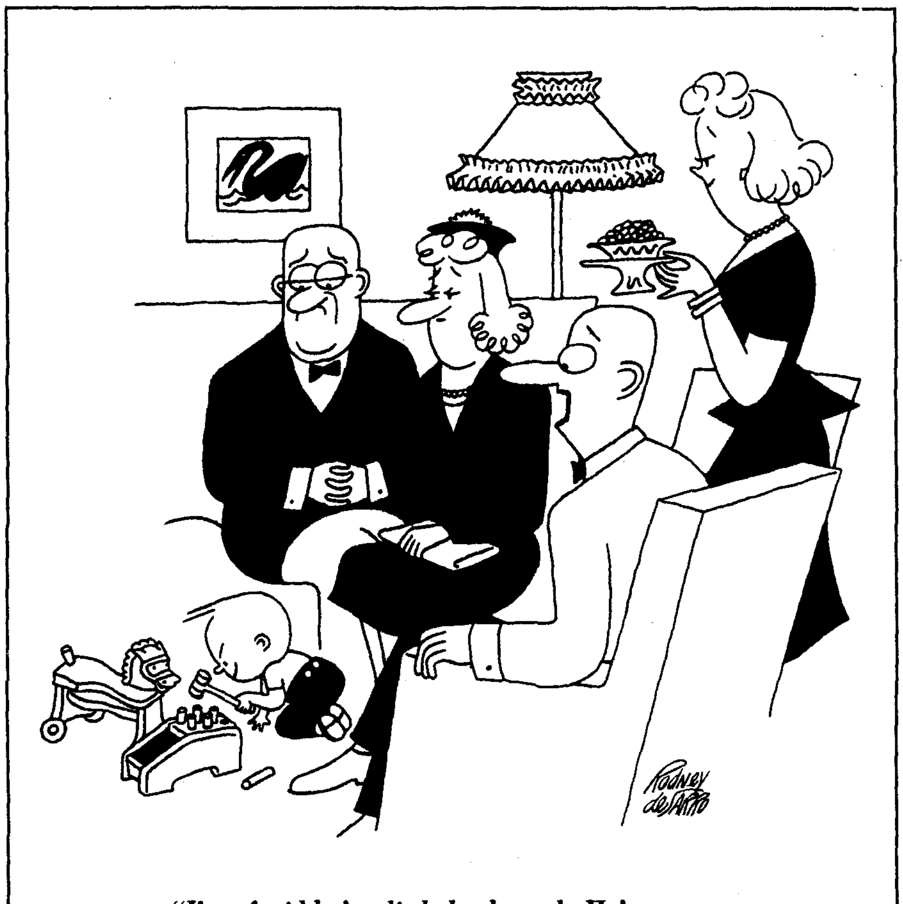
"Mrs. Summers is working tooth and nail," Syd said. "She's out every day in her Ford. She's got signs tacked on telegraph poles as far as Meade Township. I was squirrel hunting down to Fallon's grove yesterday, and she's even got them nailed on the trees."

"For the squirrels and skunks, no doubt," Nate said and chuckled. "They'll likely come out heavy for Tom. He's just their stripe."

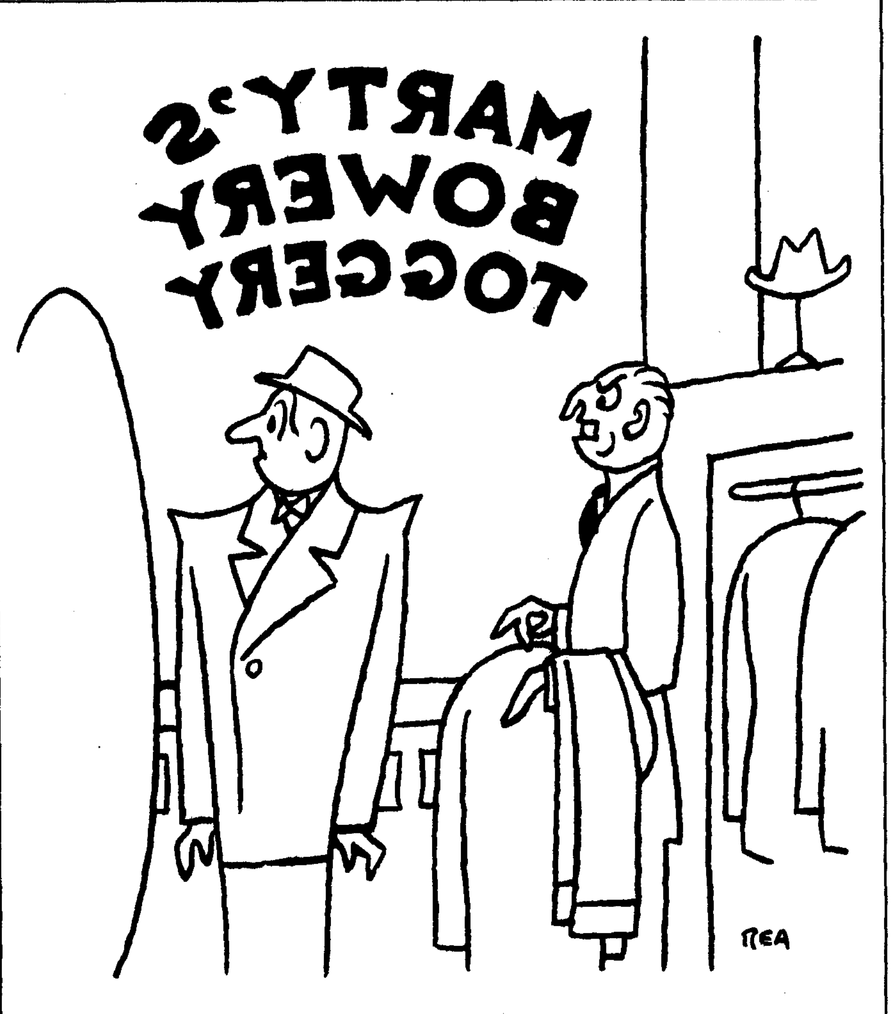
The first time Della came into the store after Tom's filing, she announced blandly, "Well, I reckon you've heard the news, Alden. I guess we can count on your support."

"Well," Nate said, "I can't very well take sides in a political scrap, you know." She knew very well he wouldn't vote for Tom, even if Tom were capable, which he was not. There wasn't a more upright and conscientious man in Picket Rock Township than Zack Kaufmann, the incumbent. In ten years in office, Zack had built all-weather roads through every farming community in the township, all of them leading into Picket Rock.

Della took up a loaf of bread and squeezed it in order to test its freshness, and then put it back and selected another for her basket. "That's too bad," she said. "I'd planned to ask if I could nail a placard



COLLIER'S "I'm afraid he's a little backward. He's still asking questions I can answer" RODNEY DeSARRO



COLLIER'S "Maybe *you* wouldn't be found dead in it, Mac, but some of our best customers *have* been!" GARDNER REA

on your hitching rack. I've been a customer for a good long time, you know."

"And I hope you'll keep on being," Nate said. He laid a slab of bacon on the block and honed his broad-bladed knife. "Thick or thin?" he asked, feeling mean.

"Middling," Della said cautiously. She had asked for her bacon thick, once, moving Nate's knife testily along the slab. When six slices had come to a pound, she had hit the rooftree. "We were out to Round Mound last night," she said, taking a handful of seedless raisins and going to look out through the window.

"That so?" Nate asked politely.

"The Mounders are all lined up for Tom," Della said. "They know a good thing when they see it."

"Pound of Four X?" Nate asked. He felt a little sorry for Della. It must be humiliating sometimes to be married to a man like Tom.

He carried Della's groceries to the car and stood for a moment with his foot on the step. "Looks like we're in for a spell of weather," he said, slapping at a fly on his ankle.

"Yes," she said. "Dogpecker gnats are bad, too. Well, much obliged for your support, Alden." The gears clashed, and she departed in a spurt of gravel.

"Now what did she mean by thanking me for my support?" Nate asked Syd. "I just the same as told her I wasn't going to vote for Tom."

"Maybe she meant the sign," Syd said. "She set it in the window while you were slicing the bacon."

Pressed against the glass, a gaudy red-and-yellow placard advised passers-by flamboyantly: WE VOTE FOR TOM SUMMERS AND RIDE ON ALL-WEATHER ROADS.

Nate plucked the sign from the window with distaste. "Put this in the bottom of the cat's box," he told Syd. "She ought to sleep good on it." He rescued a fly that was struggling in his poison saucer. "All-weather roads," he said. "Picket Rock Township's already got the finest all-weather roads in the county." . . .

The weather turned muggy, and the flies hung in clouds on the outside of the screen door and buzzed disconsolately in Nate's netting trap. Farmers, busy with the year's harvest, came and went with a harried air, and little was heard about the approaching runoff. One thing was certain: whoever won the Republican nomination, Zack or Tom, was sure to be elected, even if a Democrat filed, which was not likely. Picket Rock had always been a dyed-in-the-grain Republican township.

"Looks like you've got quite a campaign here," a traveling drummer remarked to Nate. "There are signs on every second telegraph pole in the township. Two to one for Tom Summers. Who is this Summers, anyway?"

"Nobody," Nate said. Della was carrying things a little too far.

WHEN hot weather came and Nate brought the egg candler up from the cellar, Della regarded it, as always, with pretended dudgeon. "I've got a good mind to take my custom to Meade," she said, "now I've got the Ford." She helped herself to a banana from the stalk.

"Why don't you?" Nate asked good-naturedly. "You'll find they're candling, too, though. It's the law now."

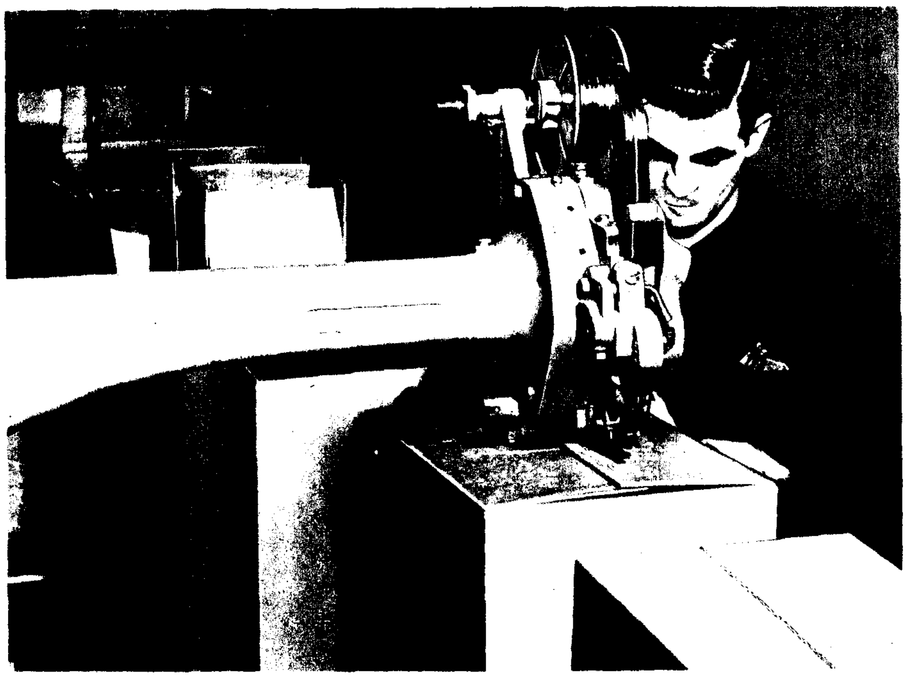
"Bother the law," Della said. "I don't have time to sit around while you look through every egg to see whether the hen's had truck with a rooster."

Nate lighted the lamp and dropped the match into the coal scuttle and eased his weight onto the herring keg in front of the candler. "I pen *my* cockerels away," he said, "when breeding season's done."

"There's a *man* for you," Della told Syd. "No wonder his hens look roupy. Give me a taste of that cheese with blood in it, will you, Syd?"

She took the sliver of pimento cheese off the broad blade of Syd's knife, and moved around the corner to the cracker barrel. "A piece of pickle would go good," she said, "if Alden wasn't so stingy."

"Give her a pickle," Nate told Syd. "One of those kosher dills." He held an egg to



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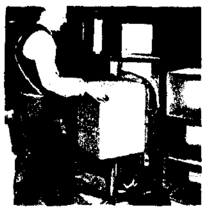

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his ear and shook it gently. "That one ought to have hatched," he said. "You didn't leave it under the hen long enough."

Della brushed the crumbs from her generous bosom and picked at the remnants. "When you get through," she said. "I'll go home and make a cake from them you've candled out."

"Well, just don't bring me any of it," Nate said. "That's all I ask." He had marked a reject once and had found it back in Della's case when she came in the next week.

THE bell on the front screen jangled, and Charlie Hamblett came in, not quite steady on his feet. "Howdy, Mrs. Summers," he said, bowing elaborately. "How's Tom's campaign coming?"

Della favored him with a chilly smile. "Mr. Hamblett," she said, "we've got Round Mound and Hardpan in the bag. It looks like the whole west half of the township is solid for Summers, since we've promised them the graveled road."

Nate's ears lifted. "What's this about a road?" he asked. "I thought the township had plenty of graveled roads."

"Why, an all-weather road across that quagmire into Meade," Della said. "Now that folks are getting automobiles, they'll be wanting to get into Meade to the picture shows in bad weather as well as good. It's what we're campaigning on. Roads all through that quagmire!"

"Of all the gnat-brained, impractical notions I've ever heard," Nate told Syd, "that takes the loving cup! Nobody lives in that bottom. It's floodland. Building roads across it high enough to travel on would break the township. And all the Picket Rock trade on that side would go into Meade and ruin Picket Rock. It's that new Ford. It's turned Della's head light."

He folded and refolded the remnants Della had messed up. "Turning road funds over to a man like Tom Summers, who's never had one nickel to jangle against another, would be like turning the Dalton boys loose in the U.S. mint."

"Do you think he has a chance?"

"I don't know," Nate said. "I just don't know. With last summer's good wheat crop, automobiles are getting as thick as flies in a honeypot." He went to the meat box and took out a small crock of milk and poured it, cream and all, into a saucer for Big Red, the store cat. "Picket Rock would be a ghost town," he said. "There's no rhyme nor reason to it. If a road had been needed across that bottom, if it had been practical, Zack would have built it long ago. Putting road funds into the hands of a man like Tom Summers would be like dropping a dead cat into a flock of vultures."

He stewed about it all week. As he sorted the potatoes and scraped the meat block and put fresh sawdust on the floor, he kept muttering to himself about the road. He only went across to Charlie Hamblett's once, and then he was back in a few minutes, more disturbed than ever.

"They say she's really got folks eating out of her hand," he told Syd. "The tenant farmers will all vote for Tom. They've got nothing to lose. She never says anything against Zack. There's nothing *to* say. Zack's proved his mettle. She just keeps dangling that graveled road in front of their faces. Even the homesteaders. They forget they're the ones who are going to have to pay for it. It's like Big Red when she goes on the prowl of nights. She never thinks about having to feed another litter. It's a regular boondoggle trap, and they're walking into it with their eyes wide open."

"Why don't you tell Mrs. Summers?" Syd asked. "Why don't you explain it to her?"

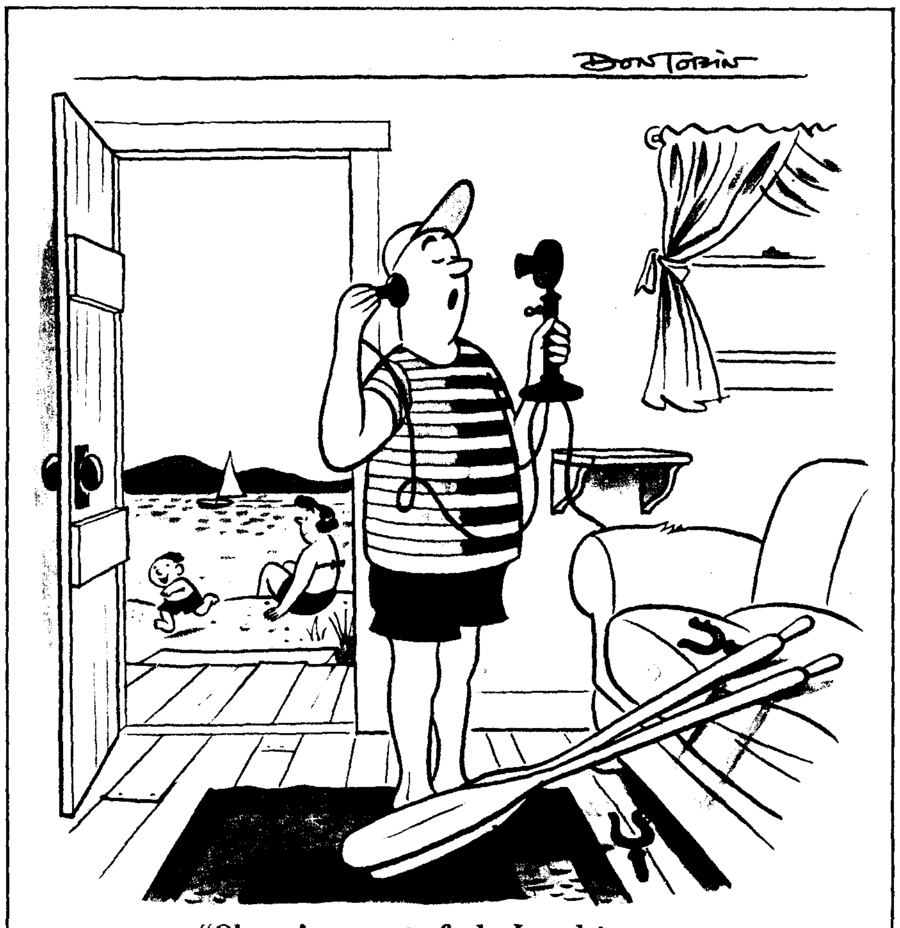
"It wouldn't do any good," Nate said. "She'd think I was just trying to block Tom to help Zack. When she gets the bit in her teeth, there's no stopping her." . . .

When Nate put the carefully lettered sign: VOTE FOR ZACK KAUFMANN AND SAVE YOUR TOWNSHIP in his window, Della pretended not to notice. Nor did she appear to be aware that Nate was hardly his old cordial self. While he unpacked her produce, she munched dried apricots from the case and made frequent trips to the water cooler, keeping up her usual run of chatter.

"Sam Jeter's had his spring bath," she said. "Mrs. Jeter told me about it herself. She said she'd got so she couldn't stand Sam in the bed. So she filled the washtub with hot water one morning and took a bar of lye-and-crackling soap and lugged it up the stairs before Sam was up. Then she locked the stair door and told Sam he could have his eggs and side meat just as soon as he'd washed himself."

"And what did Sam say to that?" Nate asked coldly. People said the only things Sam Jeter knew water was good for was for drinking or for fishing.

"Mrs. Jeter said he screamed like a stuck hog," Della said. "He yelled so loud and beat on the stair door so hard that she went down to the crick to get out of earshot. But he finally washed himself. She said the water was thick as mush, and she made a fire of hedge trimmings and burned his overalls."



"Oh, we're easy to find. Just drive out River Road till you get to Hobb's General Store—if you like eggs for breakfast you might pick up a couple dozen—then turn right two miles to Dan's Meat Market—we could use a roast and some steaks—then take the left fork to Al's liquor store—we're all out . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

When, late that afternoon, Nate came across the street from the bank, he noticed for the first time that the Zack Kaufmann window card had been carefully covered by a square of muslin from the remnant counter.

THE affair about the butter looked like pure providence. In the first place, Nate almost never sold a pound of butter in Picket Rock. And in the second place, when he had the telephone call from Mrs. Bombach, why should he have selected that particular print of Della's butter? With the new molds, the prints all looked identical, and Della had brought in an even dozen.

"Half a pound will be enough," Mrs. Bombach told Nate. "If you don't mind cutting one. I'm churning in the morning. But I've got company in the house and not a scrap of butter for supper."

"Mrs. Summers' is the freshest in," Nate told her. "And it's always the best." He liked Mrs. Bombach. She minded her own business and she didn't put on airs, the way some of the other doctors' wives had.

"Mrs. Summers' will be fine," she said. "And many thanks."

"Leave the sweeping," Nate told Syd. He set a pound of Della's butter on the block and wiped his knife on his apron. "Take this butter up to Mrs. Bombach's. Take the Maxwell, and stop back by the icehouse. We're getting low—" He broke off with a murmured ejaculation.

"Look here!" he told Syd. Red spots of color dyed his fat cheeks, and his blue eyes sparked with anger. "Of all the conniving shenanigans! She didn't have enough to finish filling the mold, so she dropped in the first thing she laid eyes on."

In the center of the butter print, neatly rolled in butter paper against the rust, was a quarter-pound scale weight.

When, an hour later, Zack Kaufmann came in for his weekly pound of beefsteak, Nate was still sputtering. "How's the campaign coming?" he asked Zack, fingering the weight in his pocket.

"From what I hear," Zack said, "from the unofficial poll, I might as well withdraw and save face. It's not that I mind so much losing; it's a thankless job. You know that, Nate. But you know as well as I do what that road is going to cost and what it's going to do to Picket Rock."

Nate pulled a length of twine down and wrapped it around his stubby fingers. "Maybe he won't build it," he said hopefully. "He's lazy as a spavined mule."

"He'll build it," Zack said. "She'll see he builds it. She's done the promising."

Nate wrapped the twine around the package of steak and snapped it off. "Zack," he said, "don't give up yet. I've got a little kind of a plan in mind. It might not work. And it will probably lose me a good steady customer . . ."

When Della came into the store, on the following Saturday, she was friendly and beaming, full of sugar. "I'd like to taste the cheese," she told Nate, bearing down on the meat case. "Tom likes it nippy."

"How's Tom's campaign shaping?" Nate asked, getting out the cheese.

"Fine," Della said. "Fine as frog hair. We were over to Gravel Hill last night. They're all lined up. It looks like Kaufmann's left at the post."

Nate wiped the broad-bladed knife on his apron and sank it into the soft cheese. "Tom ever think of withdrawing from the ballot?" he asked casually.

Della looked up in amusement, her hand in the cracker barrel. "Why, no," she said. "Of course not, Alden. Why should he? He's got the whole west side counted, and half the east."

Nate held out the cheese, his knife and his gray eyes steady. "You ever think of asking him to?"

Della came to lean against the meat case, but ignored the offering. "What are you driving at, Alden?"

Nate laid the scale weight on the counter between them. "Suppose," he said conversationally, "I were to put this into my window, with a card telling where I found it?"

Red crept from Della's collar slowly across her plump cheeks and into the roots of her sun-faded hair. But her eyes held steady.

"Is that a condition?" she asked quietly.

Nate fondled the weight with his fingers.

"It might be a hard thing to do, Alden," she said. "A month, six weeks ago, I could have done it easy. He was sick of the whole thing. He said it would be a lot of hard work—and you know how he hates that—and that I'd talked him into it. But now it's coming close, he's got his head up and tail over the dashboard. All he thinks about is the glory of winning."

Nate withdrew the scale. "Please yourself," he said. "I'm not a man to tell what I know. Under *ordinary* circumstances. But the day I hear Tom's dropped out of the race, you can have this—bauble—back. With Syd's and my pledge to silence."

Nate bit thoughtfully into the slice of cheese he had cut for Della and watched her go out, shutting the door easy. "You can come in now," he called to Syd, "and finish the onions."

"What did she say?" Syd asked. "How did she look? Do you think she'll do it?"

Nate set the cheese back in the case and untied his apron. "I'm going over to Charlie's," he told Syd, ignoring the questions. "I feel like a ginger beer, to pick me up. Maybe I won't be back for an hour or two."

IT WAS two weeks before Della again entered the store. Thoughtfully, in anticipation of her coming, Nate had withdrawn the VOTE FOR ZACK KAUFMANN placard from the front window. It had served its purpose. Tom Summers had withdrawn from the race, and Zack had a clear field.

"If there was another store," Della announced stiffly, "I wouldn't trouble you with my patronage."

Her eyes passed without interest over the table of neatly folded remnants. A glass jar of pink coconut puffs stood invitingly open, but she did not take any. She waited, in stony silence, while Nate candled the eggs.

He set the egg case on the counter and took out his order book. For once, he hadn't candled out a single egg. He hadn't had to. They were as clear as crazy water.

Silently, Della laid her list on the counter; and as silently Nate set about filling it. Gravely, he rechecked, added a bundle of licorice sticks, gratis, for her grandson Lacey. That was everything but the coffee.

He ground it fine, the way Della liked it. He poured it, fresh and aromatic, into the sack, and set the sack on the scale. It weighed, as he had estimated, exactly three-fourths pound, on the down balance. He glanced up.

Della, her head held high, was gazing haughtily down her nose at the meat block. Nate opened the coffee sack and dropped in the quarter-pound scale weight. THE END

Stop! Look!

There's a Borden's Cream Cheese for every taste... every use!

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED

So much better-tasting for snacks!

And no wonder! Borden's Cream Cheese is *actually fresher-tasting* cream cheese, and not only that, it has a smoother texture, too! Spread on crackers, salted rye, or bagels, you're set for the very best cream cheese eatin'!

Don't forget Borden's Cream Cheese when you're dreaming of an extra-good salad . . . or for those luscious cake frostings! You'll really notice what a difference Borden's fresher taste makes! Get it in the 3 oz. or the thrifty 8 oz. size.

A tightly sealed wrapper protects the original goodness and purity of the cheese until you open the package. No loose flaps allow air to reach the cheese.

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
CHIVE

So much smoother for cheese dips!

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
PINEAPPLE
Wej-Cut

So much fresher-tasting for sandwiches!

Here's the newest Borden's Cream Cheese . . . and it's a dilly! Filled with tangy, tender chopped chives—fresh from Borden's own chive gardens! Just whip a little milk for the finest *Chip-Dip* of 'em all! Look for Borden's Chive Cream Cheese and its handy, dandy companion, Borden's Pimento Cream Cheese, in the dairy case of your favorite store.

What's more convenient than Borden's Wej-Cuts to give you a surprising variety of sandwiches! And with Borden's you'll have fresher-tasting cream cheese sandwiches, too! Take your pick of these handy 6 oz. Wej-Cuts in Plain, Chive, Relish, Pineapple or Pimento cream cheese! They're blessings for summer lunches . . . perfect for picnics!

©The Borden Company

Tightly sealed wrapper guarantees its goodness!

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

Folks who know cheese say "Borden's, please!"

The U.S. Male . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

married couples as well as our counseling with men and women has convinced us that most men can cope with the problem of a cool wife better than with the opposite situation.

In spite of their complaints on this point, men's feeling that they must be the superior in sex adequacy is so strong that they are certainly happier feeling somewhat frustrated sexually than they would be if they were less adequate than their wives. If it turns out, as it sometimes does in modern marriage, that the wife is more able in sex than her husband, the man is likely to begin to have doubts about his own virility. One man who, shortly after his marriage, came for counsel because of this situation summed up his worries by asking, "What is wrong with *us?*"

When Wife Is the More Eager

Actually nothing was wrong with either him or his wife. It just happened that he belonged in the statistical average of men with normal but not excessive sexual need and capacity. But his wife happened to be in the statistical minority of women with unusual physical energy and very marked sexual capacity. Professor Lewis Terman of Stanford University has studied many aspects of marriage with the co-operation of nearly 800 California couples, and his findings show that the marital happiness of husbands was quite low in marriages in which the wife was more interested in sex than the husband was. American men just aren't prepared for that situation.

Since many of men's problems occur in relation to women, it might seem that the men who stay clear of marriage are the best off. What of bachelors? How do they compare with other men? They are likely to be rated by women as desirable and eligible, but the facts about bachelors, as statisticians see them, should give any woman pause. Bachelors have higher death, insanity and suicide rates than married men have, and that is not to be explained in terms of marriage being a healthier state. It is rather that among those men who do not marry are many who are "unmarriageable" either physically, mentally or emotionally. This is in contrast to unmarried women who do not differ unfavorably from married women.

Certainly, there are all kinds of men; as a sex, they offer as many contradictions and paradoxes as women do. In their work in business, industry or a profession, they are likely to be realistic, hardheaded when necessary, and practical. They are forced to be, to survive in our culture. But when it comes to their own make-up and their relationships with women, they are the unrealistic sex, striving to conform to traditional molds and trying to bend their personal relationships to fit unrealistic patterns.

Nevertheless, many men have learned that life is a series of deals or trades. A man can, if he tries hard enough, successfully hold tight to all his masculine prerogatives, but if he does he may be the loser in satisfactory personal relationships with women.

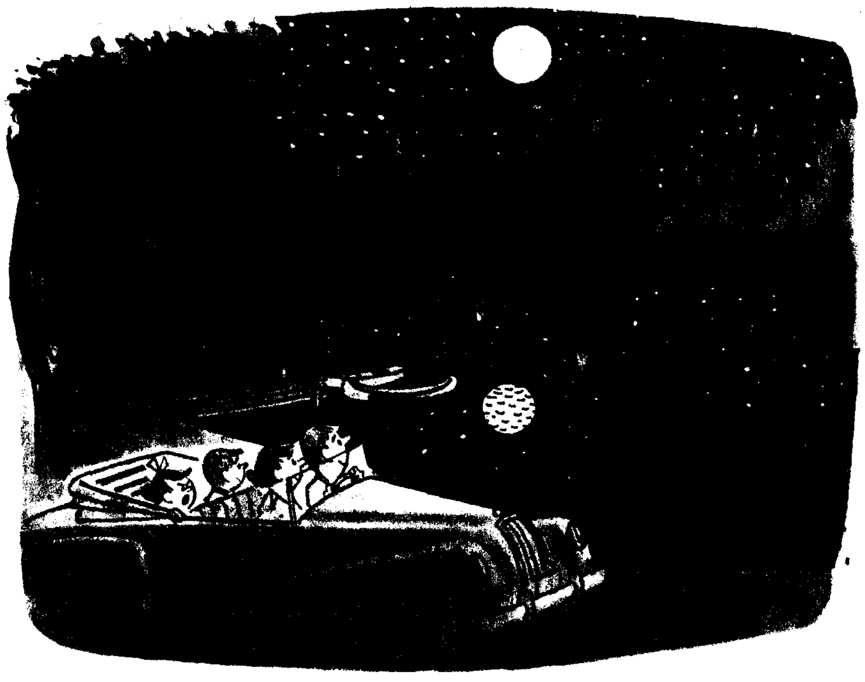
The more a man understands himself and becomes able to accept his weaknesses and to recognize his basic strengths, the less necessary he will find it to throw his weight around. Nature did cheat him on some points. He is big and muscular, but he is a push-over for a lot of ailments and diseases. In our culture he does have to go out and meet life head-on to a much greater extent than women do, but he doesn't have to try to fool himself into thinking that it always comes natural to him. He needs a lot of moral support from some woman in order to be brave enough to buck the world.

We have pointed out earlier that men are biologically the "weaker" sex when it comes to survival. But in some other aspects, such as sex drive, they are the stronger, and it seems probable that these other factors are crucial in establishing the pattern of man-woman relationships.

For example, the facts of endocrinological functioning mean that women are emotionally and physically subject to fluctuations. Periodically their efficiency is below its usual level, and their dispositions show corresponding irregularities. This fluctuation is more extreme than the slight ups and downs that men have according to whether they are tired or hungry or for other minor reasons. Over a period of years in life, this periodicity of feminine functioning and the lack of periodicity in masculine functioning add up to a major difference in "drive" and in ability to carry certain kinds of continuous and grueling responsibilities. So in most families the man is, and has to be, the "stronger"; he has to be the bulwark for the family.

THE END

SISTER



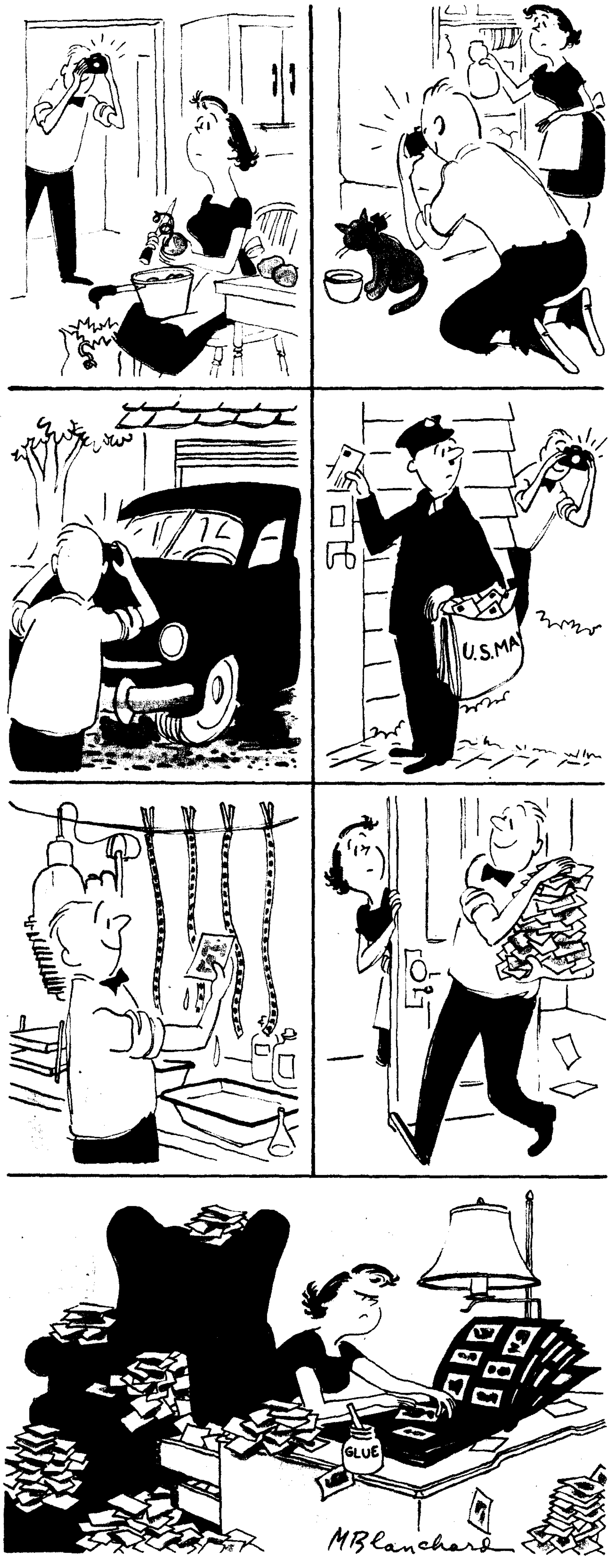
COLLIER'S

"Well, it doesn't make *me* feel small and insignificant!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Photographer

By MARTHA BLANCHARD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GLUE
MBlanchard

Makes drinks taste better
Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER

Here's the best highball you've ever tasted!

Blend-ability **is the reason**

Ordinary soda water won't give you *Blend-ability.* Neither will plain water. Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water has *Blend-ability*—the ability to point up the flavor of any drink . . . to make all drinks taste better. It is the result of these Canada Dry exclusives:

Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula"—an expert blending and balancing of important mineral salts.

Exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation"—creates millions of tinier, longer-lasting bubbles that keep your drink lively longer.

THE CLUB SODA WITH *Blend-ability*

At Cannes Film Festival, Gloria De Haven danced dreamy-eyed with actor Gustavo Rojo, star of new Spanish movie Parsifal

Old-time pie-tossing comedian Mack Sennett introduces "Miss Bikini," Colette Bosse, to popeyed U.S. Marines and sailors on shore liberty

Day and night parties at Aly Khan's villa, "L'Horizon," kept visitors entertained when they were not at casinos or relaxing on the beaches

While guests frolicked in Cannes, film cans were sorted for showing

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Film Fun Comes in

THE French Riviera has been the playground of the rich, lucky and idle ever since the Mediterranean turned blue. But it wasn't till after World War II that Hollywood really moved in on it. The cinema city has now practically established a recreational outpost where the sun shines bright and the champagne makes bubbles all the day. Movie people drift in and out of towns like Monte Carlo, Antibes and Cannes, just as you and I—when I'm not on an expense account—drift in and out of Coney Island and Pismo Beach. For us the high light of the season is the baby parade and the bathing-beauty contest; for the Riviera crowd from Hollywood the high spot is the Festival International du Film de Cannes.

This late-spring shindig, warmly welcomed by the tourist hunters of the city of Cannes, is a sort of cinematic world series, in which prizes are handed out to the best films, the best actors, the best etceteras from everywhere. It may not be the most important of the European film festivals (others are held in Venice and near Brussels), but it is certainly the most fun.

This year at Cannes's Fifth International Film Festival, a group of 16 judges viewed some 310 miles of film from 31 countries. They ran a polyglot gamut (with French subtitles) from An American in Paris (U.S.) to a Japanese tidbit called Waves and a tender Swedish teen-age love story tagged She Danced One Summer. An awful lot of these pictures were awful. The Palais des Festivals' theater and projection rooms were torture chambers: there was lots of mileage but little smileage. Italy stumbled away with the major honors, sharing the Grand Prix for its Two Cents' Worth of Hope with a Moroccan entry, Orson

Although he won award for production of Morocco-made film, Othello, Orson Welles was miffed when U.S. delegates did not congratulate him

Dolores del Rio, former Hollywood star and now in Mexican films, saw old friends, signed autographs and posed with French poodle

Bill Holden on vacation with wife Brenda Marshall went sight-seeing, took pictures in Riviera towns. Tower in background is 500 years old

CANNES

Welles' Othello. The good old U.S.A. won only three awards. Marlon Brando was voted best male actor for his Viva Zapata! (20th Century-Fox), and Lee Grant, the shoplifter in Paramount's Detective Story, lifted the prize for the best female acting. Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera movie The Medium (Transfilm) slipped through with a prize for music-drama.

While the judges judged, though, everybody was elsewhere having a time. Elsewhere was usually the terrace of Aly Khan's villa, "L'Horizon," where the Aga's little boy was playing host to everybody. Aly and a gal named Rita were married on this terrace three years ago. Every time I looked his way he seemed to be in deep conversation with one or another of the current Khandidates in the Aly sweepstakes. Foremost in the field, according to my notes, were Yvonne De Carlo, Gloria De

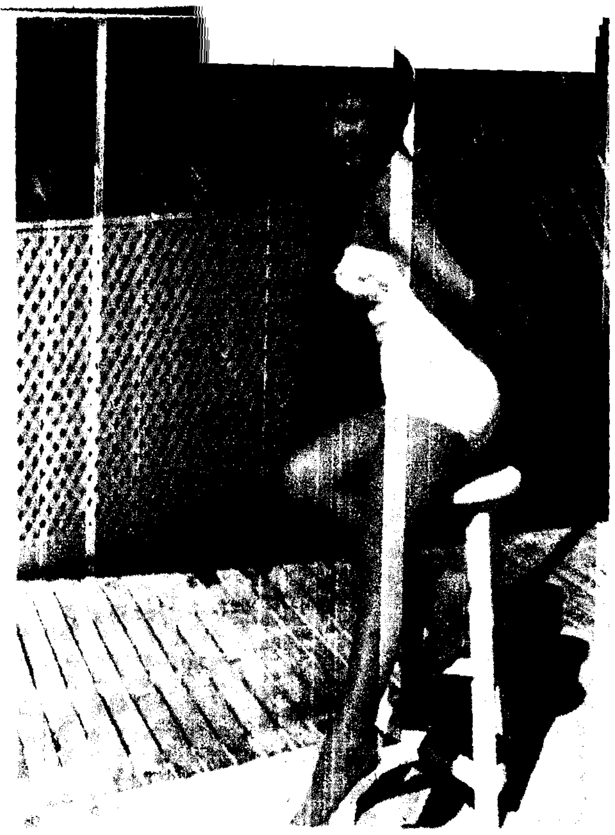
Simone Simon made quick visit, left for Nice after stay of only one day

In Aly Khan's garden, Greek actress Irene Pappas—alone with "my man"

CONTINUED ▶

In native dress for film festival, Norway's Randi Kolstad posed for the folks back home

Before typical Cannes background, Yvonne De Carlo smiled, told reporters she was a "bachelor girl"



Gloria De Haven traveled some 6,000 miles from sunny California to tan in Cannes sun

Gina Lollobrigida, star of Italian movies, unpacked three times for the photographers

Film Fun Comes in CANNES CONTINUED

Haven and a Greek starlet named Irene Pappas. Yvonne asked your note jotter not to play up any romantic angles, but Irene up and told a correspondent, "The prince is my man and we were made for one another. Though he doesn't declare his love for me, his kisses speak for themselves. I am in love with Aly, and marriage is definitely my interest . . ." So far as Aly was concerned, it was all Greek to him. Khan kayoed the romantic talk with: "She is a charming, agreeable girl, but I would never permit myself to say a millionth part of what she told the American reporter." Good night, Irene.

Not everybody talked about Aly, though. Some folks talked about movies, even. Biggest gripe of the losers was that their pictures' dialogue wasn't adequately translated by the French subtitles. (The winners found the translations pretty near perfect.) A line in the American-made Halls of Montezuma was: "Sir, to me it don't look kosher." The French subtitle translation read: *"Ca n'est pas bien catholique"* ("This is not very orthodox").

Eh bien, strange things happen when Americans try to talk French, too. During a radio interview for which a Yankee hero had memorized his answers in sequence, he fell slightly behind his interviewer. Asked the interviewer in French: "Do you have any children?" Said our boy: "Yes, Samuel Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck."

There are two schools of thought about American participation in future film festivals. One group feels that a considerable amount of prestige and publicity can be gained by sending over a planeload of stars. The other group thinks that when a film like An American in Paris, which won Hollywood's Oscar, doesn't even draw a blue ribbon at a place like Cannes, the cards must be stacked against us. But everybody agrees that Cannes can be fun, and as Bill Stapleton's pictures on these pages attest, the sights are exquisite.

And so for another year, we say good-by to the lovely little town of Cannes where the sun shines bright and the champagne makes bubbles all the day.

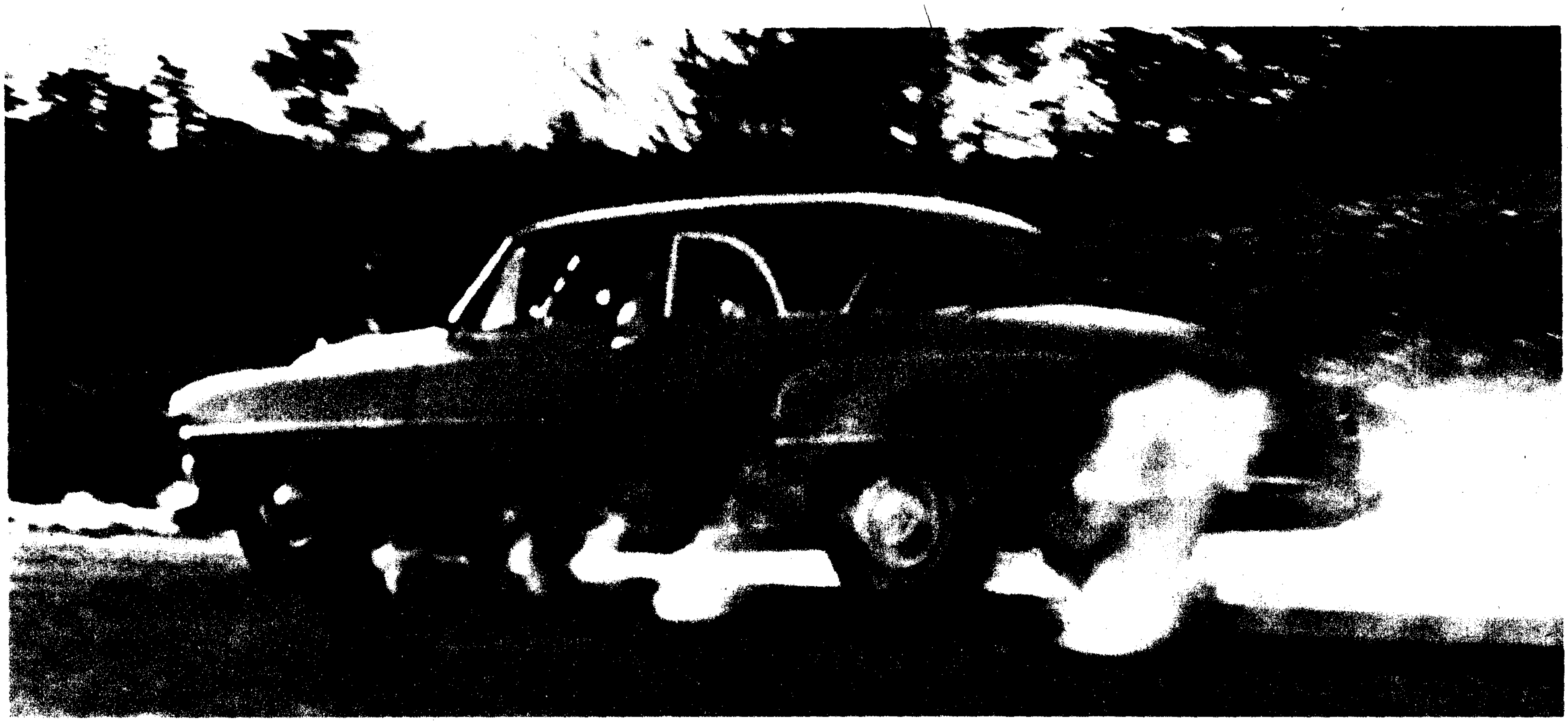
IRVING HOFFMAN

Elfie Mayerhofer came from Austria to hear praise for Austrian film, The Heavenly Walls

Born in America, Virginia Kieley stars in English films, was delighted to pose for a U.S. cameraman

At American party, Thilda Thamar, known as "Argentine Bombshell," almost stole show

Dodge brakes set record in 'FULL PANIC' STOP TEST



Tires smoke *as brakes lock all four wheels at 50 m.p.h. on Dodge Diplomat*

"BEST BRAKES WE'VE TESTED TO DATE," says A.J. White of Motor Vehicle Research

The revealing test pictured on this page was conducted by Motor Vehicle Research of Epping, New Hampshire, an *independent* automotive research laboratory, exclusively for Science and Mechanics Magazine.

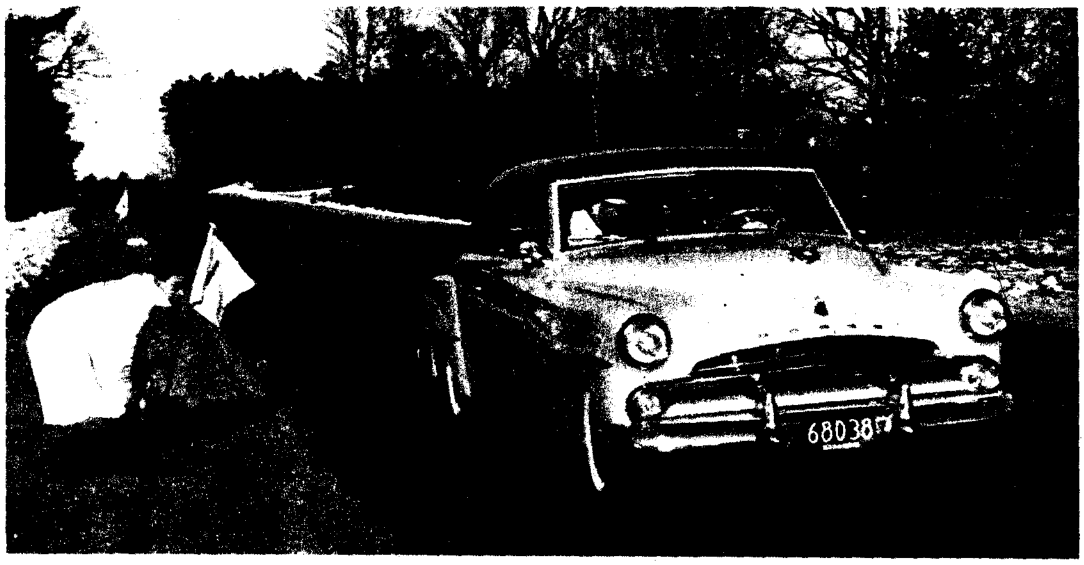
In this "full panic" stop test, Dodge brakes were slammed on as you might have to do in an emergency. With less pedal pressure, the big Dodge brakes chalked up an amazing record of 94% efficiency—double the safety standards set by nearly all 48 states—positive proof of Dodge extra safety.

Before you buy any car, be sure you get all the facts on automobile safety the Dodge "Show Down" way. Ask your Dodge dealer for the "Show Down" booklet which lets you compare the facts on Dodge with other cars costing hundreds of dollars more. When you get all the facts on car safety features, we're sure you'll want to "play it safe . . . and buy a dependable Dodge."

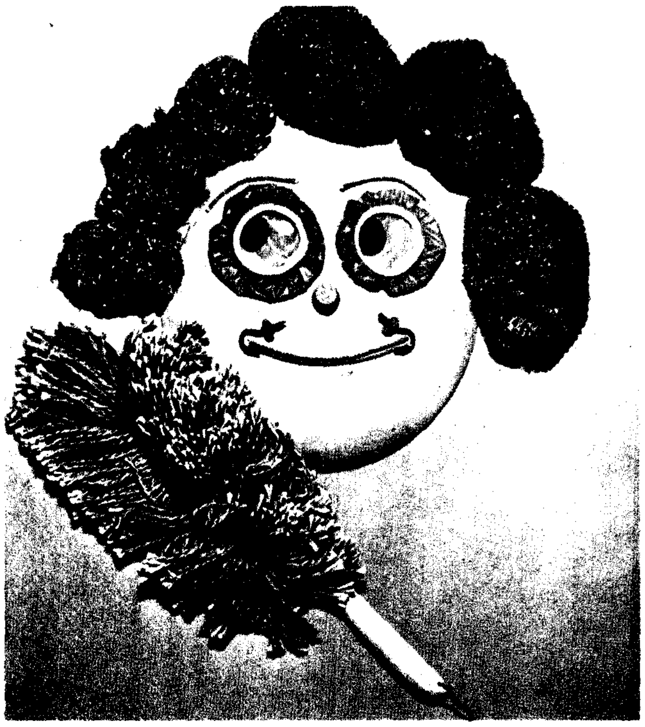
Results of test made in October, 1951

Brakes slammed on . . . every split second counts! Dodge Cyclebond brake linings give greater usable braking area . . . last longer . . . enable you to stop quickly, surely when seconds count. Tests showed 94% braking efficiency . . . double the safety standards set by nearly all 48 states.

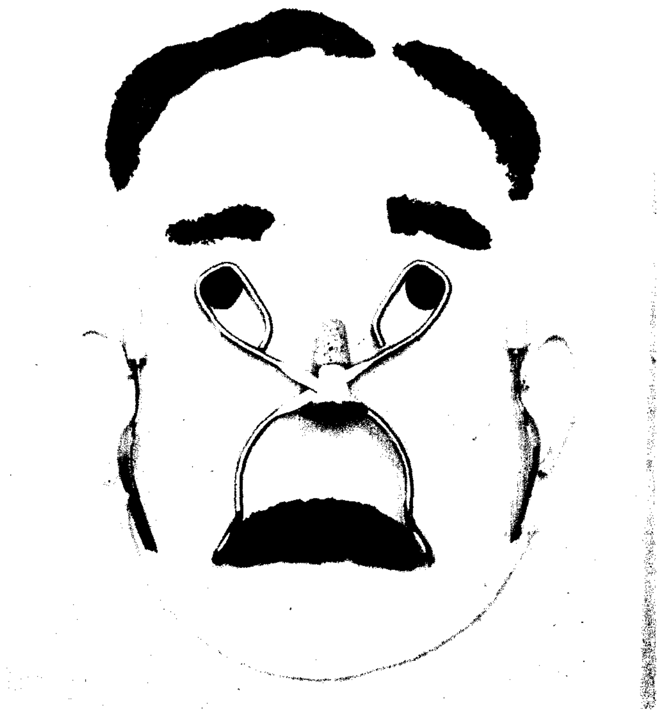
Straight as an arrow! See those tire tracks? In this grueling test Dodge stopped straight and true . . . with no "fishtailing," no swerving, no sway. A. J. White, Director of Motor Vehicle Research, stated, "These are the best brakes we've tested to date."



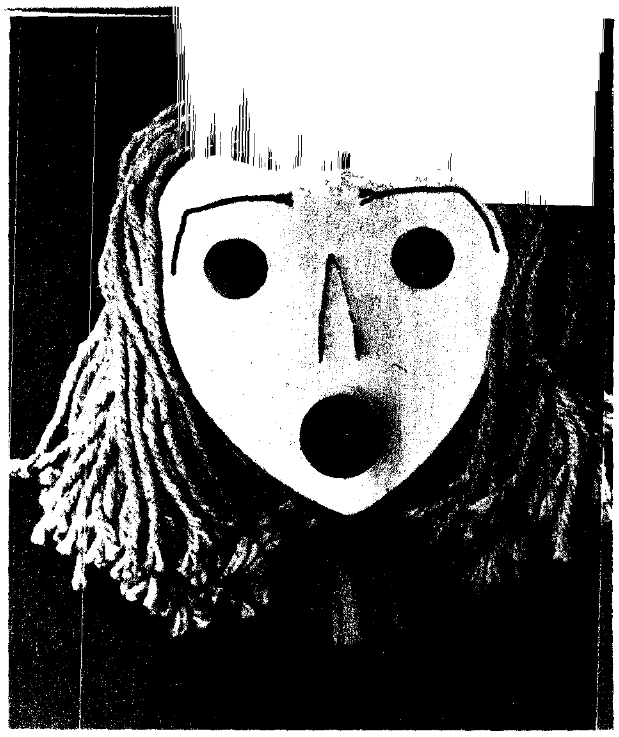
Big, Safe, Dependable '52 DODGE



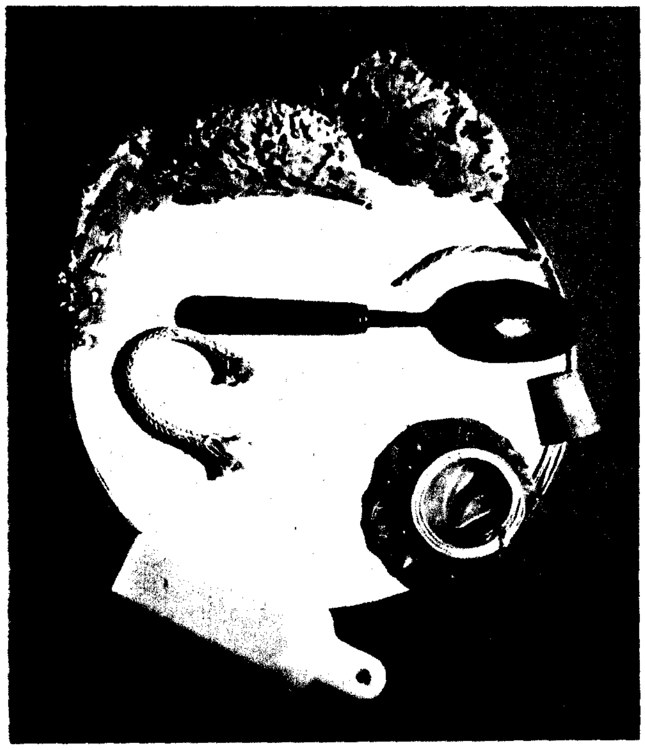
Mother's salad-bowl face shows a defiance to diet, but she fluffs her steel-wool hair and rolls her eyes when you praise her pies



Father's face is etched with bacon tongs (he's been bringing it home for years) and his spongy hair is waging a last stand against an aggressive forehead



Sister's mop of hair tops a heart-shaped pan (cake). She has soulful cork eyes, an egg-cup mouth and a strawberry-huller nose

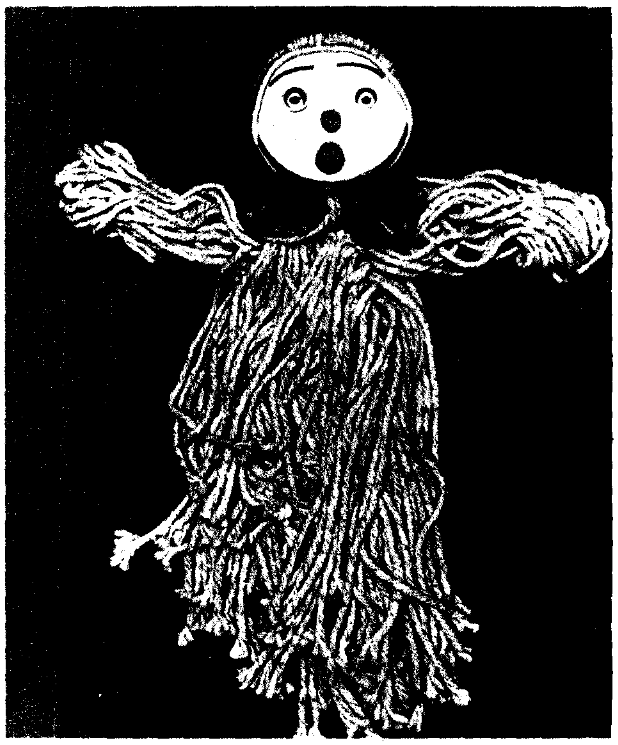


The asbestos-mat face belongs to Junior, who issues stentorian orders to his fellow spacemen out of the side of his bowl-cover mouth

The Family Next Door

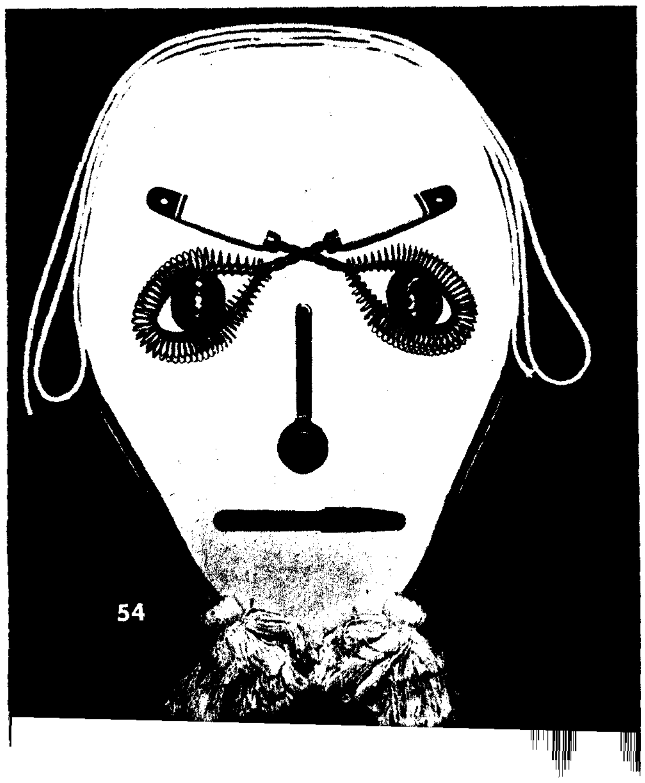
By MILDRED and LAURENCE TILLEY

By arranging several common items found in any well-run kitchen—with the possible exception of the stove—the Tilleys present eight photographs of neighbors you know

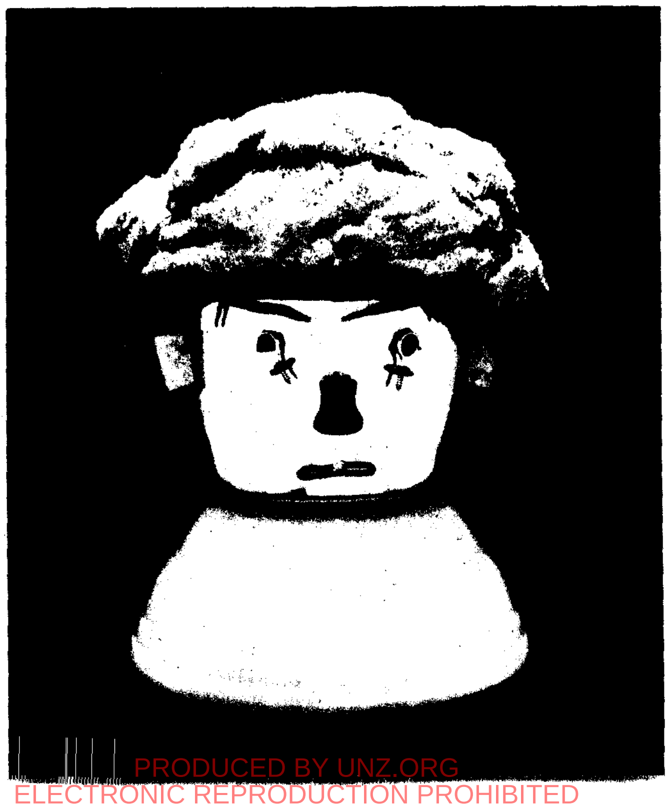


Little Ermintrude may rightly be called a moppet whose round pan is just that, decorated with cork mouth and pot-handle eyes

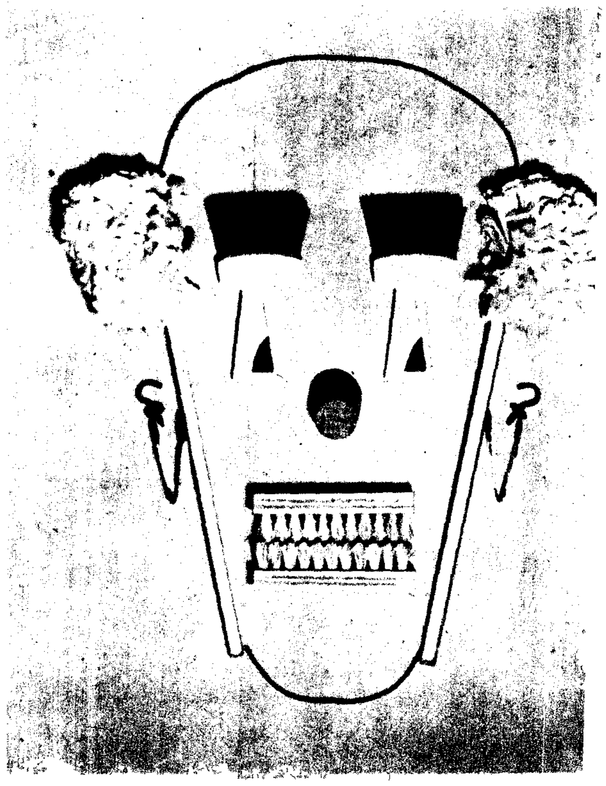
Grandpa's glasses are egg whisks; dish mops form his spade beard and a strand of twine gives him distinguished, if thin, white hair



With her cup-hook eyes Grandma misses nothing, and her stringy mouth is firm. It is common knowledge that her steel-wool locks are partially purchased

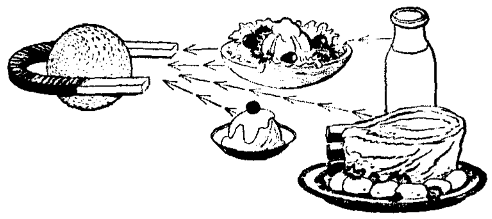


Vegetable brushes make up Uncle Clem's grin; plastic brushes his eyes and eyebrows. Dishmop tufts rescue him from complete baldness



Nutritionists say: "Tremendously important for everyone!"—

The New Discovery About Oranges



THE PROTOPECTINS *in fresh oranges help you get more good from all the foods you eat, by improving your "digestive climate"... but you must eat the fruit to benefit.*

Nutritionists are now giving entirely new importance to *eating* your oranges.

For when you *eat* an orange you get not only the vitamin C but the *protopectins,* remarkable substances now being accorded great importance by scientists.

The *protopectins* are found in the meaty solids of the orange—the walls of the segments and juice sacs.

What the protopectins do

In this era of high speed and high pressure, few of us give our digestive systems a fair chance. We may eat well, but our bodies could make far better *use* of the food.

The protopectins help you absorb into your system a greater share of the non-caloric nutrients such as vitamins and minerals. And they do this without leading to weight gain!

The *protopectins* help you avoid many digestive ills and upsets. When the digestive tract becomes overactive and irritated, or when it becomes sluggish, they help it regain normal action. They remove harmful bacteria from your digestive system, and encourage the friendly types. **Result: better nourishment. And when you are better nourished, greater well-being generally follows... *greater work-output, a keener mind, more resistance to infectious disease, and often a better complexion.***

Follow this simple plan

1. Serve each member of your family Sunkist Oranges every day in some favorite way. This gives them their needed vitamin C. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids*... so be sure they *peel* and *eat* at least one orange a day.

2. Set a regular time to eat oranges ... with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

Give *your* family the benefits of the protopectins. Fresh oranges are the practical *non-starchy* source.

Research uncovering new values in natural foods

The *protopectins* are only one example of the new health values being found in natural, fresh foods. Now under special study are the bioflavonoids. These also are found in the meat of fresh oranges. They are known to strengthen the tiniest blood vessels... more evidence of the importance of eating "an orange a day."

Sunkist
california orange juice
Sunkist
california orange juice

Sunkist Oranges—Best of the Best

Give your family a *maximum amount of protopectins* by serving them Sunkist California Oranges. California oranges lead the world in quality; Sunkist are the best of the California crop.

Sunkist brings you all three

Sunkist is the only national brand that brings you all three... fresh oranges, canned orange juice and frozen orange juice... each the finest of its kind.

To peel an orange quickly: cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.

Sunkist®
California Oranges

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For *your* vacation——you can have the fine car you want simply by calling your local Hertz station. You can easily reserve that car for a day, week or longer . . . anywhere throughout the international network of over 500 Hertz Cities. But do it now . . . for this year people will travel more than ever before. Look to Hertz, with 28 years of leadership, for the best in car rental service. You can always rely on Hertz, where one low cost covers everything . . . gas, oil and proper insurance. And you'll enjoy the personalized Hertz Service for which there is no substitute. A car from Hertz, and Hertz Service, adds the touch that makes your vacation perfect.

For a week-end vacation there's nothing like having a car from Hertz. It's easy to rent . . . fun to drive because it's in better condition than most private cars. Hertz mechanics keep it that way to satisfy you.

For a week-end outing rent a car from Hertz...the whole family can ride for the low cost of one person. There are no concealed charges . . . no hidden minimums.

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For the vacation of your life . . . rent a car from Hertz for your entire vacation. Set your own schedule . . . go when you like, where you want. It's the way to make your vacation really worth while . . . and remember, the cost is low for all the family.

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Private Car Pleasure . . . You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent by day or night, for an hour, day, week, or as long as you wish.

Reservations . . . To be sure of a car when you need it, make a reservation in advance by calling your local Hertz station. They will reserve a car for use locally . . . or at the Hertz station in your destination city. If there is no Hertz station in your home town at this time, request your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan at the railroad or airline reservation office, or your travel agency. *Insist on Hertz for dependable service and proper insurance protection.*

Insurance Protection . . . *You are always sure that you are properly insured when you rent a car from any Hertz station.*

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NOTE: *To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to responsible local interests to operate as part of the Hertz System. For complete information write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 472, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

Look in your telephone directory
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WHEREVER YOU GO . . . WHATEVER YOU DO . . .
YOU CAN RENT A NEW CAR FROM HERTZ AS EASY AS A B C

Why I'm for Kefauver

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

and roadblocks put in his way. On a larger scale, Kefauver repeated his Pennsylvania experience as chairman of the Senate Crime Committee. Here, as before, he proved that he was relentless in pursuit of the guilty and that he ranked public morality above party loyalty. He showed up more Democrats than Republicans and worked longer in Democratic than in Republican cities. There was much criticism of him by Democrats because he would not lay off, even though an election was coming up. But in all of the hearings he was scrupulously fair and notably decent to witnesses. There was no intimidation, no storming at confused persons on the stand. The strict code of correct civil liberties was followed.

That's the kind of man he is, and that's one reason why I am for him. Time and conditions demand a man who is rigorously honest, fearless, competent and energetic. I am convinced that as President of the United States he would do a better housecleaning job than any Republican who might get that office. He is a loyal Democrat, all right, but his loyalty is to the best in our party, not at all to the worst.

Ever since he became a candidate the administration has worked desperately to head him off. The President himself went in the New Hampshire primary to stop him and perhaps show him up as a political juvenile. But despite the fact that the party officeholders and the professionals scorned him, he won that primary by a ratio of about three to two. The President has not opposed him personally in any other primary, but party leaders have brought out favorite sons to hold delegates away from Kefauver. The weight of federal patronage, in his own state and elsewhere, has been thrown against him. Some of this opposition has been open, more of it hidden.

Popular Support Can Elect Him

You may ask me whether a candidate who is opposed by his own party's leaders can possibly win, and I'll answer by telling you that this country of ours is still a democracy. From New Hampshire down to this very day, it has been clear that the people like Estes Kefauver. He has been victorious or impressive in every primary where he was entered, and in some others his write-in vote has been large and significant. No other Democratic candidate has come even close to him in winning popular support.

In Florida, where he was opposed by both United States senators, members of the House, the governor and most of the county officers, he made a great run against Senator Richard Russell, from Florida's neighboring state of Georgia.

It is plain to me that we Democrats have something in Kefauver. He is a political natural. The people rise instantly to support him; and everybody knows that when politicians can't lead the people, they follow them. Democratic politicians are not dumb. They know the value of a vote getter, and they have been reading the primary returns. Once the people nominate Estes Kefauver, the politicians will support him—as they supported Harry Truman in 1948, after first trying to shunt him aside.

I am also for Estes Kefauver because I believe he will carry on and strengthen the foreign policy of the Democratic party. He has proved himself an implacable enemy of Communism. He knows there can be no compromise with that grim and sinister evil. He goes a little further than I do in his advocacy of the so-called Atlantic Union idea, but it is untrue and absurd to say that he is advocating a supergovernment, under which the United States would lose its identity as an independent nation. With 27 other senators and more than 100 representatives, he is sponsoring a resolution to request the President "to invite the democracies which sponsored the North Atlantic Treaty to name delegates . . . to explore how far their peoples . . . can apply among them, within the framework of the United Nations, the principles of free federal union." This would take an exploratory step beyond anything we have done up to now. If he errs in this, he errs on the right side. He is trying to set up the instrumentalities whereby the peoples of the free world can achieve greater unity of policy. If we are to have a common army, we must have some unity of policy.

As I said, I do not go as far as Estes Kefauver does, but I respect his motives and approve his general direction.

COLLIER'S "Well, if his home is in Philadelphia what's he doing playing for Chicago?" BARNEY TOBEY

On the difficult issue of civil rights, I go further than he does. My own opinion is that the federal government must operate much more than it does in the protection of civil rights. Senator Kefauver would rather see the same results I seek accomplished by education and within the states, with the federal government taking the smallest part it can. He does not try to hide his views on this politically dangerous subject.

Here is his position as stated in a recent campaign speech: "I do not believe that fines and jail sentences will contribute one thing to establishing humane employment practices in this country. I believe that the effect of punitive clauses in an FEPC law would create far greater problems than they would ever solve. My personal position is that we can solve this problem only by education and example on the part of all our races. I will use such persuasion as I have to get my party to accept that position. But if after full and democratic discussion it fails to do so, I do not intend to pick up my marbles and go home."

In other open statements he has said he will run on the platform as written at the Democratic convention in July. He long has advocated repeal of the poll tax as a prerequisite for voting. He has stated that he does not believe in the filibuster—the device used by opponents of some parts of the President's civil-rights program—and he has also said he will support a properly drawn antilynching bill. "One of the chief aims of my life," he declares, "has been to better racial relations and to increase the opportunities of peoples of all races."

It is much easier for those of us who come from the North to go all out on civil rights than it is for a man from the South where the issue must be considered not only as an abstract principle but also as an applied fact. This is a truth too often overlooked by well-meaning persons from one region who undertake to dictate solutions for the problems of another region, when those problems are not identical with their own. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am for complete civil rights, and I want to get those rights established everywhere, South as well as North, as quickly as possible. But I know that progress cannot be much swifter than the average man will allow. Progress in the South has been swift these past 20 years, especially the past ten. I am glad that this has been so. But mere gradualism is not swift enough to meet the Communistic propaganda which attacks us among the darker-skinned peoples of the earth on this point of race relations. Wise but determined action by the national government is needed to speed up the process of improvement and deprive the Communists of this talking point.

Perhaps, in my arguments for Senator Kefauver for the Democratic nomination I have violated a political custom by saying that in his views on foreign affairs he goes a bit faster and further than I do and that on civil rights he does not move as fast and as far as I would like. Political custom seems to insist that every advocate ought to claim absolute virtue for his candidate and swear to total agreement with him in all fields. But I certainly do not set up my own positions and convictions as the standards for another man. I am not seeking to make a President of the United States in my own image.

What matters most in politics is the character and ability of a man, and the general direction in which he moves. Senator Kefauver, I think, has been moving in the right direction for a secure and happy America, in both his domestic and his foreign views. He has long been a close student of our form of government. His book, A Twentieth-Century Congress, is the clearest analysis I have read on the proper and the most effective role for the Congress, and the general relationship of the legislative and executive branches of our government. He understands fundamentals. The very simplicity with which he expresses himself on issues and trends shows his understanding. All of us who have been students and teachers know that more knowledge is required to make issues simple, than to make them complex.

I am for Kefauver for another reason—a strange one in the light of conventional politics. He is from the South, and I think it time to demonstrate that the Civil War and its unhappy aftermath are now wholly in the past. To oppose a man because he is from the South—or from New England, or the Pacific Coast, or anywhere—is plainly discriminatory, and I do not believe in racial, religious or regional discrimination. In the early days of this nation many of our greatest men were from the South. They were Southerners with national viewpoints.

Regional Prejudice Must Go

Estes Kefauver is such a Southerner. It would do all of us good to break down the old regional prejudices, and the most dramatic way in which it may be done is to nominate and elect Estes Kefauver. We can nominate and elect a Southerner, but only if he is willing to run on a national and not a sectional basis. If the South chooses to seal itself off from the stream of national life, it cannot expect to have the rest of the country choose a man after its own image as President. We must cease to be sectionalists. Kefauver has grown into a national attitude and as such we welcome him—not only for himself—but as a further means of relieving narrow and embittered sectionalism.

All these reasons, and others I could give, would be somewhat meaningless unless Kefauver has a chance to win, if nominated. I am convinced that he not only has a chance, but the best chance of all the candidates. If he is nominated, there is little likelihood of a Southern "revolt" or stay-at-home movement. Labor and liberals are for him, as was the case when he beat the Crump machine in Tennessee and came to the Senate in 1948. His vote against the Taft-Hartley bill, his support of the liberal labor and social measures of the Democratic party and his vote against the McCarran bill on original passage indicate the direction of his thinking and his striving.

Kefauver's record on the McCarran bill is better than mine, because I voted for it on original passage. I regretted that vote and tried to redeem myself by later voting to uphold the President's veto. But Kefauver stood like a rock through the whole fight and was one of only seven senators who voted against it on original passage. That bill, while designed to give us security against Communist subversion, did not really do so. And it did threaten free and independent expression of opinion—the oxygen upon which a democracy depends for its very breath.

In summary: our country needs, and I think will demand (1) political and moral improvements, (2) a continuation and improvement of the liberal social and economic policies of the Democratic party, and (3) the strengthening of our foreign policy along lines already established.

How can the people get what they want? Certainly not from a Republican administration, nor from a boss-picked Democratic nominee of the patronage, war-horse variety. The way on and up seems to me plain. Nominate Estes Kefauver on an uncompromising liberal platform, including civil rights, which he has avowed time and again he will support if the party declares that he should. THE END

For Men Only

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

I showed him the secret compartment, and then *I* got a surprise. I'd forgotten about the new Louisville Slugger I'd bought. "I'm afraid I'm gonna be a little short," I said. I looked out the window at the woods racing by.

"Call the manager," I said. "They'll throw me off the train. You know what I'll do? I'll never go home. I'll ketch fish and make a bow and arrow and shoot animals. I'll live off the land. I read about a guy in a book once. Lived in the woods for twenty years."

"You're a pretty desperate character, Red," Uncle Don said. "I'll take your IOU for the rest of the money. How old's your sister, Red?"

"She just graduated from some silly girls' college," I said. "What's it to you? You fall for her? I thought you looked kind of sappy saying good-by to her."

Uncle Don kind of looked at me for a minute, like he was going to snake me out of the seat and spank me. I knew he wouldn't do it. They don't allow counselors to spank kids at summer camp. They got to reason with you.

I felt kind of sorry for Uncle Don. "Forget about my sister," I said. "She's got a million boy friends. What year in college are you?"

"I graduated in June," Uncle Don said. "I'm going to be a teacher and athletic coach at a boys' school. Hilary Academy in New England."

"I heard of it," I said, "but I never went there. I went to several schools, but I never went to Hilary."

"Got kicked out, I suppose, here and there," Uncle Don said. "A very desperate character, aren't you, Red?"

"I'm a problem," I said. "My folks took me to a psychiatrist once. He couldn't handle me."

"He's probably a veterinarian by now," Uncle Don said. "I think you'll do me a lot of good, Red."

"How do you figure?" I said.

"Well, Red," Uncle Don said, "I decided to take this job at Hilary next fall instead of going into business. It doesn't pay as much, but I thought I might like the life. I think you're going to give me a lot of valuable experience this summer. What say we join the gang?"

He sounded like he might be a pretty good guy. It was kind of hard for me not to like him.

ABOUT three in the afternoon, we got off the train and were taken the rest of the way to the camp by car. We came in sight of the lake and the cabins. There were a ball diamond and tennis courts and a flagpole, and all the kids were yelling. Not me. I been to three different camps; I'm a very sophisticated-type kid.

We went to our cabin and had to make up our beds. Uncle Don was hauling duffel bags down from the mess-hall porch. "Uncle Don," I said, "you're pretty busy. Let me make your bed for you."

"Thanks, Red," he said. "That's swell."

The rest of the kids in Cabin Eight looked surprised. One little guy, Freddy Crenshaw, brought me over *two* sheets.

"I only need one sheet, pal," I said. "I'm gonna apple-pie this bed."

I doubled up the sheet. From the top, it looked like two sheets. "You see what happens?" I said. "Uncle Don gets in bed tonight, he puts both feet through it."

We went down to dinner later, and then afterward we sat around the campfire and got acquainted and learned some camp songs, and Mr. Bartling told a story. That kind of boloney. Then we went back to bed, and Uncle Don walked around and said good night to each of us, taking plenty of time in case some of the kids might be homesick.

"Everything okay, Red?" he said, and punched my shoulder.

I felt like kind of a heel, but I was excited, too. I turned over in bed and watched Uncle Don get undressed in the dark. I'd apple-pied *lots* of beds, and I waited to hear that ripping noise when both of his feet went through the middle of the sheet.

I didn't hear a thing. He got in bed and *nothing* happened, and I couldn't stand it. I half sat up in bed to take a good look, and Uncle Don turned the beam of his flashlight in my face.

"Something wrong, Red?" he said.

"Not a thing," I said. "Your bed all right?"

"Fine," he said, and looked at me a minute. "I was a camper once, myself."

He'd spotted it earlier. I began to think Uncle Don might be all right. If he hadn't gooped at my sister that way, I'd of been sure.

IT WAS raining when we woke up in the morning. It stopped about ten o'clock, but it was cold and damp when time for swim period came. We went down to the lake, and Uncle Don climbed up on the tower. He assigned the other counselors to their places and then blew the whistle for swim period to start.

There was a little kid next to me on the dock. He was the smallest kid in camp, and he stood there looking up at Uncle Don.

"Gee," the little kid said, "I bet he's some swimmer."

I looked around like I had a big secret. "Listen," I whispered to the little kid, "you wanta know something? Uncle Don can't swim."

The kid's eyes looked like saucers. "Uncle Don's the swimming counselor," he said. "Mr. Bartling said so at the campfire last night."

"Even Mr. Bartling don't know it," I said. "He fooled everybody. He got the job, and he can't swim. I know because I heard Uncle Don talking in his sleep last night. Don't tell a soul."

"I won't," the kid said, and ran down the dock and stopped to tell the first kid he bumped into. That kid told another kid. In five minutes it was all over the lake, the dock and the shore, and even in the crib where the punks who didn't know how to swim had to stay until they learned. Even the counselors heard about it, and a couple of them were grinning.

All the time, Uncle Don was making like a big shot up on top of the tower, shouting through the megaphone. Finally he blew the all-out whistle. The kids came in, still talking about Uncle Don.

None of the counselors were going to take a dip. The water was black-looking, with little ripples on the surface. Suddenly Mr. Bartling came running across the dock, all red in the face and sputtering.

"Ah there, Cameron," he called to Uncle Don, who was starting to climb down the tower. "There seems to be a strange rumor circulating through the camp that you can't swim. Ridiculous, of course. I don't know who started it, but perhaps you'd better scotch it at once. Some of the smaller boys may take it seriously when they write home today."

I could see Mr. Bartling was scared. Suppose half the kids in Camp Wanawaka wrote home that the swimming counselor couldn't swim. Their parents would be in an uproar. Camp Wanawaka would go bankrupt. Sometimes I wonder why I do things like that. I'll probably be a gangster when I grow up.

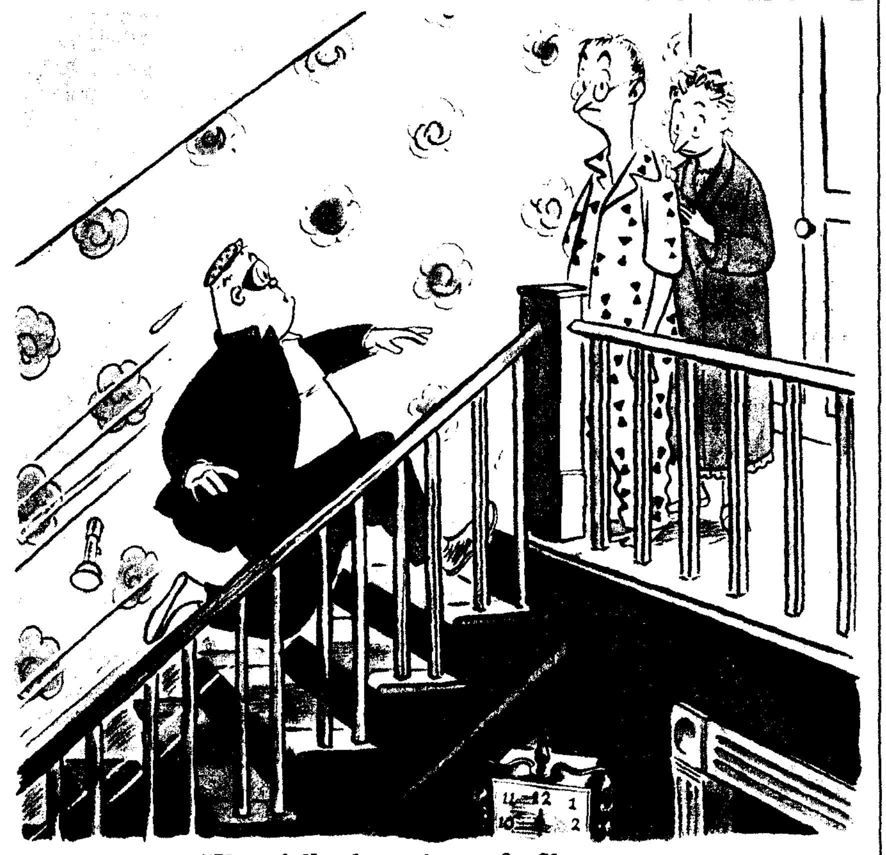
Uncle Don looked down at the black water. There was nothing he could do. He dove off the top of the tower and hit the water. Kerplunk! He could swim like a fish. He swam out and around the raft and came racing back to the float and jumped up, all goose pimples.

"Three cheers for Uncle Don," I yelled, and everybody gave a cheer.

"Would you like my towel, Uncle Don?" I said. "I didn't go in this morning."

"Mr. Bartling," Don said, "the most important part of my job is to know just how accomplished every boy is in the water. I don't want to waste any time getting to know their capabilities. Suppose I keep my cabin down here for a few minutes. I'll take another group this afternoon."

BUTCH



"You folks hear it, too? Slow, dragging footsteps in the cellar?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Mr. Bartling said, "Fine," and Uncle Don grinned at me. "Over you go, Red," he said.

The other kids laughed, and I went out on the diving board and did a swan, and when I bobbed up Uncle Don was in the water beside me, giving me tips when I used the crawl out to the raft. We swam back to the dock, and Uncle Don boosted me up.

The trouble was I was getting to like Uncle Don. I had never liked counselors or schoolteachers much, and he was both. I was kind of a little ashamed for liking Uncle Don, and I figured I would have to do something real tough to show him I was not so easy to handle.

I figured a good way to do it would be during the inspection period the next day. I got the kids together in our cabin that night and told them. "We'll have the worst inspection record in the whole camp tomorrow," I said. "We won't make any beds; we'll mess up the trunks; we won't sweep out; we'll make the place look like there was a hurricane. It will be sensational."

Little Freddy Crenshaw said, "Won't we get in trouble?"

"Listen," I said, "They can't send us home; they'd have to refund the money."

RIGHT after breakfast next morning, we started in. The counselors were having a morning meeting. We could see the kids in the other cabins making their beds. We started throwing sheets and blankets in the middle of the floor. The inspector's eyes would pop out when he came along.

Suddenly I heard my name being called, and Uncle Don was waving to me from the mess-hall porch. I ran down to see what he wanted.

"Red," he said, "I'm appointing you captain of Cabin Eight. I think you're up to the responsibility; I think you can handle those fellows."

He went back into the mess hall. I felt kind of peculiar. I walked back to the cabin, and Jimmy Lynch was emptying stuff out of his trunk and throwing clothes all over the cabin.

"Pick that stuff up," I said. "Start making those beds."

The kids all stared at me.

"You heard me," I said. "Get going."

I made my own bed. Little Freddy Crenshaw had a bed that looked like it had rocks in it. "I'll show you how to make a bed," I said. I took it apart and did it over. There wasn't a wrinkle in the top blanket when I finished. I sent Jimmy Lynch out to police the outside and then checked up on him. I appointed another kid to sweep the floor. When the inspector came around, he couldn't find anything wrong and had to give us one hundred per cent.

Suddenly I liked the camp. I spent a lot of time with Uncle Don. He was straightening out the hitch in my crawl stroke, and he told me about Hilary Academy in New England, where he was going to teach. It sounded like a pretty nice place.

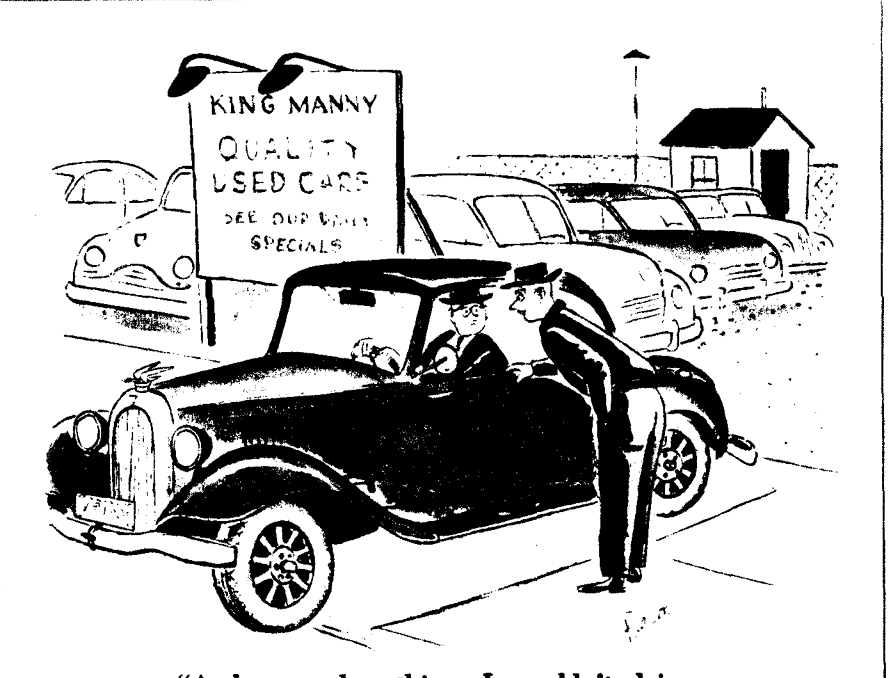
Everything was fine until Sunday. Uncle Don and I were walking toward the mess hall after morning swim, when a big car pulled around from the back, and there was my sister with some jerk.

"Heathcliff!" my sister yelled. You could hear her all over Wanawaka. She jumped out of the car and ran over and threw her arms around me. Right in front of the whole camp. My reputation was ruined.

She shook hands with Uncle Don. "I thought I'd drive up and see how everything was going, Uncle Don," she said.

"Please don't call me Uncle," Uncle Don said.

My sister was looking up at him with her eyes wide open, which is a trick she has. I suddenly got scared. My sister is a terrible



COLLIER'S "And one other thing: I wouldn't drive it over forty for the first five hundred miles. After that cut it down to twenty-five" CHARLES PEARSON

girl. She collects guys like some kids collect stamps. She couldn't see a new guy without trying to collect him, and it was a cinch she was out for Uncle Don.

"You look wonderful, Heathcliff," my sister practically screamed. "I bet you've gained five pounds."

"I'm losing them right now," I said, but it was miles over my sister's head. The guy who had driven her up was looking very bored. I had seen him around the house a few times. He was quite a smoothie in New York, but up here in the mountains he looked like a jerk.

My sister introduced him to Uncle Don. His name was Bill Finley. Uncle Don said, "Red, why don't you show Mr. Finley around the camp? Give him a real tour and don't leave out anything."

"Come on, Mr. Finley," I said. We were down in the woodworking shop when something hit me like a ton of bricks. Uncle Don knew my name would be mud if I had to walk around the camp with my sister; so he had taken her off. It was a terrific thing for him to do, but I couldn't let Uncle Don be stuck with my sister.

Bill Finley was muttering under his breath, and I said, "Listen, you want to go back and find my sister?"

"Well," he said, "I don't believe Cynthia goes for the Tarzan type ordinarily, but perhaps we'd better. You can't predict what might happen up here in the forest primeval."

That was the way he talked. A jerk!

I looked out the door. I couldn't see them anywhere. "Bet they're in the council ring," I said. "C'mon. I know a short cut."

WITH Finley after me, I ran through the woods. We had to jump a stream. Finley jumped onto a rock in the middle and slid off. He should have known better.

"Look out for porcupines," I yelled. "Come on."

He ran after me, and finally we reached the council ring, a clearing in the woods. Uncle Don and my sister were sitting on a log, and she was collecting him, all right. She sat there looking up in his face. It looked to me like we were just in time.

"Hey, Uncle Don," I yelled.

He jumped three feet off the log. So did my sister. Bill Finley came after me, trying to brush the mud off his wet pants. His hair was full of twigs.

It was time for dinner then, and my sister and Finley left after it was over. Back in the cabin, during siesta period, Uncle Don seemed depressed.

"Uncle Don," I said, "it was nice of you to take my sister off my hands, but I couldn't let you do it. That's why I busted into the council ring that way."

"Thanks," Uncle Don said. "Thanks, pal."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "Cabin Eight has the best counselor at Wanawaka, and anybody that says different will have to answer to me."

I kind of surprised myself saying that. I don't usually get sentimental; I'm very tough. For Pete's sake, I thought to myself, I'm beginning to sound like my sister.

"What about Finley?" Uncle Don said. "Is he important?"

"He's way out in left field," I said. "She just got him to drive her up today. Probably his car's more comfortable, or something."

"What about some of the others?" Uncle Don said.

"Well," I said, "it's a shame. A guy comes around, and he's a good guy, maybe a good tennis player or a guy who knows about baseball. Then, after he dates my sister, he don't care about tennis any more. Same with baseball. He don't care if the Giants win or lose. He becomes a jerk."

I HAD a secret I was keeping from Uncle Don. I had written a letter to my folks in Europe. My folks were very upset about me. They had put me in public school, and my father got sick and tired of the principal calling him up and sending letters home. They put me in a prep school, and that lasted for one year. They put me in a military school, and my father had a fight with the retired colonel that ran the military school. The colonel suggested to my father that another-type school might be better. My father got mad and told the colonel he didn't think much of his military school and what kind of school would he suggest. The colonel suggested a reform school.

It made me feel pretty good thinking no one could handle me, but there were plenty of times I didn't feel so good. It isn't so much fun going to different schools all the time. Nobody knows you. You got to do something spectacular before anybody knows you're around, like setting off an alarm clock in chapel, or something. Then you're in trouble. You got to act real tough, and, to tell the truth, sometimes I don't feel so tough.

I had written my parents I wanted to go to Hilary Academy. I wasn't going to tell Uncle Don. It was going to be a big surprise. I didn't want to say anything about it because it might not work out; they might not let me in. I decided if they accepted me at Hilary I'd study and go to college, like my folks wanted. If they wouldn't let me in Hilary, I wouldn't go to school. I'd save up for a Geiger counter and go off and prospect for uranium.

The next week end, my sister came up

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again. She had a different guy with her. He kept calling Uncle Don a college boy. Uncle Don was very depressed when they drove off.

"Does your sister know anybody," he said to me, "who doesn't have a brand-new car that costs a fortune?"

"She's a pretty high-class collector," I said. "Tell me some more about Hilary Academy, Uncle Don."

But he didn't seem to feel like talking about it. He said, "Sometimes I think I'm a chump. I could make some money doing something else."

He kind of worried me. He didn't seem like the same guy.

THEN, several days later, at dinner, Mr. Bartling got up and tapped his water glass and announced that the following week end would be Parents' Day.

"What's that?" Uncle Don said.

"They'll have women around all week end," I said disgustedly. I knew it meant trouble, but I had a few days to try and work something out.

I had a plan by the time Parents' Day arrived. By noon there *were* women all over the place, even in the cabins. It was pretty disgusting.

Finally I saw my sister. She came up in our car, which meant she had come alone. It was a big day for me because that morning I'd gotten a letter from my father. He said the headmaster at Hilary was willing to take a chance on me. It was a big thing, and I couldn't let anything spoil it.

My sister came in our cabin and kissed me. None of the other kids laughed at me, because most of them had to put up with the same thing. I mean everybody was sorry for everybody else.

After my sister had asked me the usual dopey questions, she went off with Uncle Don, and they sat down on a big rock that the nature counselor told us once was left there by some glacier.

It was time for me to go into action, and I gave little Freddy Crenshaw the high sign. He ran over to the rock where they were sitting and got right in between them. He started asking questions about the swimming meet. He was still going strong when Uncle Don and my sister got up and started walking toward the tennis court. I gave the high sign to Jimmy Lynch, and he grabbed his tennis racket and ran over to pester Uncle Don to play tennis with him.

I was watching the whole thing. Uncle Don and my sister got away from Jimmy Lynch by going over to the archery range. I whistled twice, and three guys from Cabin Four ran over to the range with bows and arrows and surrounded them.

That worked until lunch, and I had the same thing going all afternoon. I had every kid in camp on my side, and it went like clockwork. A few minutes before dinner, Uncle Don came staggering into the cabin, looking beat-up.

"How's Parents' Day, Uncle Don?" I said. "Everything under control?"

"Kids!" Uncle Don said. He looked like he might say something else, but Jimmy Lynch's mother came in, and he shut up. I figured someday he would realize it was for his own good. After he was safe at Hilary with no women around, he'd realize it was for the best.

Dinner was okay, but I was worried about afterward. They made the mess hall a dance floor. Uncle Don got all slicked up in the cabin and gave us strict orders to behave ourselves. He said he didn't want to be watching us all the time, we should act grown-up. No funny stuff, he warned us. He was feeling better. He did a couple of practice dance steps.

I got Jimmy Lynch aside on the way down to the mess hall. "You start it off, Jimmy," I said. "First move he makes to dance with my sister, you get there first."

Jimmy Lynch said, "For Pete's sake, Red, she's bigger than I am. Besides, I hate to dance."

"You gonna be a pal or not?" I said. "Besides, I got five pounds of marshmallows nobody knows about."

We got in the mess hall, and it worked perfect. Mr. Bartling put a record on, and Uncle Don was starting toward Cynthia, and Jimmy Lynch beat him to her. All the guys were loyal.

Even little Freddy Crenshaw, who is scared to death of girls, asked my sister to dance. She had to bend over like her back was busted.

Finally Uncle Don stalked out of the mess hall and stood on the porch. I went out after him.

"I got a big surprise, Uncle Don," I said. "I'm going to Hilary Academy."

I waited for Uncle Don to say something. "That's fine," he said. He didn't sound as though he meant it. Maybe he didn't want me hanging around him at Hilary Academy. Suddenly I felt kind of sick.

"I guess maybe you think I'd get in your hair, huh, Uncle Don?" I said.

"It isn't that," Uncle Don said. "I'm not going to Hilary Academy. I'm going to look for a job in New York."

I felt sick. I wouldn't go to Hilary on a bet now.

"It probably won't do me any good," Uncle Don said. "Fat chance I'll have competing with those fellows who hang around your sister. I can't even get a dance with her up here in the mountains. She'd rather dance with kids."

Uncle Don looked up at the moon, and it seemed to bother him. He kind of groaned and went back inside the mess hall.

I sat down on the porch steps. I had a lump in my throat, and my eyes kind of smarted. I was acting like some silly girl, and when I heard footsteps on the porch, I was glad it was dark. If any kid came out and found I was almost bawling, my name would be mud around Wanawaka. But, for once, I didn't really care.

It wasn't any kid. It was my sister. She sat down beside me and put her hand on my arm. For once, I didn't mind.

"Escaping from all the women, Red?" she said. "You and Don, you're alike as two peas. I suppose that's why he's going to Hilary. To get away from girls. I was going to ask you to invite him down to visit us after camp for a few days. What a silly idea that was."

"Listen," I said angrily, "haven't you got enough guys, Cynthia? Did you have to collect him like all the others?"

"I was hoping he'd want to collect *me*," my sister said. "I was dreaming about living in New England, where he wants to live. Very foolish, wasn't I?" My sister's voice was shaky.

"You mean you want to marry him?" I said. "Not just have him hanging around for a while?"

She didn't say anything, just shook her head. I sat there on the top step, thinking how it *might* be if Uncle Don was married to my sister up at Hilary. It might not be too bad with my sister there. I mean she'd be living in the town somewhere; it wouldn't be like she was breathing down my neck all the time. I could go over afternoons once in a while and get a piece of cake or something. I could take some of the fellows over. Guys in prep school are always hungry.

I jumped up, and my sister grabbed me and said, "If you breathe one word of what I've said—"

"Relax," I said. I walked back in the mess hall and found Uncle Don.

"Uncle Don," I said, "how about you coming down to visit me after camp for a few days? My folks will be home by then."

Uncle Don shook his head. "I'd like to," he said, "but I think I'd better not. If I get a job, I'll come out—"

"Think it over, Uncle Don," I said. I saw my sister coming back inside the mess hall. "Why don't you dance with my sister? But don't tell her you're going to get a job in New York. My sister prefers guys who teach school in New England. She's nuts about New England."

Uncle Don stared across the mess hall at my sister. They looked at each other, and then Uncle Don started across toward her.

Jimmy Lynch came busting by. "I'll break that up, Red," he said. "I'll dance with her."

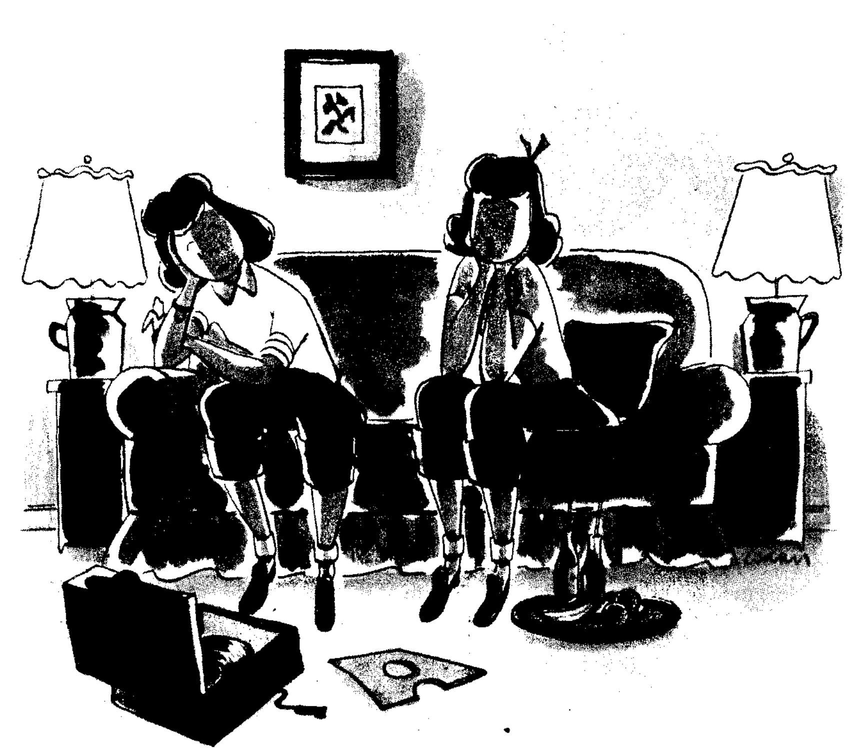
I stuck one foot out and tripped him up. "Forget it, Jimmy," I said. "The plans are changed. Pass the word along."

I WENT outside to the mess-hall porch. I *stood there, watching my sister dance* with Uncle Don. They didn't know anyone else was in the mess hall.

I watched them, and I felt funny. I wasn't the same kid any more. I had changed, and everything was going to be different from now on. I was going to Hilary, and I was going to hit the books and live a clean life in order to make the swimming team. I was going to reform. Probably I'd end up valedictorian, and I could see myself making a speech to the graduating class, with my father and mother sitting in the front row, looking proudly up at me.

I felt so good thinking about it that I had to do something. So I went over to the Headquarters Building and apple-pied Mr. Bartling's bed.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"The trouble with men our age is they're too young"

KATE OSANN

Most Important Room in America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

With Congress and politics, the men in Air Force Operations have only a vague concern. Their job is simply to take the defense plans which are handed to them by the Joint Chiefs and to make them work.

They have to mix their ingredients—combat readiness and manning tables, men, machines and air bases—and come up with a cake which well be done to a turn should company arrive.

They divide the job. Colonel K. H. Gibson, chief of the Operations and Commitments Division, works on activities which take the wings up to combat, and controls priorities involved in putting into effect the current defense plan.

Colonel J. C. Jensen, chief of the Operational Planning Division, translates the broad strategy of military plans into the details required if the Air Force is to be prepared to fight the war.

Colonel Paul Ashworth, chief of the Flight Division, monitors USAF activities in relation to civil aviation. Colonel R. W. Puryear, chief of the Allocations Division, distributes the aircraft. General Maddux has the tremendous, thankless and difficult job of selecting and utilizing air bases all over the world.

This is a vast oversimplification of their jobs, and they have a lot of men helping them.

Just take one plan. Suppose the Joint Chiefs want to outline a system of defense and counterattack in the event of enemy attack through Central Europe—or through Iran, or via Florida, Greenland or Mexico. The men in Air Force Operations start filling in their part of the outline. They take charts and maps and performance data; they take air-base locations and equipment and fuel capacities; they take planes and pilots and mechanics; they take production and spare parts and materials. They labor and argue and fight and have nightmares over the vital parts of their puzzle until they have a plan.

That plan is then passed to the commands—Strategic, Tactical, Air Defense, Training and Overseas—with the question: "How can you put this plan into effect?"

Each command then takes that share which pertains to it, considers its own planes, performance, pilots and capabilities, decides how it can do what is requested of it, and, within the deadline set, sends the plan back to Operations.

Problems in Co-ordination

Then various parts of the plan must be fitted together. It may be that two commands have asked for too many of the same airplanes or engines. There is only so much production. Maybe the Strategic Air Command has proposed sending 50 planes to "K" air base. Operations knows that "K" air base has fuel capacity for only 40 such airplanes. There are scores of problems and items to be adjusted.

So the plan goes back to the commands a second time for corrections, and a second time comes back. Now it is ready to be implemented, with due regard to such incidentals as fuel, engines, spare parts, materials, housing and a host of other things.

It's complicated, but the plan goes along, and at any air base you visit at any time you can see the details being worked out, though you may not recognize them for what they are. And no war plan is static. It is constantly being revised in light of the latest world developments, aircraft speeds or, perhaps, improvements in the atomic bomb.

Meantime, in the center of all this, Colonel Atkinson and his staff in the command post keep a watchful finger on the nervous pulse of the world.

The normal entrance to the command post is from one of the wide subterranean halls, in which WAFs in their smooth blue uniforms line up three times daily for a check roll call and then file into the Air Force's great communication center, just across from the command post.

The door to command post is always locked. There is a button beside the door and a mirror at face height on the door. It's a mirror only on the outside; from the inside it is a window.

During normal working hours, if you want to enter you push the button. A buzzer lets you in, and the sergeant inside asks for your identification and verifies that you have proper business there.

More Rigid Scrutiny at Night

But at night, a sign by the door directs you to push the button and then place your identification card before the glass. If the sergeant, who is now wearing side arms, is satisfied you are all right, he will open the door and let you inside to state your business. If he isn't satisfied, you can stand there—no matter how many stars you are wearing—until one of the officers on duty comes out, by another, remote entrance, and walks around to talk to you. Or you can go across the hall and telephone in. In any case, you will be properly identified before you pass through the door.

Inside, and back of the sergeant, is a steel door with a combination lock. It looks like the door to a vault. Actually, it is the door to the briefing room. Here they tell you what happened in Korea last night. Here, you might hear Lieutenant Colonel H. M. Brecht, one of the briefing officers, telling a high-ranking audience:

"The air war over Korea continued without letup yesterday. Weather was operational throughout Korea. UN aircraft under Far East Air Forces control flew well over 1,000 effective sorties.

"Medium bombers of FEAF Bomber Command utilizing electronic techniques struck effectively again at the main railroad bridges of Sinanju from 20,000 feet. Three aircraft dropped air-bursting 500-pound bombs over enemy troop and supply positions. Secondary explosions were noted . . ."

Here also, behind curtained panels along the walls, are maps and charts and diagrams on big sliding boards. None of them is labeled "top secret." There is no particular point in labeling something top secret in a room that is all top secret.

Four briefing officers, including Colonel Brecht, man this room. They also help clean it, because no cleaning man or woman is allowed inside. Neither is anyone else, except on what the Pentagon calls a "need to know" basis. That simply means that no matter how high ranking you are, or how high your security clearances may run, you don't go to a briefing there unless you have a reason to have the information being imparted. And no one—absolutely no one—goes in without being accompanied by command post personnel. When an electrician has to enter the room—or any part of the command post—he is first especially cleared for security.

The command post has its own art room, where its maps and charts, which never leave the place, are made. It has one bedroom, complete with bath and small comforts. There is a kitchen to feed personnel who can't leave the post. Other living and working arrangements are independent of normal Pentagon facilities. It has one big office with the switchboard and desks, manned by duty officers, briefing officers, airman communications personnel, guards and secretaries.

It's a relatively small physical setup, operated by a relatively small staff. But it's a vital nerve center of the free world; on the speed of its reflexes may depend the course of history, should the enemies of democracy ever decide to strike. THE END

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Some vacation problems

peculiar to women

Whether you are a "solid" vacationer or whether you take it in scraps and pieces and long week-ends, there are certain problems you must face *if you are a woman*. You know what these problems are! You know what we are talking about! . . . But do you know about a little product called Tampax (doctor-invented and very absorbent), which is used internally? By wearing this kind of monthly protection instead of the external type, a lot of your problems will vanish into thin air.

You can accept invitations with a light heart and without too much "calculating"—if you use Tampax. It will let you enjoy a freedom you haven't had since your girlhood days, because Tampax needs none of those belts and pins that constantly remind you of something unpleasant.

You can reduce your luggage if you travel by plane or close-packed convertible. You can even go on a bicycling tour, for Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external kind. A full month's supply may be carried in your purse, so you can be *always prepared*.

You can face your hostess with a calm conscience at such times, for Tampax presents no disposal difficulties, even with the unruly plumbing found in many summer cottages. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes to you in slender applicators — very neat, dainty and efficient.

You can appear on the beach in a close-fitting swim suit (wet *or* dry) with not a bulge or a wrinkle to betray your Tampax. Ditto in the scantiest play suit. Naturally! because it's worn internally! For the same reason, no odor or chafing is possible.

You can buy this Tampax at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Make a note of the name—*Tampax*. Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(*ADVERTISEMENT*)

10 Biggest Olympic Thrills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Garrett, had made up his mind to compete in the Olympics in his own specialty, the shot-put. Since there were no great national Olympic committees to provide funds then, as there are now, Garrett, who came from a well-to-do family, had to pay his own way (he also paid for the passage of three other Princeton athletes, middle-distance runner Herbert B. Jamison, sprinter Francis A. Lane and pole vaulter Albert C. Tyler, none of whom was to win his event in the Athens competition).

He Had His Own Discus Made

Then, while looking over the Olympic program before his departure, Garrett noticed that the discus throw was to be one of the field events. He had never seen a discus. But someone told him that the dimensions were one inch by 12 inches, and he had a friend make him a metal plate that size. When it was delivered, Garrett discovered that it weighed about 20 pounds and was almost impossible to hold in the palm of his hand. He tossed it away and decided to leave the discus to the Greeks.

It wasn't until the day before competition started in Athens that Garrett saw his first real discus. He was amazed and delighted to find that it was much lighter than the huge wheel he had hefted at Princeton. So, as he related later, "I got into the discus thing, never figuring I'd do anything but finish an absolute last."

His performance during the elimination trials seemed to justify that belief. He managed to stay in the running, but that was about all. In the finals, Garrett was the last man of the day to make his throw. Paraskevopoulos, the Greek champion, had hurled the discus 94 feet 11⅔ inches, substantially farther than his nearest competitor. The crowd was already cheering him as the winner when Garrett stepped up, took an awkward swing, and let go. Distance: 95 feet 7½ inches!

That throw, Garrett commented years afterward, "was high-school distance later on." (The current world record, by way of comparison, is 186 feet 11 inches.) "But it was better than anybody else, so I won, and nobody was more surprised than I was when they gave me the prize."

To the everlasting credit of the spectators in the stadium that day, they swallowed their disappointment bravely and gave Garrett a rousing cheer. And, just to make the ending a happy one for everybody, when the final event of the 1896 games, the marathon, was run, the victor was a thin little Greek shepherd named Spiridon Loues. So the Greeks had a winner after all.

But, to this day, Garrett's victory is rated as one of the most astounding upsets in Olympic history. Certainly it merits a place on anybody's list of the 10 most memorable Olympic track-and-field performances. (Garrett himself, incidentally, is still alive. Now seventy-seven, he is an investment banker in Baltimore.)

I didn't see Garrett's wonderful performance in 1896, nor did I see the next Olympic competition in Paris in 1900. But I did witness the 1904 games in St. Louis, and I have been in close touch with the Olympics ever since. From 1904 to World War I, there were three sets of games—in Athens once again in 1906, in London in 1908, and in Stockholm in 1912. The war interrupted the series, and the next Olympics occurred in 1920 at Antwerp. In 1924 they were held again in Paris. Then, for three consecutive Olympics—those at Amsterdam in 1928, at Los Angeles in 1932, and at Berlin in 1936—I served as assistant coach of the United States track teams. And during the last games—in 1948, when the host city, for the second time, was London—I had the honor of being head coach for the splendid track team which won the unofficial championship for the U.S.

Thus, besides having trained my own fine group of eight Olympic champions from the University of Southern California, I have had wide personal experience with Olympic competitions, and can speak with some authority of the memorable performances that have occurred in them over the years. In compiling this list of 10, I have also had access to the official Olympic reports in the Schroeder Library of the Helms Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles.

However, despite the great wealth of material available to me in making these selections, it has not been easy. After all, since April 6, 1896, there have been more than 250 individual Olympic winners in the men's track and field division alone—of whom, incidentally, no fewer than 136 were Americans, including nine of the 12 victors in those first games in Athens. Yet there are some standouts—and two of them came in Paris in 1900, when the modern games were held for the second time.

It was on this occasion that Ray C. Ewry—a former invalid of whom it was once predicted that he never would walk—began an amazing string of Olympic victories in standing-jump events that saw him capture 10 winner's medals over an eight-year period. Not the least astonishing fact was Ewry's age; he was twenty-seven when he snared his first three championships in Paris, and thirty-five when he completed the streak at London in 1908. Altogether, Ewry competed in four Olympics; besides his three victories in 1900, he won three in 1904, two in 1906 and two more in 1908. It's a record that has never been equaled (the great Paavo Nurmi, whom we will discuss later, is the closest runner-up with a total of six Olympic wins).

Ewry, confined to a wheel chair as a child, had refused to accept the grim verdict that he must spend the rest of his life a helpless invalid. He devised a set of exercises to restore his legs, and worked at them faithfully every day for years. As a result, he did far more than merely recover the ability to walk. He developed tremendous strength in his legs, wonderful body co-ordination, a remarkable sense of timing and an explosive power that ultimately won for him the undisputed title of greatest standing jumper of all time.

Conditions in Paris, that second Olympic year, were far from ideal for jumping. The officials at the games had provided no hard take-off ground; the contestants were forced to jump from a heavily watered, sticky grass surface. Nevertheless, Ewry, wearing the winged-foot insigne of the New York A.C., leaped from this sponge-like platform to a new world's record for the standing high jump: 5 feet 5 inches, only 9⅘ inches under the meet-winning *running* high jump of his teammate, Irving K. Baxter. Next, Ewry beat off all competition with a standing broad jump of 10 feet 6⅖ inches. (Four years afterward, in St. Louis, he set a world record of 11 feet 4⅞ inches in this event—a mark which still stands, 48 years later!)

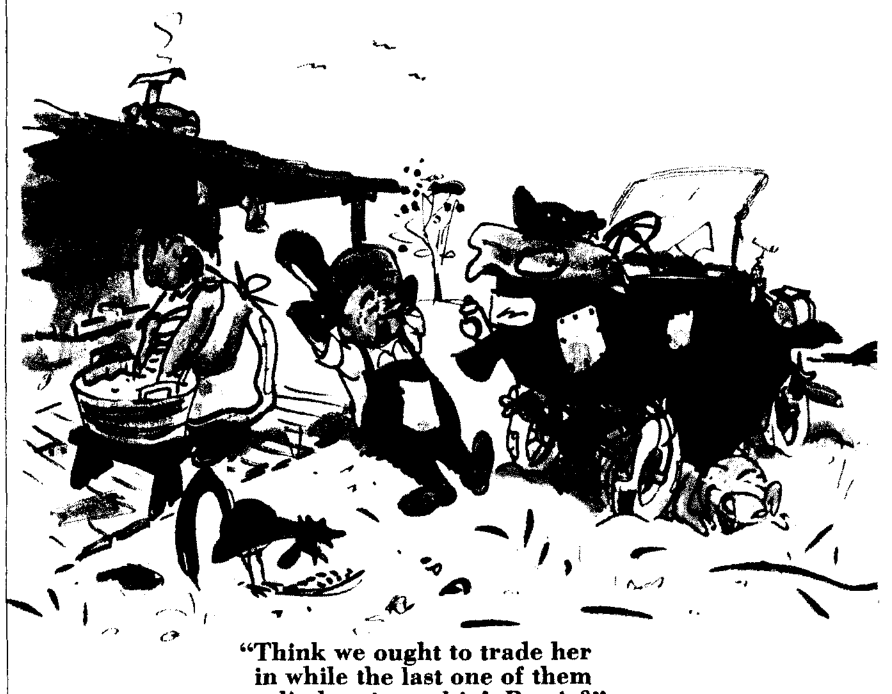
Finally, and most remarkable of all, Ewry scored a resounding victory in one of the most difficult of field events, the standing hop, step and jump, since dropped from Olympic competitions. Starting with a hop that carried him an estimated 9 feet, Ewry spanned 11 feet in the step; then, utilizing to the utmost the momentum he had developed in the first two movements, he leaped the amazing distance of 14 feet 8½ inches—giving him a record total of 34 feet 8½ inches, a full 10¼ inches over the previous mark for that event! It was one of the greatest performances ever registered by a track-and-field athlete in any contest.

Kraenzlein Does Even Better

But, in one respect, Ewry's amazing feats in the 1900 Olympics were topped during the same games by another American. While Ewry was taking the victor's medals in three events, Alvin C. Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania was winning *four* individual contests, making him the only contestant ever to do so in one year's Olympic competition. And, in the process of achieving his four wins, Kraenzlein displayed amazing versatility. His victories were in one dash event, two hurdle events, and the running broad jump!

Kraenzlein demonstrated, in Paris, the technique which was to make him known as the first of the modern high hurdlers. By developing his "sprinting-over-the-hurdles" method as a substitute for the old "sailing-over-the-hurdles" system, he became largely responsible for the eventual lowering of every high-hurdle record then in existence (an example is the 110-meter

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S

"Think we ought to trade her in while the last one of them cylinders is workin', Bessie?"

REAMER KELLER

high hurdles; the 1896 Olympic record of 17⅗ seconds has been chopped by almost four seconds).

In the 1900 Olympics, Kraenzlein and the other runners and hurdlers were forced to contend with much the same circumstances that confronted Ewry and his fellow jumpers: French officials, instead of providing them with a cinder track, had merely marked out the courses along a fairly level greensward. Nevertheless, running on grass, Kraenzlein set a world record for the 110-meter high hurdles that stood for eight years—15⅖ seconds. He won the 60-meter sprint in 7 seconds flat (a fine time, considering the state of the track), the 200-meter low hurdles in an easy 25⅖ seconds, and the running broad jump with a leap of 23 feet 6⅞ inches.

The marathon race that year was won by a member of the French host team, Michel Teato, just as in 1896, when the games were held in Athens, it had been won by a Greek. When the marathon went to an American in 1904, at the St. Louis games, it began to look as if a home-team tradition was in the making—but the streak was broken two years later, again at Athens, with a Canadian victory, and it exploded forever in London in 1908, when John J. Hayes of the U.S. won the most controversial Olympic contest in modern history.

Up to that time, the official marathon distance had varied. The course run in 490 B.C. by the Greek Pheidippides, who brought news to Athens of the victory at Marathon, was about 22 miles long. At the 1896 games, it was extended to approximately 24 miles, and another two-mile stretch was added in 1906. Now, in 1908, the course was further lengthened by a run of 385 yards, the distance between the gate of the London stadium and the Royal Box inside, where the finish line was drawn. If that 385 yards had not been added that year (it remains today as part of the official Marathon distance) Hayes would not have won the race, and the most explosive debate of Olympic history would have been avoided.

The marathon got under way on a steaming afternoon from the lawn of Windsor Castle, and the starting pace was almost breakneck. Each of the first five miles was run by the leaders in well under six minutes—the time for the first mile being 5:14, the time for the fifth, 5:43. Hayes, averaging about six minutes to the mile during the early stages of the run, was a full 10 minutes behind the leaders at the 16-mile mark.

Savage Pace Exhausts Pietri

From the fifteenth mile onward, the pace setters were Dorando Pietri of Italy, a little candymaker from Capri, running in a white shirt and red knickerbockers, and a famous South African distance runner named Hefferon. Late in the race, Pietri sprinted past Hefferon and took a lead which he held all the way to the stadium. There disaster struck the little Italian.

Exhausted by the fast run, Pietri staggered into the stadium and turned in the wrong direction; then, after being set right, he collapsed! Officials and doctors helped him up. He ran a few strides and fell again. Once more, he was set on his feet. In all, he fell four times, and had to be supported across the finish line.

Just then, almost unnoticed in the uproar created by Pietri's dramatic entrance, a slender, dusty youngster, wearing the badge of the United States team, trotted into the stadium. Slowly—but under his own power—John J. Hayes, a New York department-store clerk, plodded the final 385 yards, having paced himself perfectly for the entire distance. Hefferon was at his heels, but lacked the steam to close in.

In the ensuing excitement, the Italian flag was raised to the mast top, signifying a victory for Pietri. But, of course, the Italian runner had been disqualified from the moment he had been helped to arise from the stadium track. (As an interesting side light, the man who initiated the protest on this point was the same James B. Connolly who had been the first modern Olympic winner, in 1896; having become a well-known writer in the 12-year interim, he was covering the 1908 games for Collier's.) So the race was awarded to Hayes, the man who knew how to reserve his strength and who had refused to be stampeded by the killing pace others had set—and the Stars and Stripes replaced the Italian flag on the victory pole.

For his courageous but futile bid, little Dorando Pietri later was awarded a special gold cup by Queen Alexandra, consort of Britain's King Edward VII. Hayes, besides the honor of victory, earned himself a special place in sports annals as the only American ever to win an Olympic marathon on foreign soil.

Besides being notable for its drama, and for Hayes's superb exhibition of long-distance timing, that 1908 marathon was significant for another reason: the resultant dispute made the Olympics front-page news all over the world, for virtually the first time since the modern games had started a dozen years before.

By 1912, when the next Olympics were held in Stockholm, the games were firmly established as top sports events, a position they have never relinquished.

A Finnish Star at Stockholm

One of the contributing factors to the wide international interest in those 1912 games was the emergence in them of the first of the great Finnish track men, Hannes Kolehmainen, star of the games and the finest distance runner anyone had seen up to that time.

Kolehmainen won three events at Stockholm, the 10,000-meter (six miles 376 yards) run, the 5,000-meter and the 8,000-meter cross-country races. In two of them he set Olympic records. In another, he so outclassed his competition that the outcome was never in doubt. Futhermore, as a member of the Finnish squad which competed in the 3,000-meter team race (in which the team with the lowest total points—based on one point for first, two for second, and so forth—is the winner), Kolehmainen beat every other contestant to the tape in a new world record of 8 minutes 36.9 seconds. (His team, unfortunately, failed to place enough additional men to win the race.) In all, this first of the Flying Finns ran a total of some 25½ miles in those games, and scored a personal victory in every race he entered.

His first race, at the 10,000-meter distance, immediately put everybody on notice that the Finns had come up with a great champion. He took the lead at the very start, running with a steady, machinelike action, and was never headed. He lapped two runners with eight laps to go, and, increasing his advantage with every stride, won in the record time of 31 minutes 20.8 seconds. The American who finished second, Louis Tewanima, was a full 45 seconds behind.

The 5,000-meter race was a breathtaker. This time, Kolehmainen had real competition from the fine French runner, Jean Bouin. Bouin led almost from the start, and held on until the race was almost over. Then the Finn made a mighty final effort and drove across the finish line, ahead by inches, in the record time of 14 minutes 36.6 seconds.

Finally, in the 8,000-meter cross-country run, the inexhaustible Kolehmainen withstood a course that proved far too tough for most of the other entrants, winning in 45 minutes 11.6 seconds.

Just as Kolehmainen gave the crowd a thrill with his last-instant victory in the 5,000-meter run in 1912, so did "The World's Fastest Human," American sprinter Charles W. Paddock, provide a similar thrill in the next Olympic games, held after World War I, at Antwerp in 1920. Paddock's victory was in the 100-meter race, and is my nomination for one of the most sensational of all the Olympic competitions held so far. For Paddock won that race even though, through a misunder-

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Paul Richards

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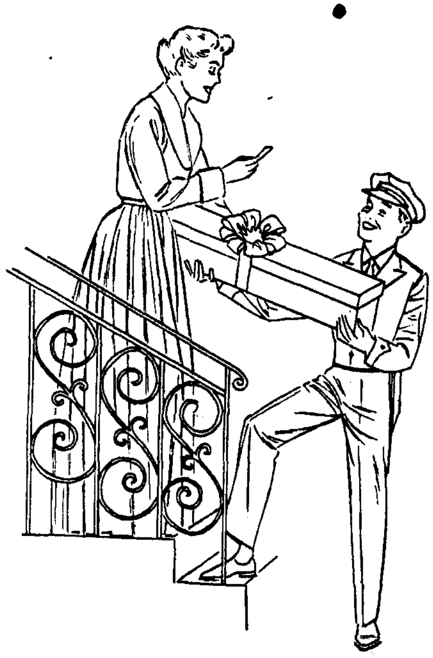

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standing, he was left on his mark at the starter's signal.

Paddock, who was a member of my University of Southern California freshman squad in 1920, had a habit of placing his hands over the starting line and slowly drawing them back into position as the "get set" order was given. When he did this at Antwerp, an official broke into the starter's commands to warn Paddock against passing the line. Then, when the starter spoke again, in French, another American, Loren C. Murchison of the New York Athletic Club, assumed that the race was being started over. He stood up, most of the other runners relaxed—and just then the gun went off! The only runner who got away to a proper start was Morris Kirksey of Stanford, and by the time Paddock got going Kirksey was away out in front.

Digging in hard, Paddock raced to catch the leader. He had run against Kirksey before and had always beaten him, partly because of a habit the Stanford man had of turning at the last moment to see if anyone was close. At the halfway mark, Paddock had passed the rest of the field and was closing in on Kirksey. Then, at the finish, Paddock made his famous leap for the line—and, as he did, Kirksey, true to form, turned his head for a fleeting instant . . . and lost! It was the most spectacular finish in the history of the event, and Paddock's time of 10:8 almost certainly would have been better had it not been for the mix-up at the start.

The Belgians who saw those 1920 games, besides getting a look at the "World's Fastest Human" in action, also caught the start of one of the greatest careers in track history. For it was in the Antwerp competitions that the world first became acquainted with the name of Paavo Johannes Nurmi, the outstanding runner of his era.

Nurmi scored victories in the 10,000-meter race and the 10,000-meter cross-country in 1920 (and incidentally, his countryman, Hannes Kolehmainen, closed out a great Olympic career that year by winning the marathon race), but it was not until the Paris games, four years later, that "Peerless Paavo" really came into his own. Still, it was an experience in the 1920 games that spurred him on to his later triumphs—a galling loss to Joseph Guillemot, of France, in the 5,000-meter run.

Nurmi Trains for Stamina

Determined never to let anything like that happen to him again, after 1920 Nurmi began a rigid training schedule to control his speed and build up his stamina. It was at this time that he began carrying a stop watch when he ran, even in competition—a practice that was to meet with considerable ridicule until Nurmi demonstrated that nothing about his running merited light treatment.

During the years between Olympics, Nurmi engaged in a number of track meets. He didn't lose once. Nevertheless, as the 1924 games drew near, he intensified his training. In addition to his usual long walks and morning exercises, he ran 80- to 400-meter distances, not once a morning, but several times, at top speed. Then he did a mile, at a pace of a little under five minutes. Not until then did he have breakfast. The rest of the morning he spent doing 400- to 500-meter runs.

In the afternoon, Nurmi usually tackled a 10- to 25-minute cross-country run, followed by a few laps around a 400-meter course, at about 60 seconds to the lap. After his evening meal, he walked one or two hours, covering a mile in about 15 minutes. By eleven, he was in bed.

Only such training as this could account for the great Finn's performance on July 10, 1924, in Paris. When that day ended, the barrel-chested Nurmi was an international hero. For, stop watch in hand, and running with brilliant grace, he won two races—the 1,500-meter and the 5,000-meter—*in spite of the fact that they started within an hour of each other!* And he set a new Olympic record in each—3 minutes 53.6 seconds for the first, and 14 minutes 31.2 seconds for the longer run! That's a performance that never has been equaled.

Two days later, with the temperature 90 degrees in the shade, Nurmi and a field of 38 of the world's best distance runners started out of the Paris stadium on the 10,000-meter cross-country run. A little more than half an hour afterward—in 32 minutes 54.8 seconds—Nurmi trotted implacably through the gates again and across the finish line. The runner-up, his teammate Willie Ritola, didn't appear for almost two more minutes, and 24 of the runners didn't even complete the race. Many of them, instead, wound up in the hospital, victims of the terrific heat.

On July 13th, while some of the cross-country runners were still in sickbeds, Nurmi joined the Finnish squad in the 3,000-meter team race. He came in first, at 8 minutes 32 seconds.

One disappointment clouded those 1924 games for Nurmi. He didn't win the 10,000-meter race. The reason: Finnish officials, fearing for his health, refused to let him run it! To many track enthusiasts, Paavo Nurmi will always be the greatest of all runners. And the peak performance of his career was his quadruple win at the 1924 Olympics, all in long-distance runs, a feat we may never see again.

Perhaps the closest approach to a Nurmi the United States has had (although not a distance runner) was the superb Negro sprinter-jumper, Jesse Owens, whose performance in the 1936 Berlin games was almost as spectacular as Nurmi's in 1924—and was particularly thrilling to the democratic world because it disproved Hitler's "master race" theory, before *der Fuehrer's* very eyes.

Owens always gave much of the credit for his success to the influence of Charles Paddock, whose title as "World's Fastest Human" he inherited. In 1928, when Owens was in junior high school in Cleveland, Paddock visited the school and addressed the students. "I met him later in the coach's office," Owens recalled, "and was so impressed that I made up my mind then to win the Olympic 100-meter championship, as he had."

By the time Owens was a high-school senior, in 1933, he was already a track sensation. By the end of his sophomore year at Ohio State University, he held three world records and shared a fourth. And in 1936, in his first Olympic event, he achieved the goal he had set himself eight years before; running on a track softened by rain, he beat out 60 other starters to win the 100-meter race. His time, half a second faster than the Olympic time Paddock had racked up 16 years earlier, was 10.3, equaling the world record.

The next day, Owens, running in the quarter finals of the 200-meter race, won his trial heat in 21.1 seconds, a new Olympic record, and a new world record for the distance around a turn. In his second heat, later that cold, raw afternoon, he won the quarter finals, again in 21:1, thus breaking the record twice in one day. And the day after that, just to prove it was no fluke, he won the finals—this time chopping .4 seconds off his previous pace!

Meanwhile, as lead-off man in the 400-meter relay, Owens gave the American team such a commanding lead that not one of the other three U.S. runners was seriously challenged. The United States won that race in the sparkling time of 39.8 seconds, another world record.

When Owens Barely Qualified

But it was the running broad jump that showed the true measure of Owens' greatness. Unaware that the competition had already started when he arrived at the pit, he trotted down the runway to warm up, still wearing his sweater—and was dismayed to learn that he had been charged with one of his three trials, even though he hadn't even tried to jump.

He doffed his sweater, and took his "second" jump. This time, he misjudged the take-off point and fouled the trial. There was consternation among the Americans. Here was the greatest broad jumper of all time, the man expected to win the Olympic event with ease—and he was within one jump of being eliminated!

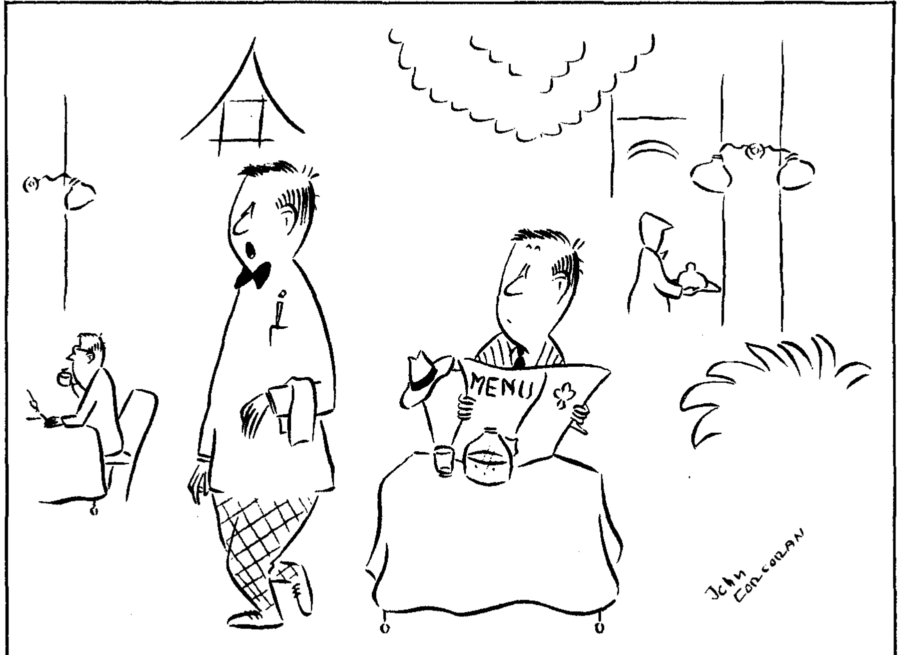
Owens trotted back to the starting line, and, when his turn came, sped down the runway, now concentrating on the rules, rather than on achieving any great distance. He qualified barely, with a leap of less than 24 feet, considerably under his best efforts.

But his difficulties weren't finished. In the finals, on the second last jump of the event, the fine German jumper, Luz Long, tied Owens' leading mark with a leap of 25 feet 9 13/16 inches. The huge crowd in the stadium went wild. But not for long.

The competition proved to be just what Owens needed. He raced down the runway, soared off the take-off board, and lighted a good three inches past Long's mark, for the first 26-foot leap in Olympic history. And, on his final jump, he topped even that distance by an amazing five inches, setting a new record of 26 feet 5 5/16 inches!

Although Hitler had carefully avoided shaking hands with the American Negroes who were running off with the games, it should be noted to the great credit of the German Luz Long that he was the first man to congratulate Owens on his devastating triumph. The two men walked off the field arm-in-arm.

Finally we come to the 1948 Olympics,



COLLIER'S "I'll take a look but I believe we managed to get rid of the last of that yesterday" JOHN CORCORAN held amid great ceremony in austerity-ridden London. Two of my "most memorable" selections are drawn from these most recent games, one involving a seventeen-year-old youngster, the other dealing with a woman, one of the finest of a long string of distaff athletes and the first woman ever to win three Olympic events in one year (not to mention accounting singlehanded for her team's relay victory in the same games).

As a child, Fanny Koen had been something of an athletic prodigy. But she had received little real guidance until she was sixteen. Then, in 1935, a track enthusiast named Jan Blankers saw her run—and win—her first major race, the 800-meter. Blankers realized that, despite the girl's middle-distance victory, she was a born sprinter. He undertook to coach her, and twice a week she made an 18-mile bicycle trip to get the benefit of his help. Within three years, she was easily the top woman runner in the country; by 1938 she had won every major woman's sprinting event in Holland. By the time 1948 and the next Olympic games rolled around, she owned four world records and 40 Netherlands' championships. But she was almost thirty years old and (having married her coach in the interim) the mother of two children. It was widely agreed by British sports writers that such a matron could not be expected to give serious competition to the fine young women entered from other nations.

It didn't take the Dutch athlete (her name was now Fanny Blankers-Koen) long to disprove this theory. In her first appearance, she raced to an easy victory in the 100-meter run. Her time was 11.9 seconds. Her next event was the 200-meter race. She won that in 24.4 seconds. In her third competition, the 80-meter hurdles, she was left on the mark by the other contestants. She won anyhow, in 11.2, setting an Olympic record.

By that time the "Flying Dutchwoman" had captured the attention of fans all over the world. And in her final appearance she demonstrated her greatness conclusively by overcoming a terrific handicap to wrest a hairbreadth triumph for her nation. The event was the 400-meter relay, and the Dutch team wasn't given much chance to win. The girls from the Netherlands soon showed why; by the time Fanny, running in the anchor position, got the baton, her team was in fourth place. Fanny ran those last 100 meters like a whirlwind. She rapidly closed the gap separating her from the leader, Joyce King of Australia, and the only question was whether the race would last long enough for her to take the lead. She did—in almost the final stride. The Dutch team won, in 47.5 seconds.

Schoolboy Tackles Decathlon

But great as Fanny Blankers-Koen's personal triumph was in 1948, it had to compete for attention with another display of athletic prowess at least as great. Mrs. Blankers-Koen was a woman in competition with other women; the last of our 10 most memorable Olympic performances might be called a case of a youth competing with grown men.

Husky, handsome Robert Bruce Mathias, of Tulare, California, was just seventeen when, in June of 1948, he first tried his hand in the decathlon, at the Pasadena-Southern Pacific A.A.U. games in Los Angeles. It had long been the consensus that it took a mature athlete to win this grueling competition, with its wide range of events: the 100-meter and 400-meter runs, the 110-meter high hurdles, running broad jump, running high jump, discus, 16-pound shot-put and javelin throws, pole vault and, finally, the 1,500-meter run. The young high-school boy hadn't even competed in some of these events; nevertheless, showing the poise of a veteran, he won with a fine score of 7,094 points. Sixteen days later, he qualified for the Olympic team by taking the National A.A.U. decathlon championship at Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Eight weeks after his first decathlon competition Mathias squared off against the world's best in London.

Conditions couldn't have been worse. It poured the first day and pelted the second, in what must have been the worst weather for any day in Olympic history. And while the weather treated all the contestants equally, other events seemed to be conspiring against Bob Mathias in particular. For one thing, all of his main rivals, by a peculiarity of the schedule, completed competition fairly early on that closing day; Mathias sat huddled under a drenched blanket for more than 12 hours, doffing it only to compete, with no food all during that time except for two box lunches.

During the discus competition, an official, while dodging a flying projectile, accidentally bowled over the marker indicating Mathias' best distance; and Mathias, the raincoated officials and the two other Americans in the competition, Floyd Simmons and Irving Mondschein, spent half an hour on their hands and knees hunting for the tiny hole left by the spilled flag. They finally discovered it at the 144-foot four-inch mark, the best distance of the day.

Pole-Vaulting in the Dark

As he started the pole vault—one of his last three events—Mathias learned that France's Ignace Heinrich had completed the competition and was leading with the respectable score of 6,974. By now it was getting dark; aside from a few small lights which barely illuminated the field, and the flickering Olympic torch on the top of the stadium, there was no illumination. Mathias went through the pole-vault test on a sodden runway, with the take-off point and crossbar so obscured by darkness and the driving rain that he needed the help of flashlights to find them. Although his pole was slippery with rain, he loped down the track and over the bar at 11 feet 5¾ inches, best mark of the competition.

The first time he threw the javelin, next to last of the 10 events, he fouled. Standing in the rain, he explained that he couldn't see the take-off mark. Once again, flashlights were called into play; he hurled the stick 165 feet one inch.

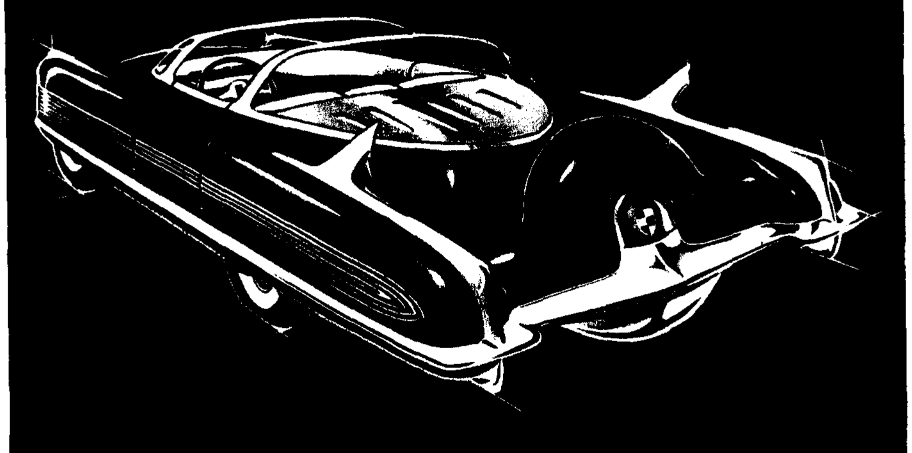
It was 10:30 P.M. when young Bob Mathias, soaked, hungry and weary, finally engaged in the last contest, the 1,500-meter run. He had been on the field since ten that morning. The time which he had to beat was 5 minutes 49 seconds; as his parents rooted from the stands, he sloshed around the track so fast he chopped no less than 38 seconds off that time, winning in 5:11!

When his score was added up, Mathias had 7,139 points. He was the only competitor to break 7,000; his nearest rival was Heinrich. It was an amazing performance, accomplished in the face of tremendous obstacles—inexperience, foul weather, darkness, hunger, exhaustion, mishaps—and it undoubtedly rates among the greatest exploits in all Olympic history.

It appears from the record that the games have been getting better and better. Each time, new records are broken; each time, some new star sweeps across the athletic firmament. And, on the basis of performances over the past four years, the track-and-field section of the coming games, at Helsinki, from July 20th to 27th, may be the best of all time.

The United States has demonstrated a distinct superiority in past Olympic games. This year, the American squad is being coached by one of the world's greatest track experts, Brutus Kerr Hamilton, track coach and dean of men at the University of California. The choice of Brutus Hamilton was a splendid one, and the team he is to lead promises to be one of our best.

After I finish conducting a six-week coaching clinic at Manila for the track-and-field coaches of the Republic of the Philippines, I plan to head for Helsinki. For I am sure that more memorable performances are in prospect there—and that the American squad will play its part in achieving them, as our wonderful teams have in the past. THE END



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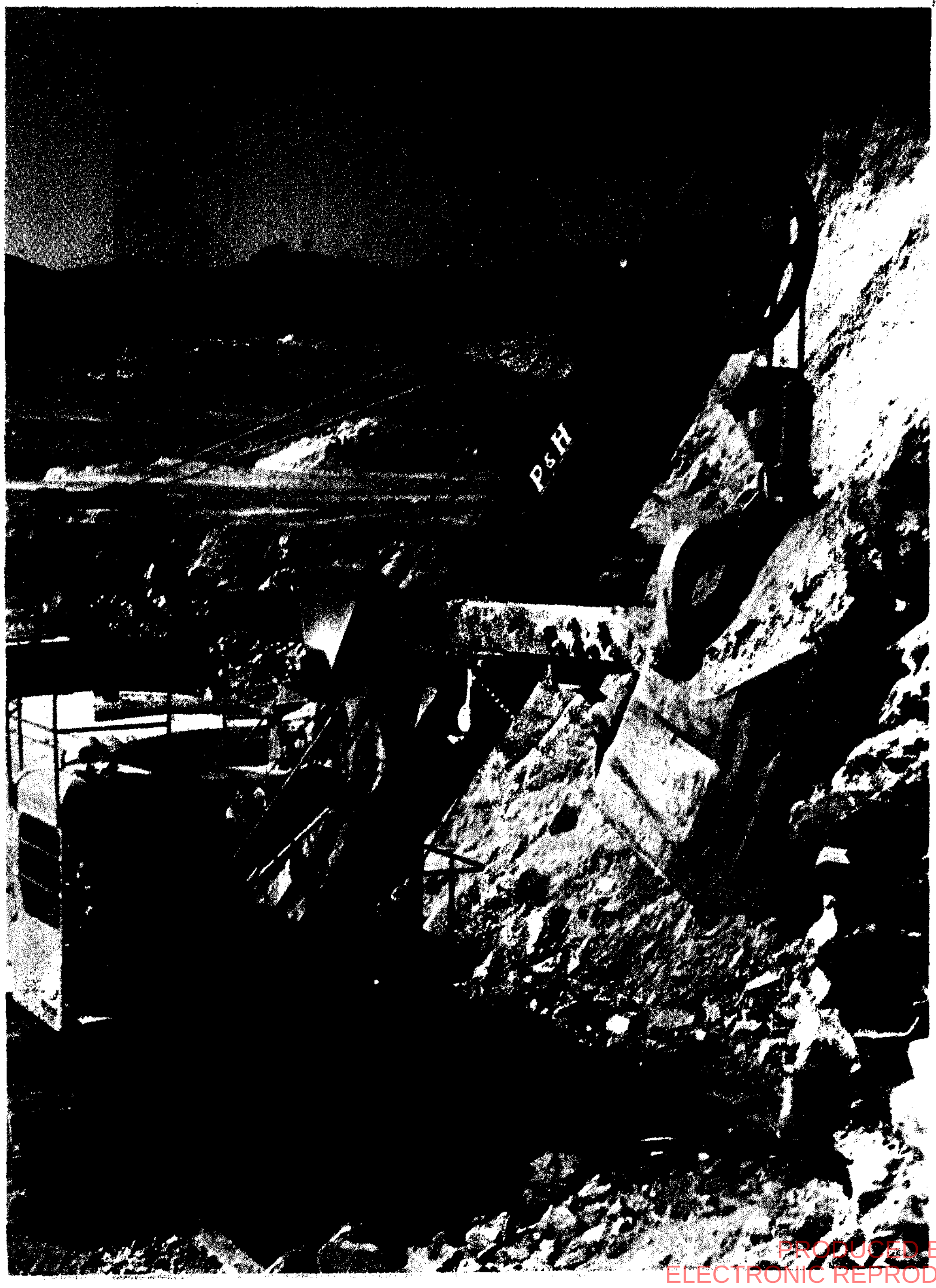
WONDER EARTH

By JACK BEARDWOOD

So many modern products, from grape juice to glue, owe their high quality to this amazing stuff that it's hard to see how we ever got along without it. Called diatomaceous earth, it's composed of millions of minute skeletons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Part of huge Lompoc, Cal., quarry. In prehistoric times, when this was all under water, bones of dead diatoms collected here



Material is laced with air spaces, making it so light a woman can lift large chunk with ease, as Adele Lind demonstrates

IF YOU'RE worrying about a skeleton or two in your family closet, quit fussing. Not only you and your neighbors, but every other family in the nation has literally millions of skeletons around the house. They're infinitesimal, invisible to the naked eye and 20,000,000 years old. They are called diatoms.

More accurately, they're the fossilized bone structures of diatoms (microscopic water plants, related to algae) which died when the earth was young, and deposited their dead husks in the still sea waters that lapped the continents, and on the shores of long-vanished lakes.

They lived and died by the billions—a single diatom is capable of producing 1,000,000 of its kind a month—and their tiny mineral skeletons, intricate and beautifully patterned, piled up to a great depth, in a process that's still going on.

Today, the fossilized diatom skeletons, of which it takes from 40,000,000 to 70,000,000 to fill a cubic inch, are an invaluable industrial product, performing a variety of services which may be unsurpassed by any other organism on the face of the earth. Chemists refer to the featherweight, versatile stuff as "wonder earth" or "white gold," and this is why: it's used as a filter-aid, as insulation, as an abrasive, as a polish, as a filler, and even as the packing which, mixed with nitroglycerin, becomes dynamite.

Diatomaceous earth purifies everything from grape juice to glue, from dry-cleaning fluids to antibiotic drugs; mixed with paint, it makes possible a flat, lusterless finish; added to fertilizer, it prevents caking; on the heads of matches, it stops afterglow. In one form or another, the tiny skeletons make possible the rubber heels on your shoes, your tooth paste, your cosmetics, your fingernail polish, the sugar you eat. It's used for storage batteries and luminous traffic lines. Your kids use it in school every time they write on a blackboard; it's the principal ingredient of their chalk.

The list is almost endless. Although diatomaceous earth has been in wide commercial use only since the end of World War I, it currently has more than 200 major uses and is employed in many hundred more miscellaneous, specialized jobs. In its main use, as a filter-aid, it makes sewage pure enough to drink, and it's even being used in atomic research to clear radiation-conducting particles from water.

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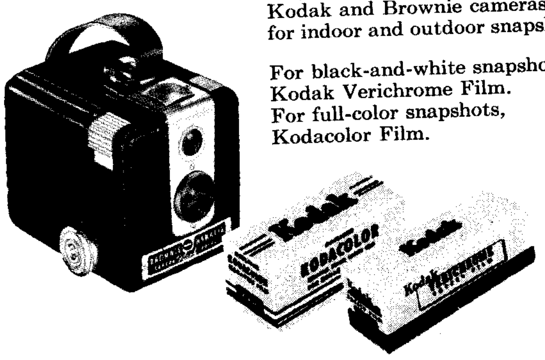

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City____________ State____________ C-7-52 product, diatomaceous earth has been in use for many centuries. The ancients used bricks of it for building, and the Emperor Justinian is believed to have mixed it into the blocks used for the construction of the dome of Saint Sophia Temple in Constantinople in the sixth century A.D.

The wonder earth can be found in many states in the Union. It probably is in the fields and hills around you. But only in rare instances is it of sufficient quality and quantity to warrant its removal. More than 80 per cent of U.S. production comes from southern California.

The largest, purest and most uniform deposit ever discovered is in the soft-shouldered hills at Lompoc, 55 miles northwest of Santa Barbara. It covers an area of five square miles and has a depth up to 1,400 feet. It took 33,000 years, with the deposit growing at the rate of about half an inch a year, to produce the Lompoc diatomaceous earth area.

This is the most prolific breeding ground ever found for the fertile speck of life which, in a single year, could produce more generations than man has sired since the beginning of recorded time.

The second largest deposit of good quality is a 300-acre mine at the base of the Palos Verdes hills, 22 miles from the center of Los Angeles (there are other commercial deposits in California, but these are being held in reserve).

Additional producing mines are located near Basalt and Clark, Nevada; Terrebonne, Oregon, and Quincy and Kittitas, Washington. The Lompoc and Palos Verdes deposits are marine, the others fresh-water. A small deposit in Herkimer County, New York, has been almost exhausted. There are also deposits—of commercial size, but little-worked as yet—in Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, Virginia and Florida.

Discovery of the Lompoc deposit, first diatomaceous earth found in the United States, came in a peculiar way. In the 1880s settlers in the little town found that by pouring kerosene or oil over the strange, light material they picked up on surrounding hills they were able to get an even-burning, long-lasting fire.

A German Brewer's Secret

In 1893, Francis S. Balaam, who owned part of the hills now being mined, removed some of the crude material and shipped it in burlap sacks to San Francisco, where it was used to insulate pipes. This was its only use until 1912, when August Fitger, a Minnesota brewer, bought the deposit and began using the strange earth to filter beer, a trick learned in Germany, where there were some small deposits. By 1916, the wonder earth's use as a filtering agent was growing and Fitger organized the Celite Products Company to exploit its uses. In 1928, Johns-Manville bought out Celite and expanded the mine and its accompanying processing plant. It was Arthur S. Elsenbast, now a vice-president of Johns-Manville, who in 1917 began the laboratory experiments that laid the foundation for today's diversified uses.

The Palos Verdes deposit was accidentally discovered by farmers in the late 1920s. When they plowed the laminated, lightweight material from the ground they thought it was asbestos. The Dicalite Company was formed to mine the stuff: it sold out to Great Lakes Carbon Corporation at the end of World War II.

Johns-Manville and Great Lakes are the world's two major producers today. The demand for diatomaceous earth has grown so rapidly since the late 1920s that supply can't keep up with it, and both companies currently are increasing their production capacity. Great Lakes recently completed construction of an ultramodern plant at Lompoc, where it has taken a mining lease on a large area.

A sales and production expert who has been connected with both companies estimates that the two majors, plus a number of other concerns, are now producing 300,000 tons of finished materials per year. The market potential as of now is 350,000 tons a year and scientists are ever broadening the uses of diatomaceous earth; in the past 10 years, the industry has grown more than 50 per cent. But, unless the use of the ancient diatom becomes even more phenomenal, there is no fear of running out of raw material. Johns-Manville, for example, has in excess of 100,000,000 tons in its mine.

The diatomaceous earth being mined today was laid down from 5,000,000 to 20,000,000 years ago. It was made part of dry land through some mighty convulsion of the geologic past, or the lowering of the sea—or, in the case of inland deposits, by the drying up of an ancient lake. It is mined from open pits, the marine deposits being a few hundred feet above sea level, the fresh-water strata sometimes well over 1,000 feet.

When diatomaceous earth is removed, it is not unusual to find large animal, bird and plant fossils embedded in it—elephant tusks, huge fern impressions, long-extinct birds, ancient sharks' teeth, ponderous leg bones and pieces of prehistoric vertebrae.

After diatomaceous earth is dried and purified it resembles extremely soft powder; yet the granules of that powder are rigid skeletons which, seen through a microscope, have fantastic shapes, as beautiful and varied as snowflakes. There are 10,000 types, of which 8,000 have been classified and named; they fall into groupings of which the two most important are needle-shaped and plate-shaped.

It's the variety of the skeletal shapes that makes them valuable. When the diatom fossils are arranged in a thin film, the openings between them are hundreds of times smaller than the finest mesh; even bacteria can be strained out of a liquid passed through them.

How It Will Absorb Moisture

Although the wonder earth gives the appearance of being solid, the skeletons comprise only 10 per cent of its bulk; the rest is open space. It is this structure which makes diatomaceous earth so light. When the mined material is dry it weighs only 18 to 30 pounds a cubic foot, compared with 156 pounds for ordinary dirt, and can absorb up to 300 per cent of its weight in water.

This lightness is truly startling to the uninitiated. Discoverers of the Palos Verdes deposit tell of a chemist who was brought out to field-test large pieces which had been cut out of a hillside. The chemist, unfamiliar with diatomaceous earth, at first tried to lift a hunk of heavy stone of the same light-gray color. As he strained to hoist the rock, one of the local men said, "You've got the wrong material. Pick up that big piece behind you." The chemist grabbed the diatomaceous earth like a man trying to hoist a keg of nails—and went flying over on his back! The big chunk of wonder earth weighed only 10 pounds!

In the past 25 years, diatomaceous earth has revolutionized filtering processes in the manufacture of such products as sugar, beer, oils, vegetables, dry-cleaning fluids and medicines. The filtering is so simple, rapid and thorough that it has saved millions of processing dollars.

It works this way: the pure diatomaceous earth is mixed directly into the solution to be purified. As the material passes through the filter press, the diatoms collect on a membrane, permitting the liquid to pass through, yet retaining all the impurities in the basic material.

In the making of beer, for example, the wonder earth is used three times: first, to filter the diversified residue out of the original mixture of malt, sugar, hops and water; second, to remove unwanted impurities from the fermented liquid; third, to give the finished, aged beer clarity and sparkling "polish."

The degree of liquid clarity made possible by diatomaceous earth is illustrated by the experience of a Hollywood motion picture company. Photographing underwater scenes in a glass tank, the film makers were prevented from shooting by the cloudiness of water they had pumped in from the Los Angeles mains. Test film showed that cameras could not photograph underwater swimmers who were more than four feet from the lens. Diatomaceous-earth specialists were summoned.

Diatoms Made Water too Clear

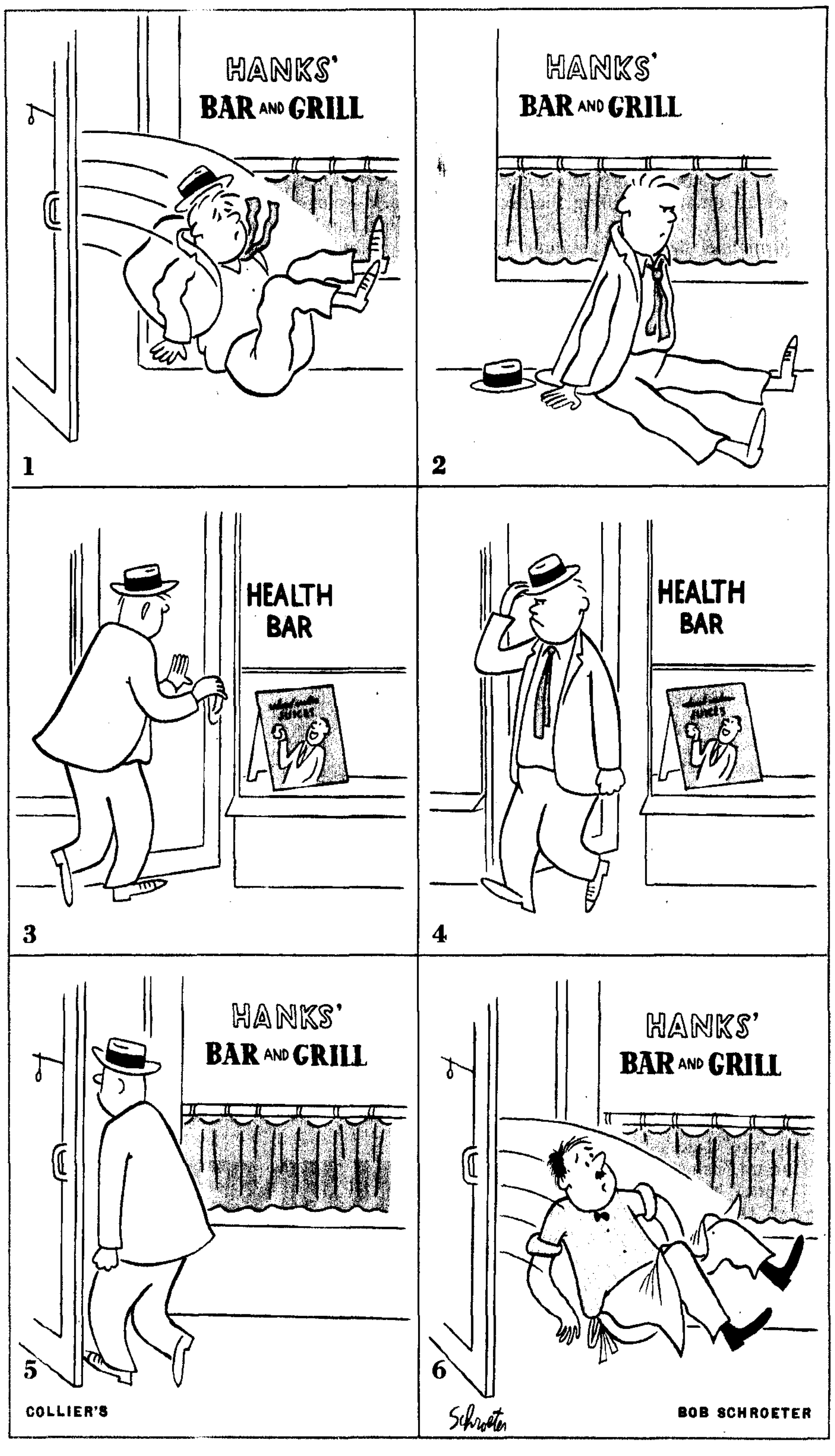
After the tank was drained and cleaned, the same cloudy water was pumped through a thin filter cake of diatoms. The water was filtered only once, but when it went into the tank it was so clear that it looked, through the cameras, as though the tank contained no water. Studio technicians had to add powdered bluing and stir it into the tank so that the water could be seen in the final film!

As a filler or extender, diatomaceous earth performs a wide range of functions, from providing bulk to asphaltic roofing materials to giving a uniform, absorbent finish to quality papers. Combined with spreading products such as cement or plaster, it increases the product's workability, reduces cracking and shrinkage, and provides resistance to frost or heat. As an insulating material, the Lompoc earth is so pure that with only the simplest plant processing it can be cut out in blocks and used as backing for high-temperature furnaces. These right-out-of-the-ground bricks will withstand temperatures up to 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit; baked in kilns, they will take up to 2,500 degrees.

The diatoms, their basic structure unchanged since the Miocene geological period, are still producing at their unbelievable rate. Indeed, they are the prime life of the sea, serving almost as versatile a function in the ocean as their fossils serve on land. They provide food for animals ranging from shellfish so small they cannot be seen with the unaided eye, to the most ponderous whales. Because of the numbers of creatures that feed on them, diatoms are known as the "grass of the sea"; the entire structure of ocean life may be said to be based on them.

The tiny plants frequently live in great floating masses. Antarctic explorers have reported huge fields of them, and there are large "pastures" visible seasonally off the Washington and Oregon coasts.

The living diatoms are found in almost every pool and pond, stream and sea. Like those being mined today, they may lie for untold centuries beneath their cover of water until, through another mighty racking of the earth, they become part of the dry land—where, perhaps, they may be mined 20,000,000 years from now. THE END



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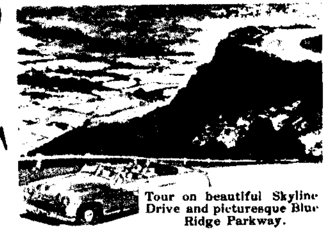

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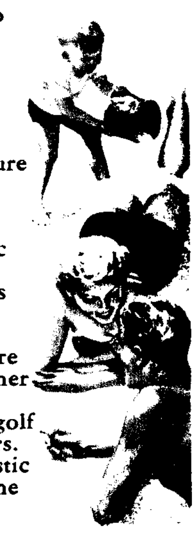

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Hot-Rock Pilot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the sights. Dutch had been the one to show me the ropes my first year at the races. He was an old friend. The last time I had seen him, at Miami, a year ago, he had just retired from active racing to fly executives for an oil company.

"But why, Dutch?" I had asked incredulously. We were having a quiet drink in his room, away from the hell-raising of the air-race mob. The whole seventh floor of the hotel had been turned into race headquarters. Bars were set up in a dozen suites by the oil companies, the piston ring, propeller and engine manufacturers. We could hear the unrestrained shouts and laughter, the crash of footsteps from the floor above. Dutch pulled a bottle of Scotch from his suitcase and poured drinks in the hotel tumblers.

"Why did I quit? Hell, I don't know why," Dutch had answered, setting the Scotch on the dresser. "Lindy, maybe. She's dead set against the races. Ever since that Dallas meet." He shook his head, frowning, and added, "Three guys in one afternoon."

"She's just a kid," I had said. "Overimpressionable." I shook my head. "You could have nailed the Thompson this year, for sure."

"Lindy? A kid?" Dutch had given me a sideways smile. He had raised Lindy alone since the death of his wife, years before. "You haven't seen her since she went away to college, Hap. She's something."

"Okay," I had said. "Then she's a big girl now—old enough not to get excited by a bunch of amateurs killing themselves at Dallas."

"Carmichael was no amateur," Dutch had said. He had looked at me, his intelligent brown eyes peering from a round, weather-burned face. "Hell, I don't know why I quit," he had said. "I was shaving one morning, and I looked at myself in the mirror, and knew I was through. I don't try to explain it. You'll know it yourself when it happens. You'll suddenly realize you've grown up, and, if you're smart, you'll take the signal and quit right then."

"Hell, Dutch," I had said, "you need another drink."

AND so for a week now I had been showing the sights to Lindy while Babs Macready had been practically living at the office of One World, which was in the hangar at the field.

"I'll miss you, Hap," Lindy said over the rim of her glass. "If you ever get to Pittsburgh . . ."

"Unh—yes," I said. "Pittsburgh. Lindy, I . . ." I tried to push Babs from my mind and think of something real nice to say. The amusement was back in Lindy's eyes again. I was rescued by a voice cutting through the wired music to announce the flight to Pittsburgh.

We paused at the loading gate. The flight was a coach, a DC-4, making a lot of stops. There were about fifty people checking on.

"Good-by, Lindy," I said cheerily. "Say hello to Dutch. Tell him I'll see him in Miami. Maybe I'll see you too," I added.

"Unh-uh," she said. "I've had all I want. No more running my stomach through a wringer every time someone I care about skids around a pylon."

She raised on tiptoes, put the palms of her hands behind my ears and kissed me hard on the mouth. It caught me by surprise, and instinctively I pulled her tight against me. Then I realized the foolishness of such a gesture and broke away. This wasn't a name in my book. This was Dutch Harris's daughter. With a twisted little smile, she walked confidently to the plane. I watched her for a moment, running my finger tips over my mouth and thinking Dutch was right: she was a big girl now.

I didn't wait for them to start the engines; I walked immediately to the parking lot. I'd gotten pretty nervous about Babs putting in so much overtime at One World. One Clunk would have been a better name. Until a week ago, Gordon Hall had had only one tired C-47 and no freight at all. I knew he wasn't paying Babs enough to cover an eighteen-hour day. He didn't have it. I knew every buck he owned. For the last five years, we had shared an apartment in Los Angeles. I knew everything there was to know about him. And I knew that it was time to break this thing up.

As I parked beside the hangar, I noticed that the lights were shining on a vacant ramp. The single beat-up C-47 was gone. That meant Gordon would be gone too.

That's good, I thought. I wanted to see Babs alone. I stepped out of my car and walked in the front door. The hangar was long and narrow. In the front, you could work on one engine of the C-47 at a time. In the back, I kept a World War II Mustang fighter, modified for the races. At the extreme rear, was a small partitioned-off area they called the office.

I stopped a minute to run a hand along the Mustang's wing. The orange finish was glassy under my finger tips. Even in the half-darkness, the plane loomed with a sleek, purposeful stance that suggested speed and excitement. Just touching it brought back memories of six years of roaring crowds at Cleveland and Miami; of wild, gay nights at the air-show parties; of walking with Babs through hotel lobbies, jammed with fans, to the banquet rooms; of Babs in a long, tight evening dress, with her shoulders bare and her hair drawn to a black horsetail on her neck, smiling gaily for the popping flash cameras and the envious onlookers.

I patted the Mustang's leading edge affectionately. The Miami show would start in three weeks. It was time to make plans. I'd talk to Babs tonight about rooms and her plane reservation. The sponsors liked her in the show. The advertising pictures in the magazines would show a well-built, full-thighed girl in tight coveralls standing in front of the Mustang. The caption would say: *Hap Ryan sets new record using Perfect-Fit Piston Rings.* With my flying and her cheesecake appeal as a make-believe mechanic, every aviation advertiser in the country would want our picture endorsing something. I'd see that she got more money this year, too.

I FOUND Babs standing in front of an aeronautical chart tacked to the rough board wall. She was wearing coveralls and, on the back of her shining black hair, a matching cap with upturned bill.

Something in her strong graceful lines stirred the same thrill of excitement in me as the Mustang did.

"Hiya, Babs," I said. I walked across the room and bent down to kiss her.

"Golly, Hap," she said. "Am I glad to see you! Gordon's twenty minutes overdue from Long Beach."

Just like that. "Nuts," I said. "He's probably taking a joy ride."

"No, Hap," she said worriedly. "He picked the plane up from overhaul. He was coming over here to gas up, load some things and take right off for Tampico."

"Tampico?" I said. "You mean he swung the deal to fly shrimp out of there? But you still don't have an operating certificate, do you?"

"We don't need it, Hap," she said glowingly. "We contract to sell the shrimp up here, fly down and buy them and bring them back. That way we're private operators, hauling our own shrimp, and the CAA allows us to operate without a certificate."

"Great," I said, annoyed at her enthusiasm. "Always glad to see a buddy make good in the fish business."

"I thought you'd be glad," she said. "After all, you are Gordy's best friend. Hap, Gordy needs another plane. And there's enough in this for partners."

"Unh-uh," I said. "Not for me. Gordy's the shrimp peddler, not me. I'll take the races. You can make as much in a single afternoon as Gordon will make all year."

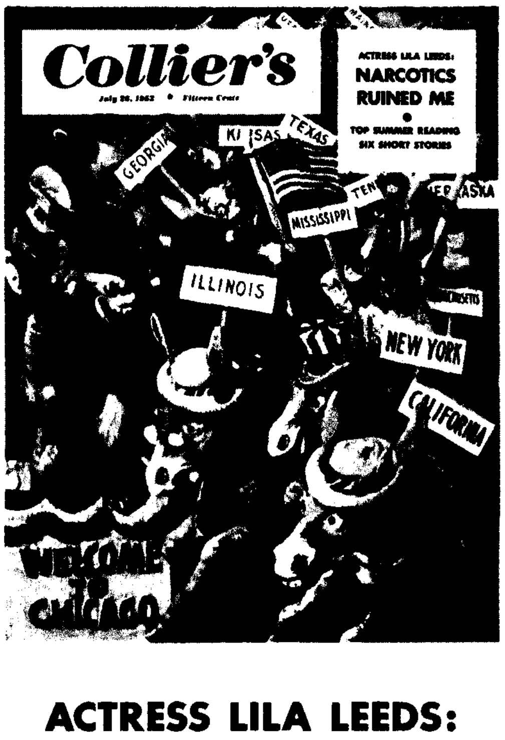
"But, Hap," she said, "you can't go on like that forever. You—you get older. Don't you ever think about quitting and settling down?"

"Quit racing?" I said, surprised. "When there isn't a windmill job in the country can touch the Mustang?" I grinned, glancing around the office at the secondhand desk and the dilapidated chairs and, finally, at the dingy, worn-out couch. "What say, honey? Let's forget about shrimps and start making plans for Miami."

Babs frowned. It was cute, and I tried to put my arms around her. "No, Hap," she said. "I'm serious."

She slipped away and sat down in the swivel chair behind the desk. This was new, this brush-off business. I had a hunch then that that

Next Week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tinhorn character had logged a lot of time this week. I felt a desire to hurt friend Hall. It was a new feeling. It felt good.

"Hap," Babs said, "I—I'm not going to Miami this year."

"Not going?" I said. "Say, aren't you taking this—this air-freight stuff a little seriously?" I meant Gordon Hall, but I just didn't quite have the guts to lay it on the line and face it. And a month ago I had been dumb enough to encourage Gordon to try this freight operation instead of going down to Central America, where his brother wanted him to help fly bananas from the interior jungle to the seacoast.

"I want to talk to you about it, Hap," she said. She glanced anxiously at the wall clock. "But I just can't tonight. I'm worried, Hap. He's thirty minutes late now."

You don't get lost in clear weather between Long Beach and Burbank. Not even a simple, second-string fly-boy like Gordy. I suggested calling the Long Beach tower to see if he had turned back for any reason. While we tried to locate the number in the book under Long Beach, CAA, and finally U.S., the telephone rang. Babs grabbed it.

"Gordy!" she said. "I've been frantic. What?"

There was a sibilant jumble of words coming from the receiver. Babs looked at me over the mouthpiece. "He's landed in a field near La Habra," she explained. "Thought he had an engine fire."

Too bad, I thought. Too bad One World hadn't gone up in smoke.

They talked feverishly a few moments. Then Babs passed the telephone to me.

"Hap," Gordon said, "what a break to catch you." He sounded worried and glad to talk to me. "I'm in trouble. I dumped this baby in the only field around here that was clear. Just enough daylight left to see it. It's hard and flat but it's short. Don't know if the plane will fly off it or not."

What a pity, I thought. It amused me to think of him taking his airplane to pieces and bringing it home on a truck. I chuckled into the telephone and said, "Wait'll I get my violin, pal, for the soft music. At least you're in civilization. Remember when I dumped the Mustang in New Mexico? I had to hire Indians to carry it out."

GORDON'S voice came back cool. "It's more than just getting it out, Hap," he explained. "I've got to get it out at daylight. We've got that shrimp contract, but we've got to be in Tampico for the first load tomorrow night. If we don't get down there tomorrow, Wildcat Airlines will. We'll lose the contract."

"And where," I asked, "do I fit into the picture?"

"It's going to take some doing to get it off this field," he said. "You've had a lot of experience in C-47's. I hoped you'd come down and look it over." After a pause, he added, "I couldn't pay cash to ferry it out, but I'd give you some stock in One World."

Oh, brother! I thought. Stock in One World. I started to say: Hell, no! Then I saw Babs's face. She was studying me with strange eyes. I knew if I turned my "best friend" down she'd take some emotional stand that could never be changed. And I wanted her. More than any time since the night before the race when I'd beaten Ace Gormley, I wanted her. For the moment I was trapped.

I'd have to go down and make a big show of being helpful. Maybe I'd even get a break, I thought, and run the damned airplane into an irrigation ditch. More seriously, I thought this could be a break. They both trusted my judgment. If I said the plane had to be carted home, they'd take my word. And if One World should default and lose the shrimp contract, it would break Gordon. He would have to go down to his brother's place in Costa Rica until he made another stake. Babs would be left out of a job. The way would be clear to take her to Miami.

"Why, sure, Gordy," I said. "Didn't know it meant so much to you. Give me the location."

I wrote the directions on a pad and hung up. Babs gave me a smile that was warm and relieved and full of confidence. I decided to make it look good. For the next hour, I made quite a production of selecting tools and equipment that we might need and a stand to get up to the engine. To see me frowning thoughtfully, you'd figure my life's concern was to rescue my "dearest friend." The engine stand was the hardest to load. We roped it onto the back bumper of the station wagon, and I climbed into the rear seat, where I could steady it through the open window.

THERE was a lot of stuff between us in the station wagon. We couldn't talk. On the ride down, I smoked cigarettes and hung onto the stand. I thought about Babs and Gordon and thought what a sucker I'd been to give Gordy an inside track by letting Babs go to work for him. I could have vetoed it at the start, a month ago. But who would ever have thought I could lose a babe to Gordon? Then I thought about Dutch and Lindy—how Dutch had sent a hint that he might be able to use me with the oil company, and how Lindy was so set against hot-rock flying. I found myself running my fingers over my mouth, where she'd kissed me, and I grinned, remembering how guilelessly she'd worked in one of her jabs the evening before.

We'd been sitting in a little Mexican café on Olvera Street, watching a handsome couple do a samba, when she had said, with a sly grin, "Oh, almost forgot. Dad said to tell you Speed Bookwalter got the signal. Said you'd know what he meant. Anyway, Speed won't be racing this year."

I laughed. "Tell Dutch to quit crowding me," I said. "Let's dance."

I'd cut her off at the time, but Dutch's message had been bothering me ever since. What made Speed decide the time had come to quit? What was the signal? How did he know? Come to think of it, how had the rest of the old-timers known when it was time to quit? And Carmichael, who'd dug in at Dallas—had he gotten the signal and brushed it off? Nuts, I thought. . . .

It was past midnight by the time we arrived at La Habra and located the plane, gleaming dully in the moonlight in a field a couple miles east of town. I could see the field was narrow. An abandoned railroad track bordered one edge. A deserted county road ran along the other. The headlights picked up Gordon, in greasy work pants and an old flight jacket, standing in the road. He was an ordinary-looking guy, thin, slightly round-shouldered, the quiet plodder type. But he'd apparently come a long way with Babs. My job now was to cut him down in front of her, show him that I was still head man.

I climbed out of the station wagon. "Well, son," I said indifferently, "you sure picked a spot for it."

He greeted us both and grinned uneasily. "Number two fire-warning light came on," he explained. "Apparently shorted. I saw this strip and . . ."

He shrugged. The rest was obvious. When you think you've got a fire you like to get on the ground. It all figured, but I wasn't going to say so. I sniffed, as if the kindest thing were to leave his judgment undiscussed. "Let's go to work," I said. "You want to be ready when the sun comes up."

Babs and I slipped on coveralls, and the three of us set up the stand beside one engine, rigged up lights and removed the cowling. There was no sign of fire, and with a little experimenting we were able to locate the short in the fire-warning light test button. Then we drained all but fifty gallons of gas from each main tank and removed everything loose in the plane, and began the long wait for daylight.

When the moon had set and the morning light was showing in the eastern sky, we dragged our equipment away from the plane and piled it near the station wagon. I pried the lid from a can of waterless soap and began to clean up. Babs stood close to me, wiping her hands on a rag. She had a smudge on one cheek, and a fine wisp of black hair tumbled down her forehead. I

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started to slip an arm around her waist to kiss her, but she twisted away. Gordon strode briskly up, saying in a determined voice, "Well, looks like the plane's ready. Now if the field . . ."

Annoyed at the interruption, I followed his gaze down the improvised landing strip. In the dissolving darkness, it looked awfully short. They'd believe me when I said it was too short for even a stunt man.

"Let's step it off," I said. I tossed my rag on the ground and fished for a cigarette.

THE three of us walked down the field, Babs in the middle, keeping carefully away from each of us. The problem of taking the airplane out of there was a challenge I couldn't ignore. I had to know for my own satisfaction whether I could do it or not if I had wanted to.

"Ground seems hard enough," I commented, digging a toe through the inch or so of weedy topsoil to the hard stuff underneath. "And dry." We seemed to be on the edge of an unimproved section of land with no houses or other buildings around. I glanced up at a power line across this end of the field. Lucky Gordon hadn't hooked his gear in that. The wind was fairly strong on our backs as we looked at the wires. Any take-off would be the other way.

"Let's check the other end," I said. We walked back, and I counted off the steps. Less than twelve hundred feet. Still, that would have been enough—except that that end was bordered by one of those old California windbreaks, a long, soldierly row of eucalyptus trees. I stepped back and carefully sized them up. About as tall as a five-story building. The plane was boxed in, but good. Nobody in his right mind would try to fly the aircraft out of there.

I sighed with satisfaction and began making plans in my mind for the coming three weeks. There'd be test flying to do and equipment to ship east. Babs would need some new clothes for the pictures and a new outfit to wear on the ramp. Maybe a white flying suit this year, western-style britches and boots—

"What do you think?" Gordon asked worriedly. He was no fool. He had a pretty good idea of the chances. He just hated to face the facts.

Babs had more confidence. "Hap," she said, "you can do it, can't you?" There was an urgent plea in her voice. And a touch of the old hero worship that fired me up like good liquor.

"Well," I stalled, pride making it hard for me to say no, "it *is* kind of a toughie."

What I'd like to do, I thought, would be hang the plane in the eucalyptus grove. I grinned wryly. Kind of tough on the airplane. And it was Gordon's scalp I was after. Then I got a real brain storm. I'd put the baby in Gordon's lap. I'd make him the fall guy, the one to cancel the take-off.

"There's only one thing," I said, struggling to keep any smugness from my smile, "this is a two-man job." I stopped and faced Gordon. I fancied he turned white at my next words. "You'll have to come along to pull the gear up, Gordy boy."

I chuckled to myself at the spot I'd put Gordy boy in. Hair-raising stunt flying was not Gordy's dish. A dozen times I had lined him up a fast buck that required only a small amount of hot-rock flying. The answer had always been a fast and definite no. Gordon was strictly transport. He knew this wasn't necessarily a two-man job, too. He looked at me a moment with a puzzled stare. "Why, sure," he said evenly.

In a flash, Babs was at Gordon's side. She seized his arm protectively in her two hands. Her eyes were desperate, and she was ready to battle.

"No!" she said. "Gordy can't go!"

I felt the same swooping sickness as the morning the Mustang's engine had quit over New Mexico. Babs went on feverishly to Gordon: "I won't let you go! We'll dismantle the plane and call the truck and—"

Gordon slid a lean arm around her shoulder. His voice had an icy calmness. "Can't ask Hap to do what I wouldn't do myself, baby."

"But it's different with Hap," she argued wildly. "He doesn't want to—to grow up and settle down. He thrives on chances, but we've got our future to think about!"

Gordon patted her shoulder soothingly. "Our future hangs on that contract," he said. "If we're going to get married and buy the house, we've got to hang onto that contract."

"So that's his line," I sneered. "I'm surprised you'd fall for—"

Gordon did turn white now as Babs said quietly, "You wouldn't understand, Hap. We're in love. We already have the license. I wanted to tell you sooner, but—" She gave a there-it-is gesture that took in the plane, the field and the whole situation.

I could feel the whole thing slipping away from me then—the war, the air races, everything that had happened since I'd started flying. I was back in school, fighting a losing battle to win a track letter or to make the debating team. In a panic, I blurted, "But us! How about us? Where do I get off?"

Gordon started to speak. Babs put a hand on his arm. "Gordy," she said, "get my jacket, will you? It's getting cool."

Actually, the summer air was balmy. Gordy started to protest, seemed to think better of it and walked over to the station wagon.

"Hap," Babs said kindly, "you got off a year ago. Of your own accord. Six months before I met Gordy. You couldn't pick it up again now if you wanted to."

"If I wanted to?" I said. "You *know* I want to."

She smiled and shook her head. "You're a sad case, Hap."

"Sad? What do you mean, sad?"

"Well, it's— Hap," she asked suddenly, "where is your Ellsworth Trophy?"

"My Ellsworth Trophy?" I asked, thinking for the first time in months of the silly nude figure in bronze holding a bronze airplane over his head. "Hell, I don't know. What difference does that make?"

"None," she said, "to me. But it's something for you to consider. You see, sometimes I confuse myself with that trophy. We both came into your life the same day. But you didn't want either of us, really. You were just for the winning, not the keeping afterwards. And now let's chop it off. I have pride, too, you know."

SHE walked to Gordon, leaving me to think about that Ellsworth Trophy. For the life of me, I couldn't remember what I had done with it. So what? I thought. I'd won the race. I didn't need a chunk of metal to remind me. And then I began to see the parallel.

It was true. I hadn't wanted Babs any more than that silly piece of bronze. It was just the winning, beating another guy, compensating for all the defeats and frustrations at college. The plain nasty fact was that I hadn't wanted Babs for months until I saw Gordy taking over.

For a long moment I stood unsnapping the coveralls and watching a single bright star in the pink eastern sky. I felt like a heel about what I'd been planning for my friends. Somehow I'd forgotten how good-natured Babs had always been when I'd stood her up for some hot new prospect in the little tan book. And old reliable Gordy—how many times had he uncomplainingly forked over the rent for both of us when my luck had run sour? Like when I had busted up the Mustang.

I rolled up the coveralls, walked to the station wagon and pitched them in the window. "Getting late," I growled. "You two better load the station wagon while I warm up the engines."

Without waiting for an answer, I turned my back and strode to the airplane, thinking: I've got to get it off now. And if I flubbed it—bashed my head or fried myself—they knew the chance they were taking with their plane in gambling on my talents.

I closed the back door, latched it and walked up the empty cabin. The engines caught quickly, and for several minutes I listened to the clatter of expanding rods

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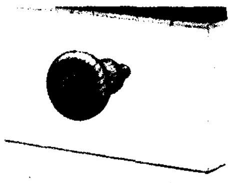

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and tappets and tried to work out an operation. Since we were a private operator and not a certificated air line and since there would be no other persons or property around to be endangered, we weren't prevented by CAA regulations from attempting a take-off. It was entirely up to me, and pretty soon I had something figured out. The field was about three hundred feet wide. I'd make my take-off run diagonally, corner to corner, the long way, holding the plane on the brakes and then jumping forward at full throttle. If the wind held just right, if the engine didn't spit, if I didn't muff my timing on the flaps and gear—

I rehearsed the sequence of movements, step by step, shifting my hands over the controls each time. Keeping my eyes at windshield level, I practiced reaching down blindly and seizing the flap handle located between the pilot seats. Then the landing-gear handle on the floor, behind my right ankle. I'd be sure to unlatch it before starting the run. A delay at the critical moment fiddling with that latch could be fatal. A few more dry runs while the engines warmed and I was as ready as I'd ever get.

I released the brakes, advanced the throttle and began to taxi the airplane downwind to the far corner of the field. I swung the tail into the corner as tightly as I could, and then revved the engines up to full power, holding the control column back and holding the brakes. I looked back at Babs and Gordon. They were standing close together, looking at the plane. I knew they were scared—scared as I was. For the first time in a plane, I didn't have that cool, certain confidence that I was on top of the operation.

Then I let her go. The airplane jumped forward. I got the tail up quickly, held the throttles on the stops and watched the eucalyptus trees grow out of the ground ahead of me. The engine vibration was terrific, but the acceleration seemed labored. I remembered the inch or two of weedy topsoil and eased down enough flaps to lift the weight from the tires. Three quarters of the way down the field, I dumped half flaps, got myself airborne, and flicked up the landing-gear handle. I held the nose level a second longer, until it seemed certain I would tear into the crooked trunks, then hauled back on the wheel, at the same time starting as sharp a turn to the left, to clear the trees, as I dared. The controls were mushy, and I could feel the stall building at the wing tips. My left wing wasn't more than four feet off the ground. The green trees spread large in the windshield. I felt a jerk as one wheel, not completely retracted, dragged through a branch. Then suddenly I was in the clear and straightened out and diving toward the plowed furrows in the next field to pick up speed.

At a hundred and twenty miles an hour I climbed up to meet the tangent of sunshine aloft and turned toward Burbank. One World Air Freight was back in business. They could have it for a wedding present. I sighed and reached in my shirt pocket for a cigarette. But when I tried to light it, my hand was shaking too hard. I took it from my mouth and put it back in my pocket.

The dash clock read four forty-five when I landed. I jumped to the ramp, entered the hangar, and looked at the Mustang. It hadn't changed a bit since midnight. But I had. I was through with the flying hot rods and all that went with them.

I COULDN'T tell just when I'd crossed the line to join Speed Bookwalter and Dutch Harris in the grandstands. I only knew I was through. It may have been Lindy's gentle proddings that started it. It may have been Babs's crack about my Ellsworth Trophy and not growing up. It may even have been that strange new feeling on the take-off. It was probably all of it put together. It didn't matter. I'd had my signal, and I was taking it.

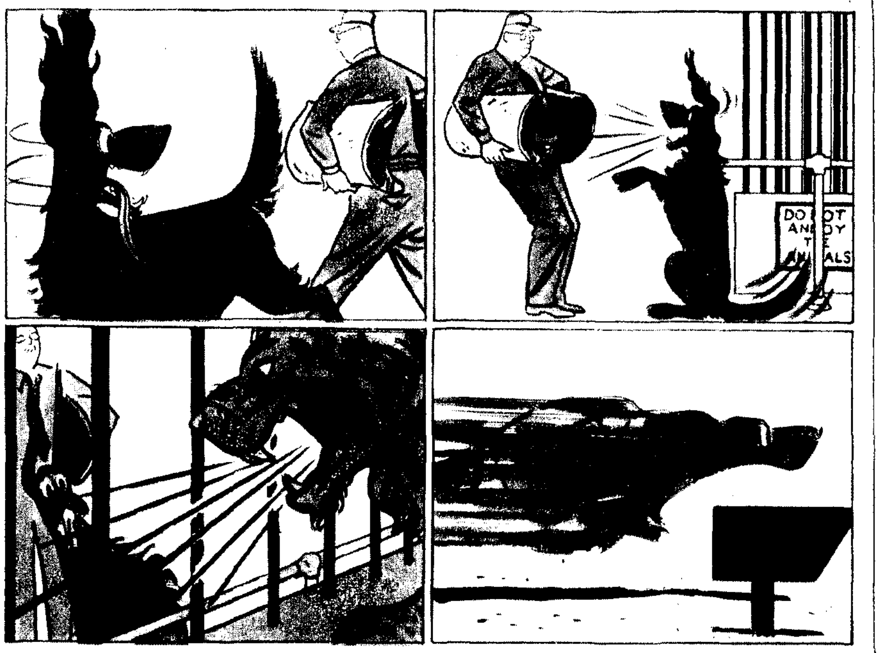
I found myself standing before the Mustang, thinking about Lindy, brushing my knuckles over my mouth again, unconsciously trying to warm up the feel of her kiss. I remembered then her confident smile as she'd walked out to the waiting DC-4. That kiss had been something special for me, and she had known it was going to work. I grinned to myself and knew what I wanted to do. I'd never relax until I saw those impish brown eyes and kissed that eager young mouth again.

Quickly I calculated that, with stops at Phoenix and El Paso, her flight would just be nearing Dallas. On the East Coast the Mustang would bring a pretty fair price—with Miami only three weeks away. And if Dutch really meant it about the oil company . . .

I called the gas house to have an attendant help me roll out the Mustang. While he filled the tanks, I typed a detailed explanation of the take-off of the C47, assuming full responsibility, signed it and left it on Babs's desk. Just in case the CAA questioned the deal, I wanted it understood that it was my baby, not Gordy's. When the Mustang was fueled, I climbed aboard and fired up the engine. The flight would take less than six hours. *If you ever get to Pittsburgh*, she'd said. I'd be waiting there, at the gate, when she stepped out of the plane.

THE END

CLANCY



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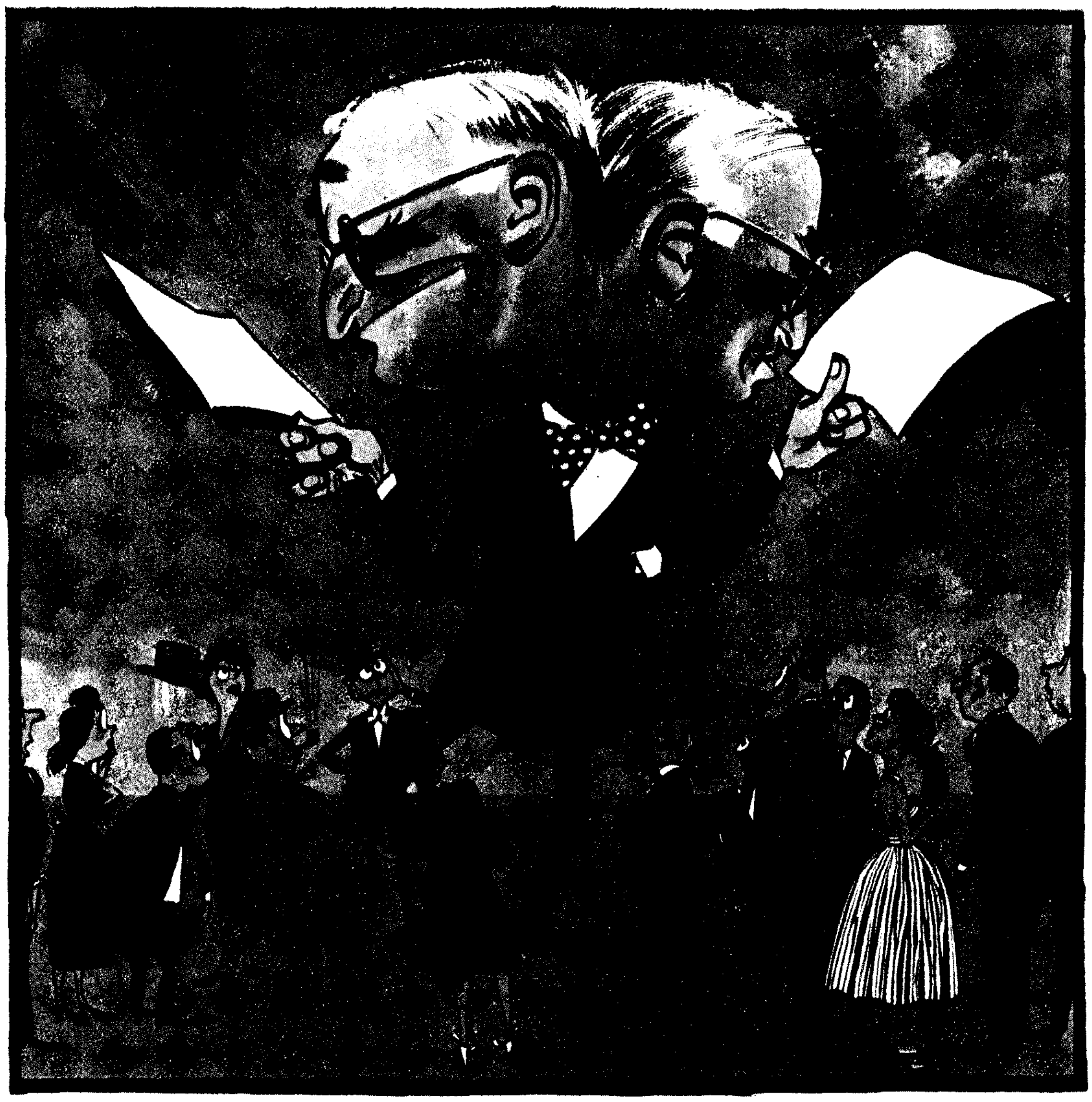

HARRY DEVLIN

Which One Can We Believe?

WELL, IT WORKED IN 1948, so Harry's going to give 'em hell again this year. Even if Mr. Truman sticks by his announced decision to retire, he has promised the country another whistle-stop speaking tour during the coming campaign. Recently, as a sort of pregame warmup, he has been making extemporaneous speeches to various groups visiting Washington. And if these are samples of what is to come, we predict that the forthcoming tour is going to generate considerably more heat than light.

For some time now Mr. Truman has shown a tendency to talk more and more like a professional politician and less and less like a President. And since he made public his decision not to seek re-election, he really has been turning on the intemperate language.

We shan't attempt a retrospective look at all the verbal haymakers Mr. Truman has been throwing recently. Instead, we are going to take one speech, which he made to the Electric Consumers Conference at the capital, as a typical example of these off-the-cuff talks.

The President was discussing the issue of private versus public power companies. And we wouldn't be surprised if some of his listeners found the discussion slightly confusing. "I want to see the industries of this country in the hands of private ownership," Mr. Truman said. Yet he certainly left no doubt that he would like to see the private power companies eliminated. He said he didn't object to the private power companies making a profit, but he did object to "their skinning the life out of people." A few sentences later, however, he conceded that these private power companies are regulated by the public-service commissions of the various states.

But there was one point on which the President was clear and unequivocal. That was his evident conviction that there is something darkly sinful about the private companies telling their side of the story to the public through paid advertising. These companies, Mr. Truman said, are spending "millions and millions of dollars on their propaganda program. They have hired a lot of high-priced talent, advertising agencies and so-called public-opinion research organizations, and they are running what I call a most vicious campaign."

Later on, he said of the private companies, "They have taken a leaf right out of the books of Karl Marx and Adolf Hitler. They are following the Soviet and Fascist lines." How? Because they "try to control people's thoughts by using slogans and scare words."

Well now, let's see how Mr. Truman does with scare words himself. It's an old story, of course, that those who oppose his social programs are reactionaries, representatives of vested interests and seekers of special privilege. But let's get back to the impromptu address which we are citing. At one point in it Mr. Truman was talking about the cost of magazine advertising. During this discussion he referred to magazine editor Henry R. Luce with a tasteless, heavy-handed, unsuccessful attempt at humor which we shall not dignify by reprinting. And then he spoke of the "corporation-controlled Saturday Evening Post."

Did he mean those as scare words? This "corporation-controlled" magazine thinks that he did. And we wonder whether the President really believes that it is sinful for a magazine or any other business enterprise to incorporate? Would he be happier, or the country better off, if there were no corporations? Does the President really fear or resent them? Or did he perhaps mean nothing beyond an attempt to implant an unreasoning suspicion in his listeners' minds?

And as for propaganda, what have the government officials and the ever-growing army of thousands of government press agents of the New and Fair Deals been giving us for the last 20 years? If propaganda, by Mr. Truman's inferential definition, means telling your side of a controversial story or trying to line up popular support on your side, then the Roosevelt and Truman administrations are guilty of propagandizing, too.

In the course of his speech about the power companies, Mr. Truman made a side excursion to answer his charge that "they (his political opponents) are always saying that there is corruption in the government." The President acknowledged that "there have been several collectors and one or two other fellows gone wrong." But he said that the President had fired them and ordered grand-jury investigations. He then harked back to the Teapot Dome scandal by way of proving that, in the past, it had taken a Senate investigation to uncover wrongdoing in government.

"Nobody," said Mr. Truman, "has had to force me to do what is right to keep the government straight and square."

Has the President forgotten the Alger Hiss case, which a Congressional committee exposed, and which he dismissed for a time with the term "red herring"? Does he not remember the disclosure of corruption in the RFC by Senate investigators, a disclosure which he originally called "asinine"? If he does not, there are plenty of us who do. We also remember that whirlwind house cleaning of the Justice Department under J. Howard McGrath, and Mr. Truman's recent statement that he thought the cleanup of corruption in government would take care of itself, once the new Attorney General had looked into it.

Mr. Truman likes to represent himself, as he did to the Electric Consumers Conference, as the "lobbyist" for all the people, and "the only person who represents the whole 155,000,000" of our population. But actually, Collier's feels, his whistle-stop warmups are added proof of a politically divisive, rabble-rousing trait of character which gains greater ascendency the longer he remains in office.

We do not expect that anything we or anyone else can say will make Mr. Truman change his mind or his tactics. But we do ask our readers to remember, as the campaign progresses, that they will be listening more to Harry Truman, vote seeker, than Harry Truman, President. He doesn't let the dignity of his office get in the way when there is politicking to be done, and he doesn't hesitate at omissions, radical shifts of emphasis and scare words to put over his point. We would advise the thoughtful voter to bear this in mind when the whistle-stop oratory starts.

If you've tasted today's

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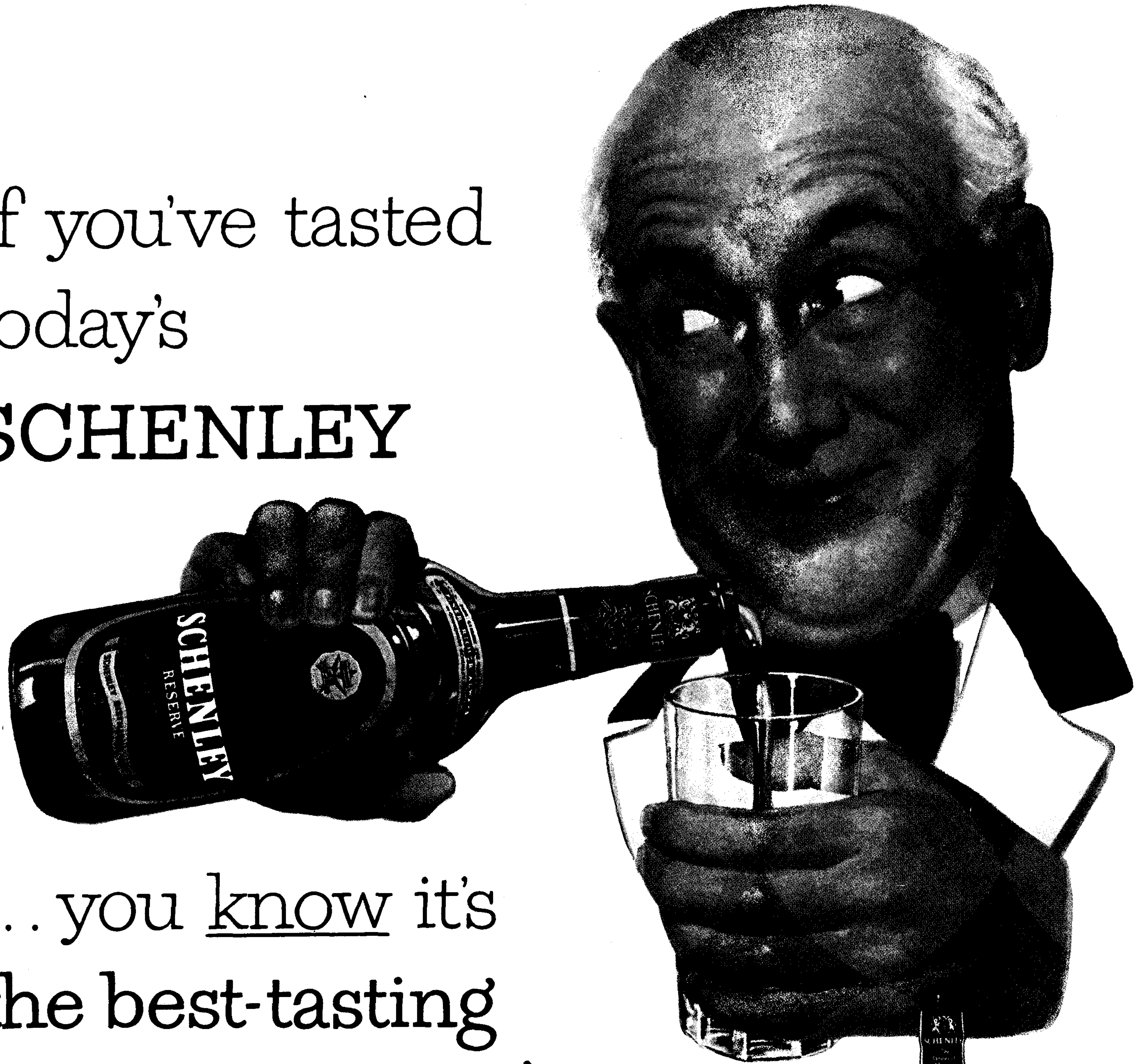
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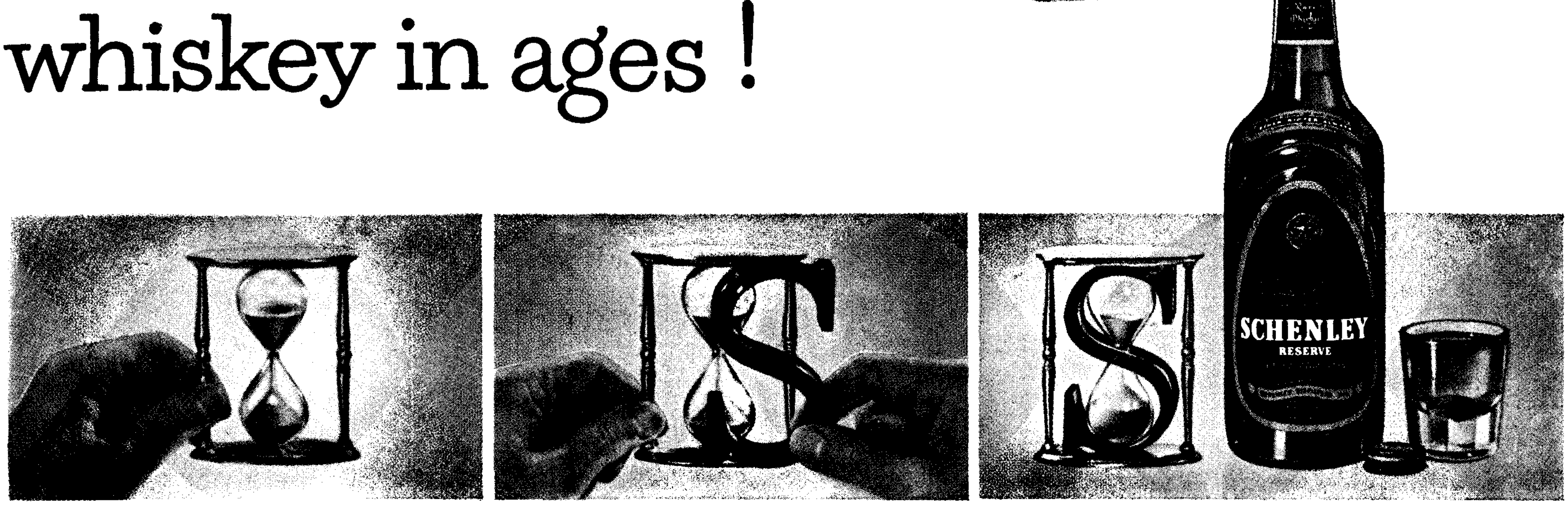
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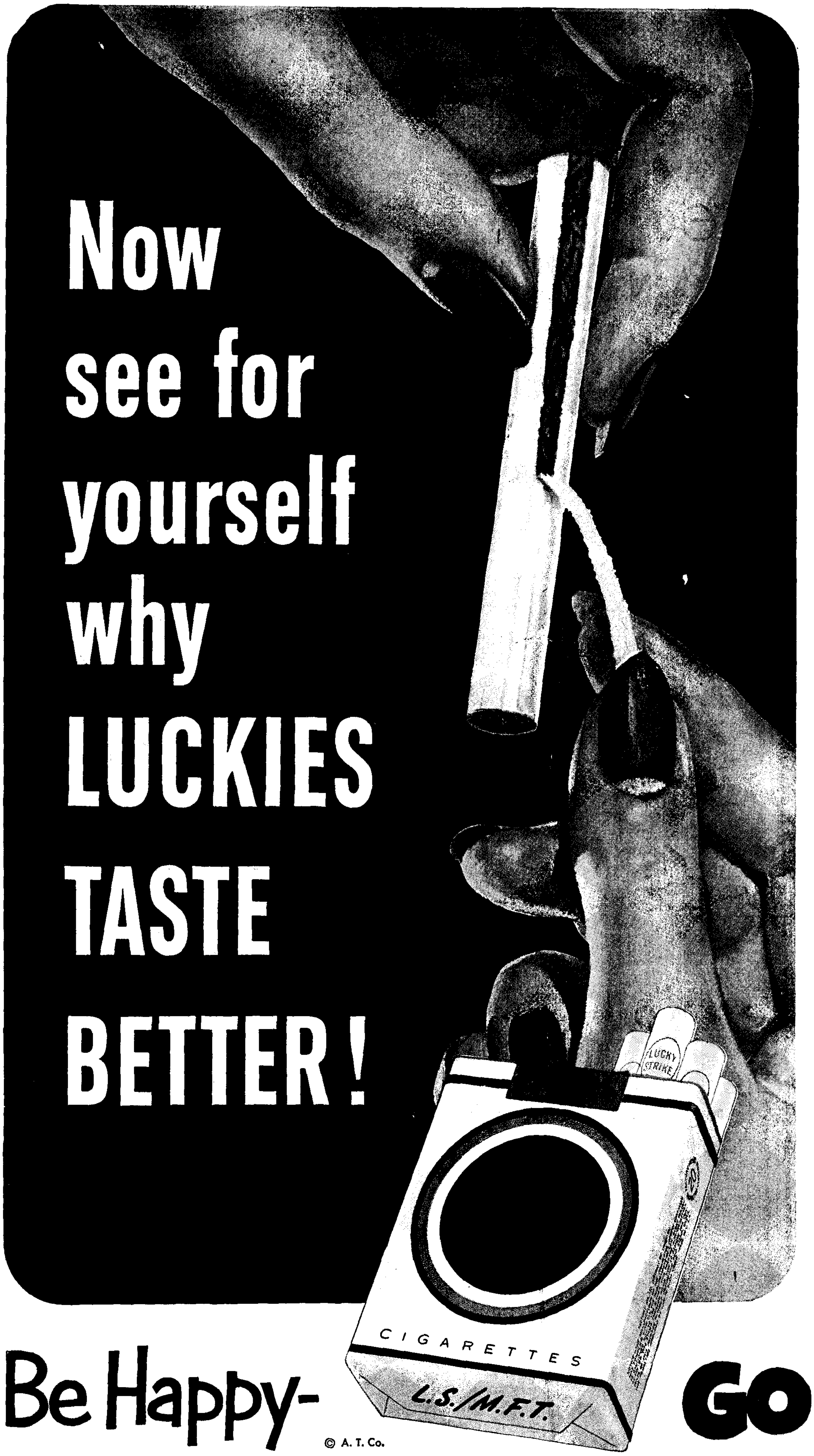

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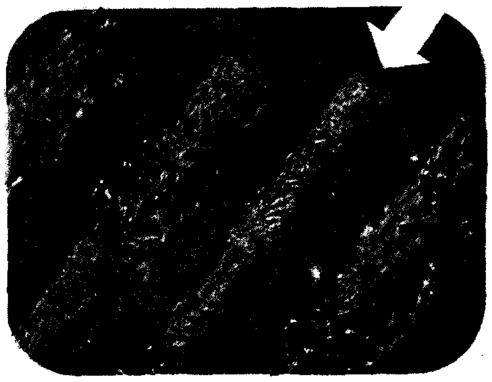

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